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Third of the Improved Work.

THE Sporting Magazine OR MONTHLY CALENDAR,

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF

THE TURF, THE CHACE,

And every other Diversion

Interesting to the

Man of Pleasure, Enterprize & Spirit.

VOL. 23.

London.
Printed for J. Wheble, 18, Warwick Square.
1804

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THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the

MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

FOR OCTOBER, 1803.

CONTAINING

At Fault, from the Pencil of the Younger Sartorius, engraved by Scott..... *Page* 3
Sporting Biography, Specimen of... 3
Walking Match, by Capt. Robertson of the 33th Regiment..... 5
Boxing.—Jemmy from Town & Hopping Morgan..... 5
Caleb Baldwin & O'Donnel..... 6
Blue Breeches & Bung..... 7
General Court Martial at Jamaica.. 9
Upon Horses Lying upon Hard Boards..... 10
Observations on the Origin, Principles, and Policy of the Game Laws..... 11
Practical Examples of the Reasoning Faculties and Sensibilities of Dogs; by the Editor of a certain Periodical Literary Work..... 17
Irish Goods..... 17
Mode of Driving, &c. at Paris, in a Letter from a young Gentleman, lately arrived in Paris, to his Aunt in the Country..... 18
Extraordinary Longevity in Horses 19
Anecdotes of Hatfield..... 20
Curious Experiments in the Domestication of Hares, by the late W. Cowper, Esq..... 23
New Forest, in the County of Southampton—A Ramble to it, through Millbrook, and Redbridge—Singular Instance of the Operations of Shame in a Female—Arrive at Stoney Cross—Account of the Death of Rufus—Description of the Monument raised by Lord Delawar, to the Memory of that unfortunate King, &c..... 26
Taplin's Sporting Dictionary, and Rural Repository..... 28
Sweepstakes at Brocket Hall..... 37
Loquacity; or, an Old Woman's Lamentations for the loss of her Poultry..... 38
Mr. Chifney and his Book..... 43
Lord Camelford and his Fighting Dog..... 43
Feast of Wit..... 44
Sporting Intelligence..... 46

POETRY.

Parody of the Soliloquy in Hamlet.. 49
The Soldiers..... 49
The Mock Patriot's Soliloquy, a Parody from Shakespeare..... 50
The Cottage..... 51
Lingo drawn for the Militia..... 52
On Hunting..... 52
Racing Calendar..... 1

Embellished with. I. *At Fault, an Engraving from the Pencil of the Younger Sartorius, by Mr. Scott.*—II. *Etching of Sweepstakes at Brocket Hall,* 1803.

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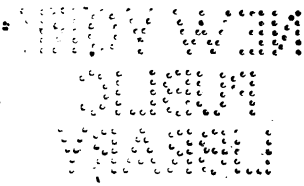
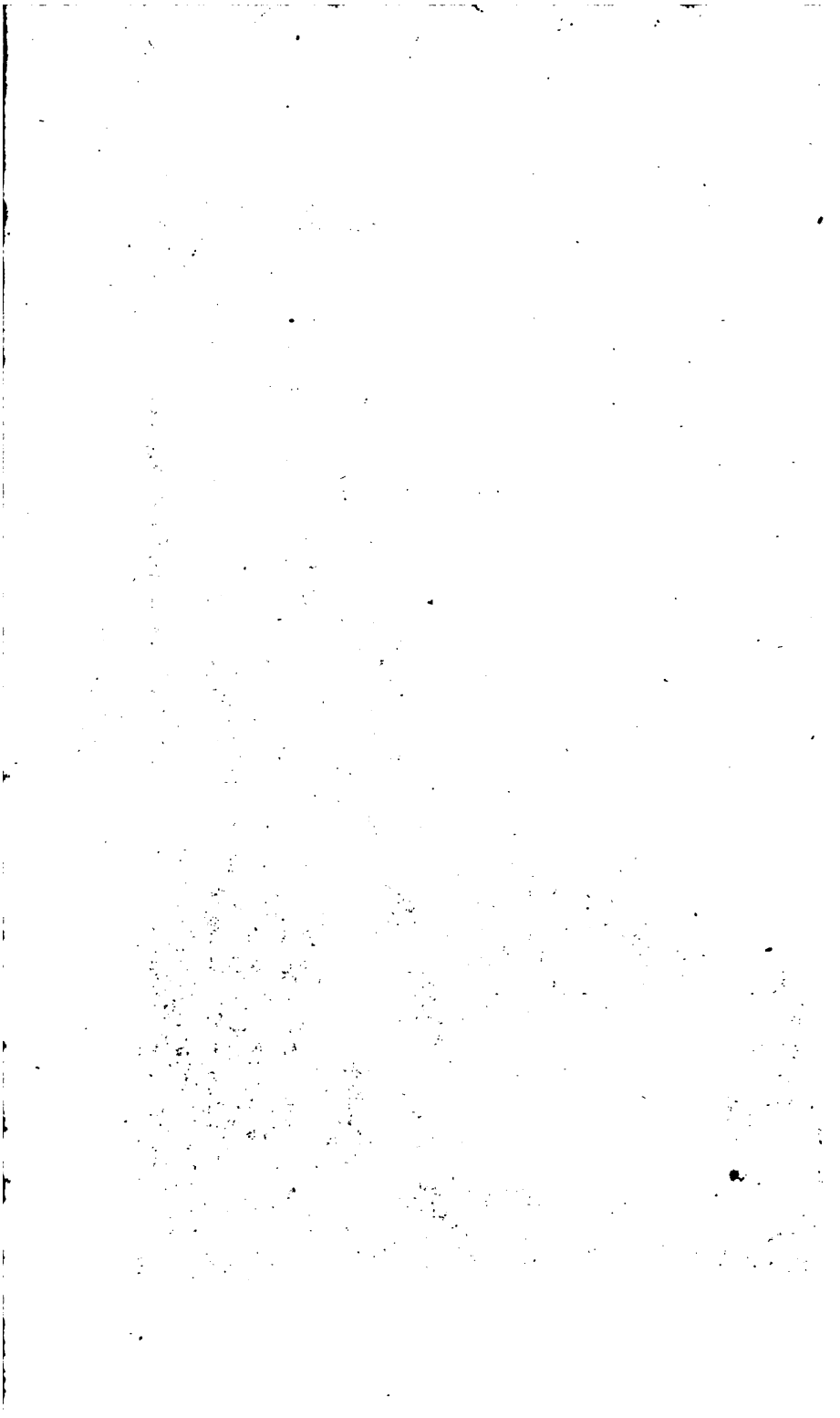


TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Ghost of Glider is received, and shall appear in our next.

Several other Communications have been received, which will be duly attended to in our next.

Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them, and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.



Fr. Stadius pinx.

Scott Sculp.

Ox Hunt.

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR OCTOBER, 1803.

AT FAULT.

THE Copperplate given this month, is one of the set promised. The design is from the pencil of the Younger Sartorius; and the engraving by Mr. Scott. Having already said as much as may be necessary, we have only to produce two more plates, to complete the series of prints on the subject of Fox-Hunting.

SPECIMEN OF SPORTING BIOGRAPHY.

A B. was born in the year—no matter what: his parents were—no matter who: he had a pleasant chubby countenance, frisked about in his nurse's arms, said *ta* when he was bid, and every body pronounced him to be—*a sweet baby*.

After this, he began to walk alone; went from one end of the room to the other; spoke *pa* and *ma*, and several other words, distinctly; and looked so charming, that every body declared he was—*a pretty boy*.

He was now sent to school, where he learned his letters so well, that in a year or two he could read a lesson in the spelling-book, and repeat it to his papa and mamma by heart, on condition of receiving a slice of plumb-cake; and was always desired to walk in and be admired by the company, who agreed that he was—*a charming child*.

In his progress, by listening to the conversation of those about him, he acquired a perfect memory, as well as the prompt and proper application of common phrases in common speech; which he delivered with such a pleasing accent, and unblushing countenance, that he universally acquired the character of—*a wonderful boy for his years*.

He was now sent to a superior school, and began to study Latin, arithmetic, &c. Here he equalled at least, if not excelled, his fellow scholars in his proficiency in learning, as well as at cricket, marbles, tops, &c.; and played so many droll tricks at the expence of his ushers and school-fellows, that they

had no scruple in pronouncing him —*a clever lad.*

He was next sent to college, where he out-did all his competitors in the midnight frolic; played an excellent hand at whist; learned to drink his bottle; and was so pleasant in singing a catch or a glee, that they all agreed in bestowing upon him, the epithet of—*a promising fellow.*

Here, too, he distinguished himself in certain amours, rather of the expensive kind, though they did not extend to higher game than his bed-maker, or his laundress's daughter. When his acquaintances heard of his gallantries, they cried out in extacy, that he was—*a wild dog.*

His term being over, he was sent to London, and placed in one of the inns of court, as the proper place to study law, and see the world. Here he formed a new set of acquaintance, with whom he eat, drank, and gamed. He was the life and soul of his company; for he knew more, and had more ready money, as well as wit, than any of them; and the sly old benchers of the inns, shook their heads, and declared he was—*a fine dashing fellow.*

In his anxiety to see the world, he frequented all kinds of company, from the clubs in St. James's, to the cellars in St. Giles's; and made such droll remarks on what he saw, and seemed to enter so heartily into every kind of conviviality, that although some thought him mad, yet the majority pronounced him—*a queer dog, and no fool.*

He now began to dress in style, dine in style, give dinners in style, and keep women in style. He was a great man at the coffee-houses; in the box-lobbies of the theatres his person was an object, his opinion a law; and from his many transactions of public notoriety, people began to consider him as —*a man of the world.*

In the process of time, he learned to judge of horse-flesh; frequented the races; betted considerably; and won large sums. Lords now shook hands with him, and grave senators asked his opinion, not on state, but stable affairs; and he was known in the Turf Coffee-house, as one of the fraternity. In a word, he was considered to be—*a knowing one.*

But, somehow or other, his fortune, which had for some time been in own his hands, began to decrease; he was less successful in his bets; his bills remained unpaid for months; tradesmen began to be clamorous; money must be had; and to get it, he ventured to *lay a plant*, slip a card, cog a die, and practice many schemes which the world does not approve of, nor think quite consistent with honesty; and, became —*a complete black leg.*

Amidst all this, he never was an apostate to the cause of the fair sex, but pursued his amours with inconstant constancy; and, with the advantages of a good person, some art, and more assurance, he was set down for—*a devil among the women.*

By degrees, however, he found his affairs so much deranged, that he came to the resolution to sell the remainder of what he possessed, buy an annuity, and retire from public business, and life. In managing this matter, he made so good a bargain, that even the Jews shook their heads, stroked their beards, and swore—*Ash Got's my judge, he is no Chrishtian!*

After this, he enjoyed himself to a pretty advanced age; having gone through, beside the characters above mentioned, several others, such as, an odd fellow, buck, hearty cock, pleasant dog, &c. At length, his whole course being run, he died at his

his lodgings, at a hair-dresser's in Chancery Lane, leaving his moveable and personal effects to an old woman who swept his room, made his bed, and tucked him up; which occasioned people to say—*he was still the old man.*

There was not enough left, however, to bury him, and the parish took this expence off the shoulders of his wealthy old friends, who signified their concern at his death, by the tender exclamation, "Poor devil! What! is he dead!—well, I knew him once—*a fine fellow!*"

Oct. 11th. J. J. B.

A WALKING MATCH.

CAPTAIN ROBERTSON of the 35th regiment, and aide-camp to General Lennox, betted a considerable wager on the 11th instant, that, though in no training, he would walk to Westminster Bridge, and back, 107 miles, in 48 hours, starting the next morning. The following is the account of his journey.

Started at half past one o'clock, P. M. and got to

	Miles.	Hours.
Crawley	23	6
Halted		1½
Ryegate	10	2¼
Halted		¾
Sutton	10	2¼
Halted		¾
Westminster Bridge	10½	2¾
Halted		1
Sutton	10½	2¾
Halted		3
Ryegate	10	2¾
Halted		¾
Crawley	10	2¾
Halted		¾
Cuckfield	9	2¾
	93	31¾

This pedestrian was then 14 miles from Brighton, having 15½ hours to perform it. Being unwilling to win by much, instead of proceeding, he eat heartily for the second time, drank his bottle of port, and retired to bed. He recommenced his journey the following morning, and arrived at Patcham, 10 miles, where Mr. Payne had prepared an excellent repast. Captain Robertson remained with this gentleman for three hours, admiring the beauties of the gardens, &c.; after which, he walked his last four miles, as he had done all the rest of his journey, except Ryegate Hill, in an hour; winning his bet by two hours.

He was attended by considerable crowds of both men and women; the latter of whom were much pleased with his light, and graceful, though muscular figure.

I have thought the above worthy a place in your excellent publication, and therefore trouble you with it.

An Admirer of Activity.

Brighton, Sept. 14. 1803.

BOXING.

JEMMY FROM TOWN & HOPPING MORGAN.

ON Monday morning, September 26, Jemmy from Town, a hackney coachman, and Hopping Morgan, lately of the same profession, two well-known pugilists among the *gemmen of the whip*, agreed to fight a pitched battle for twenty guineas. The parties met at the Elephant and Castle, about ten o'clock, accompanied by most of the noted bruisers of the day, and

and a number of hackney coachmen, and other amateurs.

The battle was intended to be fought in Lock's Fields, not far from the Obelisk; but fearing interruption from the police officers, the combatants retired to Kennington Common, where they arrived a little after eleven o'clock.

The ring was immediately formed, and, without much ceremony, the two *whips* went full *drive* at it.

Hopping Morgan took the *lead at starting*, and by a well-directed blow, *cut* his antagonist's lip in a severe manner. He however did not fall, till a long struggle after closing. The ten following rounds were well contested, and fought on both sides with determined spirit and resolution, during which, Jemmy from Town made several grand *pushes* to get the *whip hand* of his adversary, but was always *behind*, till the 11th round, when the odds changed in his favour.

The battle lasted twenty-six rounds, during the last fifteen of which Morgan had seldom the advantage, though it was evident he was the most scientific boxer. This was owing partly to his having sprained his hand in the conflict; and partly to his being lame in the leg, owing to which, he was prevented from following up an advantage he had gained, or retreating quick from a blow that he could not stop.

The last round was by far the most severe, and had nearly proved fatal to Morgan: he received a blow in his stomach, which deprived him of speech for some time, and compelled him reluctantly to give in.

Jemmy from Town's seconds were Caleb Baldwin, and George Maddox. Hopping Morgan's were, Seabrook the dustman, and a bricklayer.

CALEB BALDWIN & O'DONNEL.

FRIDAY, October 21, might be considered a grand field-day among the boxing corps. There was scarce a pugilist or an amateur who did not muster at Wimbledon Common, to witness several pitched battles which have been for some time pending. As great apprehension was entertained that they would be put a stop to by the police, the utmost caution was observed to keep the business secret. Accordingly, in the morning, it was resolved that both amateurs and pugilists should meet in different quarters of the town, and proceed to the ground by different routes, as the surest mode of avoiding suspicion At twelve o'clock, the whole cavalcade reached the spot, consisting of hackney-coaches, gigs, post-chaises, carts of every description, besides some hundreds of pedestrians.

The bill of fare on this occasion promised one of the richest treats to the amateurs of pugilism, that could possibly be expected in the present day. Caleb Baldwin, and John O'Donnel, the young Irishman who has performed such wonders, were engaged to fight for a purse of L.50. The former had fought upwards of twenty pitched battles, and never had been beat; and O'Donnel had come off conqueror in every combat he had been engaged in, and was the more esteemed, because he was the only one who had adopted Belcher's mode of fighting. At half past twelve o'clock, the ring was formed with great facility, in which O'Donnel appeared first, and was soon followed by Caleb; who having exhibited so often in public, seemed not in the least daunted. At setting to, Baldwin was the favourite, and

the

the odds in his favour were about six to four.

First Round—O'Donnel made the first hit, and placed a blow in his antagonist's side, which was returned both right and left by Caleb, who, closing, threw O'Donnel; which finished the first round.

Second Round—Caleb stuck to his opponent, who now fought shy, and retreated, at the same time defending and stopping several blows aimed at his body. By this it was supposed O'Donnel was trying to wind Caleb, by making him follow him all round the ring. Baldwin, however, did not fall off in his blows; having driven O'Donnel among the people keeping the ring, he put in a severe blow in his body, and knocked him down.

Third Round—On coming up, O'Donnel appeared sick from the last fall, which Caleb perceiving, followed him close, not allowing him to breathe. O'Donnel tried to get away, but failing in that, closed, and was thrown by Caleb. Odds, four to one.

Fourth Round—O'Donnel seemed recovered, came up better, and fought stronger; made several good blows, cut Caleb over the right eye, and, on closing, threw him for the first time. A trifling alteration in the odds.

Fifth Round—A well-fought round on both sides. The sun was troublesome, and O'Donnel tried hard to get the shady side, which his opponent's superior skill prevented him from doing. Several severe straight-forward blows took place on both sides, one of which, given by O'Donnel, knocked his opponent down, and gave his friends hopes of success.

Sixth Round—O'Donnel, in great spirits, smiled; Caleb made several blows tell. A severe hit from O'Donnel made Caleb stagger. On recovering, he made a rush, and knocked O'Donnel down.

Seventh Round—This was a fatal round for O Donnel, who set to in great spirits, and displayed great courage and science. Caleb made several feints, which were mistaken for weakness. The odds fell back to even betting, when Caleb caught his opponent off his guard, and placed a blow in his kidnies, which had a visible effect on him. Caleb then closed and threw him.

Eighth Round—O'Donnel could not get rid of the effects of the last round, but attempted to stand up; he seemed weak. Caleb was as full of fight as ever, and not willing to lose the advantage, followed up his opponent, when many severe blows were given to O'Donnel. At the conclusion of the round, Caleb gave him a violent cross-buttock, which decided the contest. O'Donnel was led off the ground exceedingly weak from the kidney-blow and the last fall, and placed in a hackney-coach, where he was left by his friends for two hours, without any assistance, while the conqueror was placed upon the shoulders of the mob, and carried round the ground in triumph.

Caleb Baldwin was about 8lb. heavier than O'Donnel, but was several years older, which circumstance was supposed to place them upon an equality. Had O'Donnel not received the violent blow on his kidnies, he would not have been beat so soon, as it was apparent that he was reserving his strength and skill for a long and desperate battle.

Immediately after, a SECOND BATTLE was Fought, between

BLUE BREECHES & BUNG.

THIS was perhaps the most extraordinary battle that has been recorded in the annals of pugilism.

gilism. The combatants did not perhaps display all that skill and science which has been exhibited by the Mendozas, Belchers, and Baldwins of the day; but they certainly evinced a courage that could not be surpassed by the bravest of them all. The name of one of the combatants is Beckley, alias Blue Breeches; and that of the other, Clarke, alias Bung. They set to a little after one o'clock.

First Round—Very short; Beckley ran at Clarke without keeping any ground, missed his blow, and was hit down by his antagonist.—A loud laugh.

Second Round—They both fought round; no science displayed, but several severe blows given on each side; Beckley thrown.

Third and Fourth Rounds—Both fell together.

Fifth Round—Straight forward hard fighting. Beckley made good a violent blow on his opponent's nose, which bled much, and he fell.

Sixth Round—Beckley received a blow on the mouth, and gave his antagonist one in return. There was no stopping but with the head or body. The battle seemed to depend on the best bottom and hardest hitting. Skill was out of the question. Beckley had the worst of this round.

Seventh Round—Beckley rallied again, and knocked down his opponent.

Eighth Round—Hard hitting this round; they hit each other alternately; neither could see for blood. Beckley supposed to have the worst of it.

Ninth Round—Both began to be more on their guard, and attempted to stop each others blows. Clarke put in a blow that puffed up his opponent's eye.

The Tenth, Eleventh, and Twelfth Rounds were fought with desperation on both sides; at the end of which, it was hard to say who had the advantage.

Thirteenth Round—Great bottom evinced by both the combatants; each fought right and left as long as they could, and then fell together.

Fourteenth Round—Beckley appeared sick and weak, but would not give it in. Clarke was now sure of the contest, therefore pointed his finger to his antagonist, and laughed at him.

Fifteenth Round—Beckley, on setting to, slipped down, but sprung up and knocked down his man.

From the 15th to the 21st round, was a continuation of severe hard fighting, when Clarke had generally the advantage

From the 21st round to the 27th, Beckley began visibly to gather strength, and when he hit his opponent, the blow did great execution, as he swung his arms round his head like a sledge-hammer, which had the same effect in bringing his opponent to the ground.

From the 27th to the 34th round, the battle became again even—a great deal of betting took place without odds. Both being so completely cut, from the want of skill to parry each others blows, that it was supposed they would faint with loss of blood; instead of which, both seemed to gather fresh vigour every round.

From the 34th to the 40th round, both the combatants fought with such strength and determined resolution, that astonished the amateurs at the proofs of bottom they had given, inasmuch, that several were heard to exclaim, that they were equal to game cocks. Here the spectators interfered and separated them, declaring they had never witnessed the like. On their being forced from each other, they were heard to say, they would meet some morning early, and have it out. This severe conflict lasted fifty minutes.

GENERAL

GENERAL COURT MARTIAL.

THE following copy of a letter from the Judge Advocate General, with the opinion and sentence of the general court martial to which it refers, has, by order of his Royal Highness the Commander in Chief, been read at the head of every regiment in the service, and entered in all the regimental orderly books belonging thereto.

Judge Advocate General's Office.

SIR, *June* 24, 1803.

I have had the honour of laying before the king, the proceedings of a general court martial, held at Gibraltar, on the 20th day of April last, for the trial of Lieutenant and Adjutant Alex. Grant Carmichael, of the 25th regiment of foot, the charge against whom, together with the opinion and adjudication of the court, is hereunto subjoined; and am commanded to acquaint you, that his Majesty has thought fit to confirm the sentence of the court martial, whereby the said Lieutenant and Adjutant Alex. Grant Carmichael, is adjudged to be dismissed his Majesty's service. I have to request that you will be pleased to favour me with a communication of the day on which his Majesty's pleasure shall have been notified to Lieutenant and Adjutant Carmichael, that I may acquaint the Secretary at War therewith, as from that day his pay will cease.

I have the honour to be, &c. &c.

CHARLES MORGAN.

Lieut. General Sir Thos. Trigge, K. B. or Officer Commanding in Chief the Town and Garrison of Gibraltar.

The following is the charge exhibited against Lieutenant and Adjutant Alex. Grant Carmichael, of the 25th regiment of foot, at a general court martial held at Gibraltar, on the 20th of April, 1803, together with the opinion and sentence of the said court martial:

Behaving in a scandalous, infamous manner, unbecoming the character of an officer and a gentleman, on the night of the 15th day of April, 1803, in the garrison of Gibraltar, by outrageously disturbing a private company, where he was present as a guest; by using obscene language to Quarter-master Charles West, of the same regiment, and striking him in the face as he sat at supper; and by afterwards way-laying and attacking the said Quarter-master Charles West, as he was returning home, about the hour of eleven o'clock at night, unarmed, and with his wife leaning on his arm, and his two daughters walking by his side, and beating him violently with a stick, in the presence, and to the great terror and alarm, of his wife and daughters.

The court having weighed the evidence given in support of the charge against the prisoner, together with that produced in his defence, are of opinion, that although the fact of way-laying the prosecutor is not proved, neither that the prosecutor was unarmed, as he appears to have had his sword on, yet that the remaining facts specified in the charge are proved, and are sufficient to support the same; the court does therefore find the prisoner guilty of the charge against him, in breach of the articles of war, and does therefore sentence him, the said Alexander Grant Carmichael, Lieutenant and Adjutant of the 25th regiment of foot, to be dismissed from his Majesty's service.

UPON HORSES LYING UPON HARD BOARDS.

GENTLEMEN,

IN your Number for June last—if I misremember not—there was an account of a proposal said to be under consideration of his R. H. the Duke of York, for a trial to be made of the plan of lodging our horses upon the bare boards, as a measure of great propriety, use, and economy, and constantly practised in Sweden and Denmark. I trust, this has arisen from some vague and premature report; and that his Royal Highness possesses both more experience as a sportsman, and more humanity, to think of making an experiment of that, which, *prima facie*, must appear to every practical man perfectly ridiculous. Mr. John Lawrence, in his treatise, has already exposed this scheme of economy; but, as his work may not be in the hands of all your readers, I beg leave to add a few observations to those which he has made.

Are we then, in spite of every humane, and indeed interested idea, the subject fairly considered, to conform to the wretched shifts of miserable and barren countries? Must we not also, pursuing the dictates of a supposed economy, hoard up the leaves and bark of trees, and the roots of couch grass, to feed our poor? No: every idea that ought to have place in the breast of man forbids it—let them, who labour to provide, taste of the fat of the land. Let also those noble animals, next, in every sense, to the human, have their share of the blessings of nature, to provide which, they cheerfully labour through life. Let the faint and wearied horse have a soft bed whereon to repose his stiffened limbs; for which, surely, obdurate oaken planks, hard as the hearts of their provider, are a cruel substitute. Nor is the fodder, thus indispensably used, by any means thrown away; it becomes the best of manure, and the richest source of re-production. Common sense, analogy, fellow feeling, must convince every man, that lodging a horse upon bare boards must cramp and stiffen his limbs, even if they are not so already from labour. In severe weather it makes them liable to colds, rheumatism, and grease; brings numbness upon the feet; and is particularly injurious to those horses which are difficult to lie down, even on the best bed—such will stand perpetually upon boards. Indeed, I have known a horse of this description refuse to lie down on a hard bed throughout a whole winter.

You may easily inform yourselves, Gentlemen, that this execrable piece of pretended economy is no more a novelty here, unhappily, than most of the wonderful discoveries of our fashionable veterinarians, as, I think, they call themselves; for I have been accustomed to see horses, for more than twenty years past, miserably put to bed, without litter, by some mean spirited horse-keepers of the metropolis, with fortunes as great as their hearts were little. The consequence of which has invariably been, their carriages were drawn by dog-horses, and nobody profited by the measure but the farrier and horse dealer. Now, I conceive, good even-laid Dutch clinkers are full as soft, and warmer than oaken planks. Let me add, that I hope, and indeed am convinced, that few or none, at this time of day, not even the gentlemen in that noble concern, the brewery, will degrade themselves, and their high fortunes, with such a despicable and impotent attempt at economy.

With every sentiment of duty and

and respect, I humbly beg leave, through the channel of your celebrated Magazine, to offer these remarks to the attention of his Royal Highness the Duke, our illustrious Commander in Chief; as I am apprized, that the Magazine has long enjoyed the high honour of a general invitation into his Royal Highness's circle.

A JOCKEY.

Bury St. Edmund's, August 20.

OBSERVATIONS

On the Origin, Principles, and Policy, of the Game Laws.

From Daniel's Rural Sports, Vol. 1st, Page 205.

THE Game Laws were introduced amongst us at an era when property was not governed, either in the use or in the possession, by those enlightened maxims of justice which at present secure it. The aristocratic orders of that period consulted their own amusement and pleasure, without any very scrupulous regard to the rights, or very provident care for the comforts of the least opulent, but not least valuable classes of the community. They were strong, and they were not willing to weaken the foundation of their power, by a relaxation of their privileges Their pride made them averse from sharing with the commonalty an amusement, which, by a small stretch of power, they might appropriate to themselves. The exercise of hunting, and the pursuit of the various sorts of game, partaking somewhat of that spirit of enterprize in which they delighted, were recreations of all others congenial to their taste; it is not therefore wonderful that they should contrive to debar the lower orders from their participation.

It is admitted by Sir W. Blackstone, treating on this subject, that "by the law of nature, every man, from the prince to the peasant, has an equal right of pursuing and taking to his own use, all such creatures as are *ferœ naturæ*." B. L. Com. vol. 3. p. 411. This truth is granted as incontestible. "But," he adds, "it follows from the very end and constitution of society, that this natural right, as well as many others belonging to man as an individual, may be restrained by positive laws, enacted for reasons of state, or for the supposed benefit of the community." When the public welfare in any instance obviously demands that the natural right of an individual should be controlled in its exercise by regulations established by law, the justice of such regulations is indisputable; but surely nothing but reasons of manifest good policy, and the actual benefit of the state, can justify such restrictions. If they may be abridged or withheld, as the learned writer here affirms they may, for reasons of state, and the supposed benefit of the community, we hold them by a tenure of very uncertain duration. Nothing can be more vague than the terms on which we must submit, if not to their absolute surrender, at least to an indefinite encroachment upon them.

It may be worth while separately to investigate the solidity of the reasons assigned by Sir W. Blackstone, as introductive of the game laws, previously to the examination of the basis of his doctrine respecting them. "Many reasons," says he, "have concurred for making these constitutions: as 1. For the encouragement of agriculture and improvement of lands, by giving every man an exclusive dominion over his own soil." It is said

in the passage immediately preceding, that the municipal laws, in virtue of their authority to restrain our natural rights, "have invested the prerogative of hunting and taking such animals, as are usually the object of pursuit, in the sovereign of the state only, and such as he shall authorize." How the restriction of a natural right to kill such animals on his own grounds, or permissively on those of another; how the forbidding a freeholder, of less than one hundred pounds a year, to kill a partridge upon his own estate, gives every man an exclusive dominion over his own soil—is not easily comprehended. It is certainly not so obviously beneficial in this way, as to promote the encouragement of agriculture, and the improvement of lands.

"2. For preservation of the several species of these animals, which would soon be extirpated by a general liberty. 3. For the prevention of idleness and dissipation in husbandmen, artificers, and others of lower rank, which would be the unavoidable consequence of universal licence." These reasons destroy each other. It is evident to reflection, that without any restrictive law upon the subject, the evil would have cured itself. It is admitted, that game would soon be extirpated by a general licence; of course all idleness and dissipation arising from this cause must end with the cause itself, and would require no law for its prevention.

The last reason assigned, and which is said to be a reason oftener meant than avowed by the makers of forest or game laws, is, "the prevention of popular insurrections and resistance to government, by disarming the bulk of the people." That they were actuated by this motive is an opinion which the history of the temper and manners of the times will hardly allow us to admit. Hawks were at this time chiefly used to kill birds; military weapons do not seem to have been much used in the pursuit of game. It is observable too, that in the preamble of the stat. 13. Ric. 2. the first qualification statute which we meet with relating to game, it is expressly said, that "forasmuch as divers artificers, &c. keep greyhounds and other dogs," and enacts that no person unless qualified, as there required, shall from thenceforth "keep any greyhound, hound, or other dog to hunt, nor shall they use ferrets, hays, nets, harepipes, nor cords, nor other engines to take or destroy deer." We have here no mention of any instruments likely to be very serviceable in the hands of sedition; nor were the government in those days so extremely tender of the liberties of the people, as to take this indirect method of disarming them, and of relieving itself from the apprehensions of revolt. The habits, whatever they were, acquired in the pursuit of game, could not much contribute to initiate the peasantry in the rudiments of military science.

As the doctrine of the learned commentator concerning game, and the maxims which he has laid down respecting it, differ very considerably from the general spirit of his reasoning respecting property, and the modes of acquiring it, we shall proceed to examine its validity. The position advanced, and very emphatically enforced in such parts of his work as lead him to the discussion of the subject, is, that the sole right of taking and destroying game belongs exclusively to the king. "It is true," says he, "that by the acquiescence of the crown, the frequent grant of free warren in ancient times, and the introduction of new penalties, this exclusive prerogative of the king is little known or considered; every man that is exempted

exempted from these modern penalties, looking upon himself as at liberty to do what he pleases with the game; whereas the contrary is strictly true, that no man, however well qualified he may vulgarly be esteemed, has a right to encroach on the royal prerogative, unless he can shew a particular grant of free warren, or a prescription, which presumes a grant, or some authority under an act of parliament." "The truth of the matter is, that these game laws do indeed qualify nobody, except in the instance of a gamekeeper, to kill game; but only to save the trouble and formal process of an action by the person injured, who perhaps too might remit the offence, the statutes inflict additional penalties, to be recovered either in a regular or summary way, by any of the king's subjects, from certain persons of an inferior rank, who may be found offending in this particular; but it does not follow that persons excused from these additional penalties, are therefore authorized to kill game. The circumstance of having one hundred pounds per annum, and the rest, are not properly qualifications, but exemptions*." The conclusions deducible from this reasoning are, 1. That no person, except a gamekeeper, whatever be his rank or estate—unless he have a grant of free warren—is authorized to kill game. 2. That every such person so killing game, is an offender against the common law, and is punishable as such, his estate and degree relieving him only against the additional penalties levied on offenders of inferior rank. 3. That no lord of a manor—not having a grant of free warren—of whatever condition of life, or whatever the extent of his landed or personal property, can lawfully kill game, he having no authority so to do by the common or statute law; and having no other right over or respecting game, on his manor or elsewhere, than that conferred on him by 5 Ann. c. 14. which empowers lords and ladies of manors to appoint game-keepers to kill game for their use. 4. That there is no such thing as a qualification to kill game.

These inferences being so manifestly comprehended in this learned writer's positions, and being at the same time of such extreme importance, deserved, certainly, that the legal foundations on which these positions rest, should have been most clearly and most conspicuously shewn. On a subject of such extensive interest, and on which principles are advanced so opposite to all received opinions, one should have expected that the reasoning would have received, if not all the illustration which history and law could furnish, at least so much of attestation from constitutional records, and of support from legal decisions, as might silence our doubts and enforce our acquiescence: but this doctrine offers itself to our minds without warrant or authority; it comes upon us in all the nakedness of individual assertion. We shall proceed then to inquire, in the first place, whether it is corroborated either by the statute or common law; and, secondly, whether it is at all reconcileable to assertions elsewhere advanced by the learned writer himself.

In the statute of 13 Rich. 2. c. 13. before cited, the first qualification act respecting game, we find it enacted, "that no manner of artificer, labourer, or any other layman, which hath not lands or tenements to the value of ten shillings by the year, nor any priest nor other

* Bl. Com. v. 2. p. 417, 418.

clerk,

clerk, if he be not advanced to the value of ten pounds by the year, shall have or keep from henceforth any greyhound, hound, nor other dog to hunt, nor shall use ferrets, hays, nets, &c. to take or destroy deers, hares, nor conies, nor other gentlemens' game, upon pain of one year's imprisonment." By the term gentlemens' game, must be understood the game which gentlemen, as distinguished from the classes of persons described in the statute, were usually accustomed to hunt; and this general usage we may well presume they enjoyed without any interruption: indeed, it is impliedly admitted by the statute itself; it being a known rule in the exposition of acts of parliament, that a statute which begins with a prohibition to inferior persons, does not extend to persons of superior degree. No complaint besides is made in the preamble of this statute of any encroachment on the king's prerogative, nor is this any where alluded to as an offence to be suppressed; it is not on any such ground that the evil complained of is prohibited. When a statute expressly limits its enactments to particular descriptions of persons therein named; when, like the present act, it says, no person that hath not a revenue to a certain amount shall kill game, it may fairly be collected, that any one whom the description does not include, and who hath a revenue to that amount, is a person who may continue the usage, or commit the act forbidden only to those to whom the statute extends. The act of 13 Ric. 2. may therefore be considered as a recognition of a right to hunt and kill game in all persons to whom it does not expressly extend; and who in the enjoyment of such right, do not come within the evil meant to be remedied.

The next statute upon this subject, is the 11 Hen. 7. c. 17. The preamble of which is as follows: "Forasmuch as divers persons having little substance to live upon, use many times as well by nets, snares, or other engines, to take and destroy pheasants and partridges upon the lordships, manors, lands and tenements, of divers owners or possessioners of the same, without licence, consent, or agreement of the same owners or possessioners, by the which the same owners and possessioners leese not only their pleasure and disport that they their friends and servants shall have about hawking, hunting, and taking the same, but also they leese the profit, and avail, that by that occasion should grow to their household, to the great hurt of all lords and gentlemen, and other having any great livelihood within this realm. Wherefore," &c.

We cannot but remark, that it is here the direct purpose of the statute to secure to the lord of the manor, and the owners and possessors of estates, their natural right to follow and destroy game, and to punish the intrusion of needy and dissolute persons, by whom the pheasants and partridges on their grounds were ensnared. It is manifest that the lawfulness of the general usage of the different lords and landholders, to pursue and destroy game, had never been called in question; and that it was universally considered as a common law right, the validity of which no one disputed. We find too that the possessors and owners of estates might authorise persons, of whatever condition, to pursue and destroy pheasants and patridges on their respective domains; for the permission required by the statute is not that of the king, as supposing an invasion of his exclusive prerogative, but "the licence, consent, and agreement of the same owners and possessioners," whose

whose lands are intruded upon, and whose game is taken or destroyed. These are the persons to whom alone the injury is supposed to arise, and to that injury is the remedy of the statute applied. It must be remarked too, that the penalties of this statute do not attach to inferior persons taking or killing pheasants or partridges generally, but only to the taking or killing them on the ground of another.

It would be superfluous to cite all the statutes relating to game, to prove that the right to pursue and destroy it was at no time, by the constitutional law of this kingdom, held to be solely and exclusively in the sovereign. It was clearly a general right, and did subsist as such in fact and usage, until upon principles of public expediency it was judged fit to regulate and limit the enjoyment of it.

Previously to the enactment of any restrictive statutes respecting it, it stood upon the basis of the common law. Game are considered as *ferœ naturæ*, and of these, as we before remarked, the learned commentator has himself affirmed, "that by the law of nature, every man, from the prince to the peasant, has an equal right of pursuing and taking them to his own use." Now, with deference to so great a writer, I affirm, that every natural right is protected and confirmed by the common law, and makes a part of it. To allow that this is a natural and common right, and at the same time to affirm "that no person whatever, but he who has a derivative right, is, by the common law, entitled to take or kill any beast of chase, or other game whatsoever," is utterly repugnant and contradictory. If to kill game be a natural right—as it is declared to be—and equally common to all the king's subjects, it follows that it cannot be the sole and exclusive prerogative of the king; if, on the other hand, it is the sole and exclusive prerogative of the crown, then it cannot be in its origin a natural and common right. Lord Coke says*, "the common law is sometimes called, right, common right, and common justice." Thus common law and common right are convertible terms; and Sir William Blackstone's positions controvert each other.

When this writer asserts that the "game laws do indeed qualify nobody—that they are merely excused from the additional penalties inflicted on persons of inferior rank—that though excused from these penalties, they are not therefore authorized to kill game—and that the circumstance of having one hundred pounds per annum, and the rest, are not properly qualifications, but exemptions:" These are propositions which, carrying in my mind the constructions usually put upon laws, I confess myself at some loss to comprehend.

I am ready to allow most explicitly, "that the game laws do not qualify any one;" but I as strongly deny, that therefore no one may lawfully kill game. The game laws do not qualify any one, because every one is made morally capable by the law of nature, and has a common and equitable right antecedent to the enactment of those laws. It is a right conferred by nature; the game laws qualify this right; that they do not qualify the person may therefore be true, and yet the person may be nevertheless legally empowered; because his right is derived from a different origin. When it is said that these statutes merely inflict additional penalties on persons of

* 1 Inst. 142.

inferior

I ventured out, to write Major O'Grady in the lining of my hat." —*Related at the table of the late unfortunate Lord K—.*

The same Major, perhaps one of the most eccentric and outre characters upon earth, being attached, like his old general and comrade Marshal Saxe, to Venuses of the very lowest class, happened to acquire a certain cutaneous deformity upon his wrists and fingers. Wilkes recommended him to Churchill. It must be observed, this happened just as they were drawing for the militia. On examining the patient's hands, Churchill called out—"Why, damn it, Major, how now? why, you have got the itch." On this, the Major, with a true Hibernian stare, eagerly replied—"Och, no! my dear little graduate of Salamanca, I am too old for you there; you know no man can be drawn for the itch, after threescore years of age." A singular proof of the association of ideas.

Soon after agricultural improvements first became fashionable in Ireland, a gentleman of that country, of great fortune, and we believe in the Irish parliament, coming to London, applied to the Secretary of the Board of Agriculture, informing him, with the utmost gravity, and, in the opinion of the Secretary, with real conviction, that he had made a most important discovery, which he had called purposely to communicate. After many thanks from the Secretary, the grand arcanum was unfolded—it was, "to sow flour instead of grain, which, according to the universally allowed axiom, that like produces like, must also produce flour in the same perfection, thereby saving stacking, thrashing, winnowing, grinding, and a world of other expence; besides rendering all mills and millers useless." The Secretary bowed profoundly, and with the utmost gratitude, for information which went so far; but begged leave to make a small amendment, which would go a single step farther, —it was, "to sow bread ready made, and so at once spare bakers and ovens, as well as millers and mills."

MODE OF DRIVING, &c. AT PARIS.

The following is the first of a series of letters, descriptive of the present manners of Paris. They were originally written in French, and give a humorous, but faithful picture of modern Paris.

LETTER I.

From a young Gentleman lately arrived in Paris, to his Aunt in the Country.

Paris, April 1, 1803.

"DEAR AUNT,

"AS soon as I had arrived in Paris, and stepped out of the diligence, I wished to see immediately the most celebrated streets and buildings in this great city. I passed through several of the streets without meeting any accident; but having stopped for a moment before the windows of a *Magazin de Nouveautes*, I felt a violent blow which threw me in the dirt, and almost at the same moment heard the *garre, garre*—take care—of the driver of the cabriolet which did me this mischief. Before I could get up to speak to this insolent charioteer, he and his cabriolet were at least 400 toises distant. It appears that it is the fashion of the myriads of charioteers who drive their cabriolets through Paris, never to cry *garre, garre*, until they have absolutely run over a passenger. Luckily, however, I suffered no very serious injury by this accident; but before I was well recovered, I saw a young girl, fresh and blooming as the

the flowers of spring, but who had forgot to put a handkerchief over her neck: had it not been for this accidental giddiness of hers, I should have only seen her face and her leg; but such a leg as the museum could hardly show. I was examining her as a model to draw from, when another cabriolet, rattling up through the dirty street, covered with mud her face, her gown, her silk stockings, and more than the lawn dress sees. She came over towards me swearing—but in the most fashionable manner—and she gave me a look, which was as much as to say, Sir, you are more gallant than this cabriolet horse. This look quite captivated me; but hardly had I commenced a conversation, when another cabriolet struck against her; she fell against me, and I against a window. The shopkeeper ran out bellowing to me to pay for his broken panes, which, to avoid any altercation, I consented to do.

This affair being so settled, the young lady, in compassion to me, advised me to hire a cabriolet to protect us from the injuries of others. I did so: I was ashamed to tell a *Parisian Belle* that I did not know how to drive; but, after a very short time, I drove against a ladder, upon which was an artist painting a sign post: down fell the artist, the ladder, the paints and brushes; but, at the same time, my cabriolet also was overset. I lay stunned by the fall for a considerable time; the moment I recovered my senses, I inquired for my fair companion; she had escaped unhurt, and had walked off, leaving me speechless in the dirt. To tell you the truth, my dear aunt, the loss of her grieved me more than any part of my misfortunes. Such a face, such an air, and, above all, such a leg, you would not see in the whole department of Jura. I have since met some other strange adventures, which will give you a good idea of the *Parisians*. In my next I shall recount them to you with the greatest sincerity; but, in the mean time, I must request you to send me more money very soon. The cloaths I brought with me from the country cannot be worn in Paris. Before I could appear here I was obliged to get myself shorn *a la Brutus*, and to get a suit of cloaths in the Parisian fashion. The coat and waistcoat are so diminutive, and the breeches of such a monstrous size, that you would laugh beyond measure if you saw me in my Parisian dress. Adieu! my dear aunt, I shall tell you of all my adventures, but I beg you will not forget to supply me well with money—I am not now among the innocent and frugal mountaineers of Jura.

EXTRAORDINARY LONGEVITY IN HORSES.

A GENTLEMAN Farmer, residing not six miles from Ludlow, says our correspondent, has a team of horses, in which there are four greys, whose united ages are within a few months of amounting to one hundred years; and they are capable of performing with ease all the duties usually required for such animals employed in agriculture. This circumstance, it is probable, cannot be paralleled by any one farmer in England: and it might lead the breeder to be somewhat attentive to the colour of his stud; for though it is an old observation, "that a good horse cannot be of a bad colour;" yet it is an assertion far from incredible, that there are more instances to be found of grey and white horses arriving at old age, than of any other colour.

ANECDOTES OF HATFIELD.

THIS man, who became the victim of an ungovernable propensity to deception, was, when a youth, employed in the capacity of a rider to a linen-draper in the north of England. In the course of this service he became acquainted with a young woman, who was nursed and resided at a farmer's house in the neighbourhood of his employer. She had been, in her earlier life, taught to consider the people with whom she lived as her parents. Remote from the gaieties and follies of what is so idly denominated polished life, she was unacquainted with the allurements of fashion, and considered her domestic duties as the only object of her consideration. When this deserving girl had arrived at a certain age, the honest farmer explained to her the secret of her birth: he told her, that notwithstanding she had always considered him as her parent, he was only in fact her poor guardian, and that she was the natural daughter of Lord Robert Manners, who intended to give her one thousand pounds, provided she married with his approbation.

This discovery soon reached the ears of Hatfield; he immediately paid his respects at the farmer's, and, having represented himself as a young man of considerable expectations in the wholesale linen business, his visits were not discountenanced. The farmer, however, thought it incumbent on him to acquaint his Lordship with a proposal made to him by Hatfield; that he would marry the young woman if her relations were satisfied with their union, but on no other terms. This had so much the appearance of an honourable and prudent intention, that his Lordship, on being made acquainted with the circumstances, desired to see the lover. He accordingly paid his respects to the noble and unsuspecting parent, who, conceiving the young man to be what he represensed himself, gave his consent at the first interview, and, the day after the marriage took place, presented the bridegroom with a draft on his banker for L.1500. This transaction took place about thirty-two or thirty-three years ago.

Shortly after the receipt of his Lordship's bounty, Hatfield set off for London; hired a small phaeton, and was perpetually at the coffee-houses in Covent-Garden; described himself to whatever company he chanced to meet, as a near relation of the Rutland family: would frequently purchase a haunch of venison; invite his coffee-house acquaintances to dine with him, and entertain them with a flowing description of his park in Yorkshire, and the flavour of the venison it produced, a specimen of which he had given them. These idle and romantic tales passed current for a few weeks; when some of his new acquaintances began to find him out, and frequently jeered him, on his being an adept in what they styled "poetical prose, or the beauties of imagination." Hatfield, however, was insensible to all these rebukes, and continued to retail his preposterous fabrications with such an air of confidence, that he became generally known throughout Covent-Garden, by the name of Lying Hatfield.

The marriage portion being nearly exhausted, he retreated from London, and was scarcely heard of until about the year 1782, when he again visited the metropolis, and was shortly afterwards arrested, and committed to the King's Bench prison for a debt, amounting to the sum of L.160. Several unfortunate gentlemen, then confined in the same place,

place, had been of his parties when he flourished in Covent-Garden, and, perceiving him in extreme poverty, frequently invited him to dinner; yet, such was the unaccountable disposition of this man, that, notwithstanding he knew there were people present who were thoroughly acquainted with his character, still he would continue to describe his Yorkshire park, his estate in Rutlandshire settled upon his wife, and generally wind up the whole with observing, how vexatious it was to be confined at the suit of a paltry tradesman, for so insignificant a sum, at the very moment when he had thirty men employed in cutting a piece of water near the family mansion in Yorkshire.

At the time Hatfield became a prisoner in the King's Bench, the late unfortunate Valentine Morris, formerly governor of the Isle of St. Vincent, was confined in the same place. This gentleman was frequently visited by a clergyman of the most benevolent disposition. Hatfield soon directed his attention to this good man, and one day earnestly invited him to his chamber. After some preliminary apologies, he implored the worthy pastor never to disclose what he was going to communicate. The divine assured him the whole should remain in his bosom. "Then," said Hatfield, "you see before you a man nearly allied to the house of Rutland, and possessed of estates" —here followed the old story of the Yorkshire park, the Rutlandshire property, &c. &c. "yet, notwithstanding all this wealth," continued he, "I am detained in this wretched place for the insignificant sum of L.160. But the truth is, Sir, I would not have my situation known to any man in the world but my worthy relative, his Grace of Rutland"—the father of the present duke was then living;—"indeed, I would rather remain a captive for ever. But, Sir, if you would have the goodness to pay your respects to this worthy nobleman, and frankly describe how matters are, he will at once send me the money by you, and this mighty business will not only be instantly settled, but I shall have the satisfaction of introducing you to a connection which may be attended with happy consequences."

The honest clergyman readily undertook the commission; paid his respects to the duke, and pathetically described the unfortunate situation of his amiable relative. His Grace of Rutland, not recollecting at the moment such a name as Hatfield, expressed his astonishment at the application. This reduced the worthy divine to a very awkward situation, and he faultered in his speech, when he began making an apology; which the duke perceiving, he very kindly observed, that he believed the whole was some idle tale of an impostor, for that he never knew any person of the name mentioned, although he had some faint recollection of hearing Lord Robert, his relation, say that he had married a natural daughter of his to a tradesman in the north of England, and whose name he believed was Hatfield.

The reverend missionary was so confounded, that he immediately retired and proceeded to the prison, where he gave the unhappy gentleman, in the presence of Mr. Morris, a most severe lecture. But the appearance of this venerable man as his friend, had the effect which Hatfield expected; for the duke sent to inquire if he were the man that married the natural daughter of Lord Robert Manners; and being satisfied as to the fact, dispatched a messenger with L.200, and had him released.

In the year 1784, or 1785, his Grace

Grace of Rutland was appointed Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and shortly after his arrival in Dublin, Hatfield made his appearance in that city. He immediately on his landing, engaged a suite of apartments at a hotel in College-green, and represented himself as nearly allied to the viceroy, but that he could not appear at the castle until his horses, servants, and carriage, were arrived, which he ordered, before his leaving England, to be shipped at Liverpool. The easy and familiar manner in which he addressed the master of the hotel, perfectly satisfied him that he had a man of consequence in his house, and matters were arranged accordingly. This being adjusted, Hatfield soon found his way to Lucas's coffee-house, a place where people of a certain rank generally frequent; and it being a new scene, the Yorkshire park, the Rutlandshire estate, and the connection with the Rutland family, stood their ground very well for about a month.

At the expiration of this time, the bill amounted to L.60 and upwards. The landlord became importunate, and after expressing his astonishment at the non-arrival of Mr. Hatfield's domestics, &c. requested he might be permitted to send in bill. This did not in the least confuse Hatfield; he immediately told the master of the hotel, that very fortunately his agent, who received the rents of his estates in the north of England, was then in Ireland, and held a public employment; he lamented that his agent was not then in Dublin, but he had the pleasure to know that his stay in the country would not exceed three days. This satisfied the landlord, and at the expiration of three days, he called upon the gentleman, whose name Hatfield had given him, and presented the account. Here followed another scene of confusion and surprise. The supposed agent of the Yorkshire estate very frankly told the man who delivered the bill, that he had no other knowledge of the person who sent him, than what common report furnished him with; and that his general character in London, was that of a romantic simpleton, whose plausibilities had imposed on several people, and plunged himself into repeated difficulties.

The landlord retired highly thankful for the information, and immediately arrested his guest, who was lodged in the prison of the Marshalsea. Hatfield had scarcely seated himself in his new lodgings, when he visited the gaoler's wife in her apartment, and in a whisper, requested of her not to tell any person that she had in her custody a near relation of the then viceroy. The woman, astonished at the discovery, immediately shewed him into the best apartment in the prison, had a table provided, and she, her husband, and Hatfield, constantly dined together for three weeks, in the utmost harmony and good humour.

During this time he had petitioned the duke for another supply, who, apprehensive that the fellow might continue his impositions in Dublin, released him, on condition of his immediately quitting Ireland; and his Grace sent a servant, who conducted him on board a packet that sailed the next tide for Holyhead.

A few years after his arrival on this side of the water, we understand, he was arrested for a debt contracted in the north of England, and that he remained in prison for several years.

Some time after he was liberated, he had the good fortune to connect himself with some respectable tradesmen in Devonshire, where he might have lived happily, secluded from those who formerly knew him, and acquired an honest independency;

independency; but deception was so rooted in his nature that he could never shake it off. He was soon detected in fraudulent practices, and as we have heard, declared a bankrupt. His flight succeeded; and unfortunately some evil genius directed his steps to the once happy cottage of poor Mary of Buttermere Her story is well known and generally lamented; but let us in charity hope, that this wretch's crimes will be forgiven "in another and better world," and that his punishment in this, will answer the salutary purposes of example!

CURIOUS EXPERIMENTS IN THE DOMESTICATION OF HARES.

By the late W. Cowper, Esq.

IN the year 1774, being much indisposed both in mind and body, incapable of diverting myself either with company or books, and yet in a condition that made some diversion necessary, I was glad of any thing that would engage my attention without fatiguing it. The children of a neighbour of mine had a leveret given them for a plaything; it was at that time about three months old. Understanding better how to teaze the poor creature than to feed it, and, soon becoming weary of their charge, they readily consented that their father, who saw it pining and growing leaner every day, should offer it to my acceptance. I was willing enough to take the prisoner under my protection, perceiving that, in the management of such an animal, and in the attempt to tame it, I should find just that sort of employment which my case required. It was soon known among the neighbours that I was pleased with the present; and the consequence was, that in a short time I had as many leverets offered to me as would have stocked a paddock. I undertook the care of three, which it is necessary that I should here distinguish by the names I gave them — Puss, Tiney, and Bess. Notwithstanding the two feminine appellatives, I must inform you that they were all males. Immediately commencing carpenter, I built them houses to sleep in; each had a separate apartment, so contrived that their ordure would pass through the bottom of it; an earthen pan placed under each received whatsoever fell, which being duly emptied and washed, they were thus kept perfectly sweet and clean In the day time they had the range of a hall, and at night retired each to his own bed, never intruding into that of another.

Puss grew presently familiar, would leap into my lap, raise himself upon his hinder feet, and bite the hair from my temples. He would suffer me to take him up and to carry him about in my arms, and has more than once fallen fast asleep upon my knee. He was ill three days, during which time I nursed him, kept him apart from his fellows that they might not molest him—for, like many other wild animals, they persecute one of their own species that is sick—and by constant care, and trying him with a variety of herbs, restored him to perfect health. No creature could be more grateful than my patient after his recovery; a sentiment which he most significantly expressed by licking my hand, first the back of it, then the palm, then every finger separately, then between all the fingers, as if anxious to leave no part of it unsaluted; a ceremony which he never performed but once again upon a similar occasion.

occasion. Finding him extremely tractable, I made it my custom to carry him always after breakfast into the garden, where he hid himself generally under the leaves of a cucumber vine, sleeping or chewing the cud till evening; in the leaves also of that vine he found a favourite repast. I had not long habituated him to this taste of liberty, before he began to be impatient for the return of the time when he might enjoy it. He would invite me to the garden by drumming upon my knee, and by a look of such expression as it was not possible to misinterpret. If this rhetoric did not immediately succeed, he would take the skirt of my coat between his teeth, and pull at it with all his force. Thus Puss might be said to be perfectly tamed: the shyness of his nature was done away; and, on the whole, it was visible by many symptoms, which I have not room to enumerate, that he was happier in human society than when shut up with his natural companions.

Not so Tiney; upon him the kindest treatment had not the least effect. He too was sick, and in his sickness had an equal share of my attention; but if, after his recovery, I took the liberty to stroke him, he would grunt, strike with his fore feet, spring forward, and bite. He was, however, very entertaining in his way; even his surliness was matter of mirth, and in his play he preserved such an air of gravity, and performed his feats with such a solemnity of manner, that in him too I had an agreeable companion.

Bess, who died soon after he was full grown, and whose death was occasioned by his being turned into his box, which had been washed, while it was yet damp, was a hare of great humour and drollery. Puss was tamed by gentle usage; Tiney was not to be tamed at all; and Bess had a courage and confidence that made him tame from the beginning. I always admitted them into the parlour after supper, when the carpet affording their feet a firm hold, they would frisk, and bound, and play a thousand gambols, in which Bess, being remarkably strong and fearless, was always superior to the rest, and proved himself the Vestris of the party. One evening the cat being in the room, had the hardiness to pat Bess upon the cheek, an indignity which he resented by drumming upon her back with such violence, that the cat was happy to escape from under his paws and hide herself.

I describe these animals as having each a character of his own. Such they were in fact, and their countenances were so expressive of that character, that, when I looked only on the face of either, I immediately knew which it was. It is said, that a shepherd, however numerous his flock, soon becomes so familiar with their features, that he can, by that indication only, distinguish each from all the rest; and yet, to a common observer, the difference is hardly perceptible. I doubt not that the same discrimination in the cast of countenances would be discoverable in hares, and am persuaded that among a thousand of them no two could be found exactly similar; a circumstance little suspected by those who have not had opportunity to observe it. These creatures have a singular sagacity in discovering the minutest alteration that is made in the place to which they are accustomed, and instantly apply their nose to the examination of a new object. A small hole being burned in the carpet, it was mended with a patch, and that patch in a moment underwent the strictest scrutiny. They seem, too, to be very much directed by

by the smell in the choice of their favourites: to some persons, though they saw them daily, they could never be reconciled, and would even scream when they attempted to touch them; but a miller coming in engaged their affections at once; his powdered coat had charms that were irresistible. It is no wonder that my intimate acquaintance with these specimens of the kind has taught me to hold the sportsman's amusement in abhorrence; he little knows what amiable creatures he persecutes, of what gratitude they are capable, how cheerful they are in their spirits, what enjoyment they have of life, and that impressed as they seem with a peculiar dread of man, it is only because man gives them peculiar cause for it.

That I may not be tedious, I will just give a short summary of those articles of diet that suit them best.

I take it to be a general opinion that they graze; but it is an erroneous one, at least grass is not their staple; they seem rather to use it medicinally, soon quitting it for leaves of almost any kind. Sow-thistle, dent-de-lion, and lettuce, are their favourite vegetables, especially the last. I discovered by accident, that fine white sand is in great estimation with them; I suppose as a digestive. It happened that I was cleaning a bird-cage while the hares were with me; I placed a pot filled with such sand upon the floor, which being at once directed to by a strong instinct, they devoured voraciously; since that time I have generally taken care to see them well supplied with it. They account green corn a delicacy, both blade and stalk, but the ear they seldom eat: straw of any kind, especially wheat-straw, is another of their dainties; they will feed greedily upon oats, but if furnished with clean straw never want them; it serves them also for a bed, and, if shaken up daily, will be kept sweet and dry for a considerable time. They do not indeed require aromatic herbs, but will eat a small quantity of them with great relish, and are particularly fond of the plant called musk; they seem to resemble sheep in this, that, if their pasture be too succulent, they are very subject to the rot; to prevent which, I always made bread their principal nourishment, and filling a pan with it cut into small squares, placed it every evening in their chambers, for they feed only at evening and in the night; during the winter, when vegetables were not to be got, I mingled this mess of bread with shreds of carrot, adding to it the rhind of apples cut extremely thin; for, though they are fond of the paring, the apple itself disgusts them. These, however, not being a sufficient substitute for the juice of summer herbs, they must at this time be supplied with water; but so placed that they cannot overset it into their beds. I must not omit that occasionally they are much pleased with twigs of hawthorn, and of the common briar, eating even the very wood when it is of considerable thickness.

Bess, I have said, died young; Tiney lived to be nine years old, and died at last, I have reason to think, of some hurt in his loins by a fall; Puss is still living, and has just completed his tenth year, discovering no signs of decay, nor even of age, except that he is grown more discreet and less frolicksome than he was. I cannot conclude without observing, that I have lately introduced a dog to his acquaintance — a spaniel that had never seen a hare, to a hare that had never seen a spaniel. I did it with great caution; but there was no real need of it. Puss discovered no token of fear, nor Marquis the least symptom of hostility. There is, therefore,

therefore, it should seem, no natural antipathy between dog and hare, but the pursuit of the one occasions the flight of the other, and the dog pursues because he is trained to it: they eat bread at the same time out of the same hand, and are in all respects sociable and friendly.

I should not do complete justice to my subject, did I not add, that they have no ill scent belonging to them; that they are indefatigably nice in keeping themselves clean, for which purpose nature has furnished them with a brush under each foot; and that they are never infested by any vermin.

May 28, 1784.

NEW FOREST,

IN THE

COUNTY OF SOUTHAMPTON.

A Ramble to it, through Millbrook, and Redbridge—Singular Instance of the Operations of Shame in a Female—Arrive at Stoney Cross—Account of the Death of Rufus—Description of the Monument raised by Lord Delawar, to the Memory of that unfortunate King—Origin of the Family of Purkass—Proposal to Lord Godolphin for enlarging the Forest, by Daniel De Foe—Strictures on Smugglers, with their Mode of killing his Majesty's Deer—Visit to Cliff, seat of Earl Bute—Description of the barren Land about it—Retreat to Ringwood, and return to Southampton.

SOLICITOUS to tread the velvet turf of the New Forest, which, for many ages, has been the grand theatre of the royal hunter, and at this moment the resort and delight of a noble and highly dignified sportsman, I quitted Southampton, passed Freemantle, the seat and grounds of J. Jarret, Esq. and entered the village of Long Millbrook; where the traveller, looking back on the old walls of the corporation, is saluted with a scene particularly interesting and romantic. The landscape-painter cannot be better gratified than here; it is a charming *coup-d'œil*, wantonly served up by nature.

The morning was unseasonably sultry: it was here I sought, but in vain, for refreshment; of this I complained, until assured by a country wit, it was impossible for any thing to refresh in Millbrook; that it was the soberest town in Hampshire, and affording nothing stronger than muddy water for man and beast; not that the inhabitants had a greater disliking to the bibacious propensity than their neighbours, but that the gentry, most of them wine merchants retired from business, would not suffer one public house in the whole extent; so that a traveller, through this long, inhospitable, and dreary town, still more deformed by ill cut, monstrous church-yard yew trees, may sooner break his neck than his thirst, or expect to find a diamond before a drink-drop, unless he can take up with the muddy aquidity of wretched Millbrook. But *nil desperandum*, gentle traveller; you will be made ample amends when you arrive at Redbridge; for mine hostess, Mrs. Yeats, will furnish you with as much comfort as you can wish, and as good a tap of Rumsey ale, as ever recruited the spirits of a foot soldier after a midsummer-day's march. Herself the image of plenty, she distributes her good things with the cheerfulness of a goddess, and with a grace seldom to be met with among persons of her profession; her civilities make me loud in her praises. She told me her own story; there is a singularity in it I cannot omit, but from no uncharitable motive—

Ask but one female to define another,
The evil blazes that the good may smother.

The

The female, part of whose history I am about to develope, is still a very fine personal figure; her features, though altered by the fingers of time, testify in her youth she was a beauty. At that period, Mrs. Yeats was protected by, and brought up under the eye of, a most tender mother, who, notwithstanding all her care to keep the daughter's charms from the wanton eye of sufficiency, failed in that honourable wish, to her own great grief and affliction. Miss was soon singled out for misery by one of the first characters in the county, and in a little space of time a reciprocity of affection took place. The consequence was alarming; for the lady, finding a daily increase in the tie of her apron strings, prepared, at the hazard of her own existence, to escape the lacerating tooth of slander, and silently withdrew from the society of her dear friend and mother. Her absence was presently discovered, and as soon lamented: all inquiry was made, that maternal solicitude could devise; but all to no purpose. At length, the wanderer was found in a dry ditch, in the obscure part of a turnip field, with a fine healthy boy sucking at her breast. She had not from the hour of absconding to that of discovery, been seen by any human creature. In this humble recess, Miss had ingeniously woven a bramble coverture, so complete as to shield her from sight, and from the weather, and had only fed on the wild berries of the hedges, and the produce of the field. In her Lucinian moments she had alone the assistance of that goddess, and tender Levana watched over the boy till the time of his emigration. In this state she was restored, after the absence of many weeks, to her indulgent parent. The father of the child came forward and avowed the fact, and of their secret loves; and though not inclined to make the *amende honourable*, provided for the mother and offspring with all true affection and liberality. And at this moment, the son of Mrs. Y. who drew his breath in so rustic a cover, is an officer in his Majesty's Navy, an accomplished gentleman, and much respected for his humanity to those under his protection. Thus could the dread of cruel slander operate on the susceptive mind, and drive it from the society of its dearest attachment, in those critical moments when delicacy stands most in need of assistance: thus, could a beautiful female submit for concealment, to a fate common to the wild rabbits of the neighbourhood. She still lives, to enjoy health and comfort.

From Redbridge I passed to the celebrated seminary at Totten, and having a desire to visit Stoney Cross, cheerfully entered the New Forest. It is recorded, that to effect this chase, fifty miles in circumference, William the Norman threw down thirty-six mother churches, and depopulated the villages for thirty miles in extent; being more merciful to brutes than to men: for which, say the historians, the vengeance of Heaven long pursued him; for, on the spot where the king had brought mischief to many, his son Richard was gored to death by a stag, and his third son William, casually slain by an arrow from the bow of Walter Tyrrel; and not long after, his grandson Henry, while he eagerly followed the chase, was taken up by the hair of his head, and, like Absalom, hung in the branches of a tall oak till he expired. To commemorate the death of Rufus, a club is instituted at Stoney Cross, called Rufus's Club; and a stone monument, of triangular form, erected to the rememberance of the fact at Canterton, hard by. The in-

scriptions are as follow. *(Translated.)*

ON THE FIRST TABLE.

"Here stood the oak tree, on which an arrow, shot by Sir Walter Tyrrel at a stag, glanced, and struck King William II. surnamed Rufus, in the breast, of which he died on the 2d of August, 1100."

ON THE SECOND.

"King William, as is before related, was laid in a cart belonging to one Purkass, and drawn from thence to Winchester, and buried in the cathedral of that city."

ON THE THIRD.

"That where an event so memorable had happened, might not be hereafter unknown, this stone was set up by Lord Delawar, who had seen the tree that turned off the arrow, growing in this place, 1745."

From Canterton, I passed Minsted, only remarkable, if we may credit tradition, for being the place where the horse went from under the wounded king, while he was heard to exclaim, "O! mine steed, mine steed!" and expired. A farmer, at the moment, passing with his cart, took the body and conveyed it with all speed to Winchester, where, as he delivered it to the Bishop, he humbly observed it to be a *poor case*, that the body of a sovereign prince should have no better conveyance than his sorry cart: for this, the Bishop named the man Poorcase, now Purkass. I received this tale from one of the family, of which there are many of the name in the New Forest, and have no doubt of its authenticity.

Having penetrated to the centre of this sylvan retreat, I stopped at Lyndhurst, a lofty elegant village, from which branches some of the finest roads in England. His majesty has a house and stables here, appropriated to the use of the Duke of Gloucester, the Lord Warden. Robert Ballard, Esq. has also a delightful mansion, the situation of which was so captivating to the king, that when his majesty and family stopped at Lyndhurst, June 1789, he was pleased to permit Mr. B. to name it Mount Royal, which that gentleman did with great ceremony, in honour of his illustrious visitors. For all the beauties that revel in this earthly paradise, I cannot help lamenting, that such an immense tract of waste should remain uncultivated, while so many poor families in the neighbourhood are unemployed, and like the fabled Tantalus, absolutely starve amidst sufficiency. But this dereliction of public spirit is by no means local; the extent of waste lands throughout England is almost incredible: there are no less than 60 forests, 12 chases, and 700 parks, besides commons innumerable; which, were they parcelled out in small farms, and let at long leases, for moderate rents, would soon get into such a state of cultivation, as to leave no apprehension of scarcity in future; and by affording employment to the industrious poor, prevent emigrations, at this moment so fatal to the population of these kingdoms, and so generally beneficial to the rising states of Columbia.

To this grand end, some years back, a proposal was laid, by the celebrated Daniel De Foe, before the Lord Treasurer Godolphin, for repeopling the New Forest, with the poor Palatines, who were then in England in great numbers. It was projected, to draw a square containing 4000 acres, marking four cross high-ways from its centre, so that 1000 should compose each division; then to single out 20 men and their families fit for the undertaking, well skilled in husbandry;

bandry; and among these, equally divide the 4000 acres: these people to pay no rent, be liable to no taxes, but such as would maintain their own poor, and repair their own roads: these exemptions to last for twenty years, and then each to pay L.50. per annum to the crown. It was also advised, to advance each family L.200. as a stock to set them to work. Two things would have been answered by this scheme: the annual rent to be received after twenty years, would abundantly repay the public for the first disbursements; secondly, a great saving of money wantonly lavished on wild beasts, for the adornment of these unproductive acres. And I may assert a third; for that which is now a wide waste had been a cultivated paradise, yielding health and plenty to thousands who are at this moment languishing for comforts enjoyed in the highest degree by its antlered tenantry. It has been acknowledged by the best writers on human governments, that the first principles to be observed for the attainment of public happiness, are the improvement of agriculture, and the encouragement of lawful population; for from these we derive permanent strength, and incorruptible treasures.

The New Forest has long been remarkable for being a tolerable secure haunt for smugglers. It is no uncommon thing to see them pursuing their occupation between Lymington and Redbridge in the open face of day. I have observed a dozen together, with their oil-skin tea-bags, and their two tubs of Hollands, marching with so much indifference as if their traffic was perfectly legal, and they had nothing to apprehend from justice. It often happens that those gentry take a liking to a bit of his majesty's forest venison. In such a case, without applying to the keepers, they soon find the means of gratification: observing where the herd delights most to frequent, one of these adventurers places an apple on a codhook, and this he makes fast with a strong cord to the lower branches of a tree; perhaps, two, three, or more of these baits are dangling near together, just within the reach of the deer: so soon as the apples are perceived by the herd, the animal inclined to the temptation bites at its own destruction; for the more he strives to extricate himself from the peril, the more the stag is entangled by the codhook. In this painful situation the poor creature begins to groan; a signal for his destroyer to quit his cover, which he does with all eagerness, and, applying his long knife to the throat of the devoted creature, cuts it to the spine; down drops the carcase, off goes the head and skin, which is laid aside; the body is presently quartered and put into a sack, and as soon borne away for general regale: nor are the keepers altogether unacquainted with this practice of the smugglers. I have heard some of them joke on the subject; and this is not to be wondered at; for the deer-stealer always leaves behind him the hide and the horns, which is reckoned by them no inconsiderable share of the plunder. Should any one be particularly severe in bringing the offenders to justice, his life becomes a burden to him; for to offend one in this way is to disturb a hornet's nest; all the rest become your enemies, which is very dangerous and impolitic; for a New Forest smuggler minds no more cutting the weasend of an informer than the throat of the silly deer, thus betrayed by the temptation of Adam, as they archly call the codhook and the apple. A New Forest smuggler is not over particular about his game: if he cannot easily come at a buck, he will patiently put up with a sheep,

a sheep. One of these fellows was not long since whimsically found out by a shepherd's boy. The lad had missed one of his flock in the morning at unfolding, and went to the southward in search of it, when, under some trees nearly opposite to Allum Bay, he beheld a party of fishermen, alias smugglers, cooking the kettle, and the skin of a sheep neatly rolled up, and thrust under a bush. As the boy was well known to them, he feared to be too hasty in the business; so approached them, crying and lamenting in a dreadful way. One of them damned his *bleed*, and inquired what was the matter? The boy replied, his master had been beating him for losing a sheep; not that he cared a farthing about the mutton, that was no object of his desire; any body was welcome to the meat, it was the skin only his master wanted; for the wool was of so good a quality that it could not be equalled in all England; and if he returned without it, his employer would break his neck. One of the smugglers, with a few new coined oaths, pointed towards the bush, and asked the arch young rogue if that was not the thing he wanted? The boy cheerfully took the pelt, thanked the cooks, and made the best of his way from their kettle to a neighbouring justice, who hearing the tale, applied to Capt. L. for a party of his militia, and the smugglers were surrounded before they could finish their entertainment. They were arraigned at Winchester assizes: the gentleman and boy swore to the skin; and one of the culprits really suffered death for the offence.

From Lyndhurst I took the shady and delectable walk to Lymington, and from thence to Keyhaven; and, having refreshed, set off for the charming neighbourhood of Christchurch. However, mistaking my path, I fell into the road that leads to Cliff, a summer residence belonging to Lord Bute. As I had so far progressed, I resolved to profit from the oversight, by obtaining if possible an inside view of the premises before me: every step I took for this gratification became more unpleasant, and I was soon displeased with all that surrounded me; every thing was unlike what I had so lately experienced. Farewell, I cried, to the delighting landscapes at Pilewell! Adieu, Mount Royal, and the fragrant shades of Lyndhurst, with all the wide spreading trees of the New Forest! Fox-lease, I leave thy quiet foot-way with a sigh, for the unprofitable road to High Cliff, where fertility never shews its face, where all is sterile, dreary, and worthless; not a single tree or bramble-bush for many hundred acres; so indifferent is the soil, that even the prickly heather denies its root; no kind of verdure is seen except a few useless rushes; and you may as well expect to find a hive of living bees upon a mile-stone, as to meet by the way a sheep or a cow. The owl, that loves obscurity, haunts not here; not so much as a solitary crow appears, or mousing windbuffer; for nothing but the biped man will wing or tread this gloomy space, from which, while the smiling spring blesses the adjacent hills of the delicious Vecta, nature seems to recede.

I am astonished that a house so capital as this of the Earl of Bute's should appear above these acres of wretchedness. Surely the founder could have nothing more in contemplation, than to catch the sea breezes during the few summer months, or sultry dog-days. Totally displeased with the externals of this mansion, by help of a bribe, I quitted them for the interior recesses, where I found to compensate, many good pictures, mostly sea-pieces,

sea-pieces, by De Vlieger, Vangoyn, Vandeveldt, Vernet, and other eminent masters. His lordship, for the accommodation of his friends, has caused the names of the painters to be fixed on the most conspicuous parts of the frame; a method I particularly approve: it put inquiry to silence, and is highly gratifying to the curious visitor. This house and collection, as I am informed, is shortly to be brought to the hammer; so that, in all probability, you will have an opportunity of seeing the latter at Christie's, or with some other auctioneer.

The servant who attended me, a very well informed man, had made a manuscript register of anecdotes respecting the different masters, from among which, I extracted this of Vernet. This artist, eager in the study of nature, made several long voyages, in the younger part of his life, in order to remark on the various scenes the changeable elements exhibited. In one of these excursions, a most violent storm arose; when Vernet, without caring for the perils that surrounded him, desired the seamen to lash him fast to the rigging; the tempest increased, thunder, lightening, and every concomitant to add horror to the scene, mingled, to the great gratification of the artist; and, while apprehension sat on the brow of all beside, Vernet was lost in contemplation, in delineating this war of elements, this grand display of nature, in so much, that he would frequently exclaim in the most enthusiastical way, "Good Heaven! what a noble scene."

Happy to leave Mount Famine, I scon entered the merry town of Ringwood, where I beheld the farmer, the fisherman, the miller, and the milk-maid, dancing a morrice to the untutored fiddle of simplicity. The scene was now happily changed for the gifts of the bounteous Ceres. I mingled with the fishermen, and silently drew information from their aquatic narrations; and at nine o'clock, when the village retired to rest, finished another day's ramble with a downy repose.

How shocking this to those we call polite!
No cards to charm the slow progressing night!
No *rouge et noir* the open eye to keep;
No, no! by ten the town was all asleep.

As the ruddy streaks of the east called the curlieus from the rock, and the fishermen were trudging to the beach, my purpose called me with reluctance to turn my back on merry Ringwood. I resolved to return through the cooling alleys of the Forest I had been so much delighted with, when the top of Mount Famine once more caught my sight; at the recollection of whose sterility I could not help exclaiming with my friend Churchill—

Farewell, rude nature, where the ploughman tries
In vain to cheer the fainting traveller's eyes!
Thy barren hills, where scarce a blade is seen,
I quit for vales of everlasting green;
Where smiles Pomona during summer's reign,
And where kind Ceres opens stores of grain.
O! be yon sterile haunts for life forgot,
Where genial plants are only plac'd to rot,
Where raw-bon'd Mis'ry, in her dirty plaid,
Pleads for a tree in vain to spread a shade.
Avaunt, bleak mountains! from thy frowns I fly,
To rest with freedom 'neath a milder sky,
Where happier men, in decent cloathing, go,
And hide from sight what you are doom'd to show;

Where

Where Flora kindly deals out all to please,
Unmix'd with thistles, famine, and disease.
Farewell! I go for th' Hesperian fruit,
And leave thy crags for future lairds of B—.

Having once more penetrated the divine abode of all things delighting to the sportsman, I took the boat at Hith, and again landed at charming Southampton. I am, Yours, &c. T. N.

P. S. By favour of a friend, I have been permitted to transcribe from the Forest-Court-Register, and the book of the Swainmote, the presentations of the Regarders. As this grand perambulation of the verderers has never met the public eye, I make no doubt my endeavours to accommodate you with them will be highly acceptable to the generality of your sporting readers.

TAPLIN'S SPORTING DICTIONARY, AND RURAL REPOSITORY.

(Continued from Page 301, Vol. 22.)

IN conformity to a promise in our last, we proceed to a conclusive review of the work before us. The author seems to have cautiously avoided an unnecessary enlargment of his volumes, by rejecting matters of partial consideration, for the admission of much explanatory and scientific information, in which sporting individuals are more materially interested. With an evident eye to general utility, he has observed, "Signs of Disease" are various in horses, as influenced by the different sensations originating in the peculiar disorder of which they are the prognostics. One leading sign of internal pain or disquietude in a horse is, the refusal of his food, a drooping of the head, a dulness of the eyes, a general bodily lassitude, and a palpable dislike to action. These are evident signs of indisposition, and should always prove an immediate stimulus to necessary examination, which cannot be made too soon, as many horses are totally lost for want of proper attention at the commencement of disease. Those just mentioned, are not considered symptoms of severity, or such as hold forth indications of speedy danger; but, they are of consequence to justify such early counteraction, as the nature of each particular case may render a matter of prudence and precaution.

Much information may be collected from the state of the pulse, the warmth or coldness of the ears, the parching heat, clammy viscidity, or fleshy smell of the mouth, the heaving of the flank, the white, or inflamed state of the eye-lids, and the glassy appearance of the eyes themselves; all which appertain to cold, fever, pleurisy, inflammation of the lungs, or affections of the liver. A horse's being in excruciating pain, looking back incessantly to his flank on one side or the other, laying, or rather dropping down suddenly, extending his extremities to the utmost, groaning at the same time, then raising his head as he lays, and pointing the nose to his flank, rolling over in his stall, and hastily rising, are all symptoms of cholic, and of that kind termed inflammatory, occasioned by indurated excrement in the intestinal canal, which if not properly and expeditiously removed, produce mortification, and consequently death.

If the body is greatly distended, having the same symptoms, it is then called the flatulent cholic, and proceeds

proceeds from the collection and confined retention of wind; to the immediate relief of which, flank and belly rubbing by two good strong men, one on each side, will greatly contribute. Constantly striding, and endeavouring to stale without success, denotes defect in the sphincter or neck of the bladder; discharging the urine by dribling, in small quantities and often, indicate some injury sustained in the kidnies, particularly if the urine should be in the least tinged with blood. Glandular tumefactions under the jaws, with a soreness of the throat, if the horse be young, may be supposed an attack of the strangles; if an aged horse, who is known to have had that disorder, glanders may probably ensue. A dry parched tongue, wrinkled at the sides with constant heat, is a palpable proof of fever; a raw and fleshy smell from the mouth confirms it. A putrid fetid smell from the nostrils, attended with a slimy discharge, equally glutinous and offensive, denotes a consumption of the lungs.

A horse constantly dejected, with a gradually declining appetite, and inattention to those about him, bearing his head constantly to his right side, may be suspected of an inflammation of, or a tumefaction in the liver, affording an additional and strongly corroborating symptom, if there is a palpable yellowness of the original white of the eyes, which is also a distinguishing trait of the jaundice. Horses, when first attacked with fever, or an inflammation of the lungs, are observed to have alternate fits of shivering for two or three hours. Although a horse's coat may be rough and hollow from a cold stable, neglect, and ill-looking after, it is sometimes a proof all is not right within.

If a horse is observed to strike his foot petulantly, and repeatedly against his belly, threatenings of cholic may be apprehended; but if at the same time he frisks his tail, and draws it in close to his quarters, irritation in the rectum is the cause, and it may be concluded, the pain in the body and the itching at the anus are occasioned by worms. In addition to the signs of disease, a few words may be applicable upon the signs of health; and although the horse's vigour, strength and spirits, will, upon nearly all occasions, unerringly demonstrate this, yet some few shades of instruction and precaution, may be acquired from a little attention to the secretions of, and discharges from the body. A horse in high health, seldom varies much in the colour or quantity of what are termed the excrementitious discharges of the body; and they are in general, a tolerable criterion of the real state it is in. The dung from a horse in good condition for work, free from a viscid or diseased affection of the blood, and the various disorders and humours dependant thereupon, will be mostly observed of a pale yellow, moderately united in firm bright globules, rather brittle than adhesive, with a shining slippery surface, but perfectly free from a glutinous viscid slime.

If the dung is hard, black, and offensive when it falls, the body is overloaded, the habit is costive, and it has been too long retained; if covered with the gluey slime before described, it is a sufficient proof of internal foulness, and probably of impending disease. When a horse is labouring under a dangerous disease, some occasional information may be derived from the urine as it falls, and much more if caught in some vessel and set by to subside. If it comes away limpid and colourless, remaining in that state after having been set by, it is not considered a symptom of very favourable complection; but if it comes away red, or of a turbid yellow,

with a greasy film upon its surface, and afterwards deposits a kind of brick-dust sediment, with a strong and terebinthinate effluvia, it may be considered a good sign, and is frequently the harbinger of a speedy recovery. If, during the progress and various changes of disease, it should assume different appearances, first of the healthy, and then the opposite aspect, the case is doubtful, and danger may be apprehended; as it affords sufficient demonstration, there is a powerful struggle in the system, and the morbid miasma is not subdued. The best state of a horse's urine, when in health and condition, is of a yellowish tinge, moderate consistence, a strong effluvia, rather grateful than offensive, and a penetrating property: these in the aggregate may be concluded indications of strength, spirits and vigour; the reverse, in any serious degree, slight symptoms of internal disquietude, or impending disease.

After all the inculcations that can possibly be introduced under this head, the most judicious and experienced practitioner will sometimes find it extremely difficult to distinguish with certainty, between one internal disease and another; having nothing to assist him in the discovery but his own judgment, and the most predominant symptoms at the moment, many of which are common to other diseases. Notwithstanding these uncertainties, and the doubts which may arise between one and the other, it is the duty of every veterinarian to acquire as perfect a knowledge as possible of diagnostics; for although his incessant inquiries may not render him an infallible guide in every case without exception, it will afford him the gratification of a distinguished superiority over those who have neglected to avail themselves of the same advantages.

Animadverting largely and freely upon intervening subjects, he holds forth a sporting prospect under the head "Training," which he thus describes. Training—the process of training horses for the turf—was formerly plain, simple, open, and free from mystery or ambiguity. Circumstances, however, are so altered, and fashions have so changed, that a training stable exceeds in secrecy the inmost recesses of his majesty's councils, upon which the prosperity and peace of so great a nation entirely depends. A training stable is, in the opinion of those who conduct them, the very summit of earthly dignity and imaginary consequence. The "insolence of office," so emphatically alluded to by our immortal bard, cannot with justice be better applied than to this immaculate mart of integrity, this delectable haven of sublime and unsullied perfection.

Those noblemen and gentlemen, whose opulence and liberality command respect, are entitled to insure it; but it is frequently and publicly seen upon the common race course, that they are gratefully treated by their own pampered harpies with the most consummate confidence, and upon many occasions, if their own judgment is opposed, or opinion thwarted, with the most contemptuous indifference. Thus it is even with the great and independent, who have no sooner relinquished their horses to the superintendance of others, than they have resigned their free agency also, and it becomes almost a crime to offer an opinion, or even to ask a question: the etiquette of professional secrecy must be by no means assailed, and it is only as matter of favour that a man can get sight of his own horse, or obtain authentic information of the real state he is in; for if the owner, unless he is of the family, presumes to obtrude an inquiry, he will not

be

be so likely to receive an unequivocal answer, as one of the most diminutive stable-boys.

The morality and aggregate of virtues so peculiarly appertaining to the profession, being placed in the back ground of the picture, admitting in this, as in all others, that there are men of strict honour and unsullied integrity, who do not deviate from the path of rectitude in private transactions, yet the broad and beaten road of temptation is a dangerous track, and very few there are who are able to withstand it. It is a long standing maxim, that "those who play at bowls must expect rubs;" so those who make the embarkation must abide the consequence. Certain it is, the business, or rather art, of training was never before brought to its present pitch of perfection; but the expence is, with the collaterals attendant upon it, so enormous, that nothing short of an immensity of wealth can stand against it. Training, of late years, has undergone many changes and much refinement; but, in none more than the early age at which colts and fillies are now brought to the post. Very far within the knowledge of the present generation, no colt was ever taken in hand till he was three years old, to be made quiet for breaking; and he was never considered capable of being brought to the post for a racing contest, till some part of his fifth year. On the contrary, many are now taken in hand at eighteen months old; some few run short matches before they have attained the second year; more run when rising three; and plates, subscriptions, and sweepstakes, are common for three years old, from one extremity of the kingdom to the other.

This constantly increasing and invincible thirst for racing popularity, by which so many of the finest horses are crippled before they come to their prime, has constituted such a sterility or drawback upon the usual supplies for the chase, that the value of even common hunting horses has increased beyond all former example. The present system of training is considered so truly scientific, that one general jealousy is known to prevail amongst its professors of every denomination; the same secrecy which pervades one establishment, is, by the spirit of emulation or infection, communicated to every other; and the hour that stimulates one stable-lad to action, regulates the rest in every other training stable in the kingdom. The serjeant's, or corporal's guard, in the best disciplined military garrison of his majesty's dominions, cannot be more precise, more critically exact to time, than the training lads are to stable hours.

At the first dawn of day, every somniferous sensation is shaken off, and each in his stable by the time he has day-light sufficient to brush over his horse; this done, and the quantity of corn he is allowed consumed, the ceremony of exercise is proceeded upon; where his walking, galloping before and after water, take place, in time and distance according to the age, state of flesh, and engagements he is under; all which are minutely attended to, and his work regulated in proportion. At his return, the dressings, leg-rubbings, and every part of stable discipline, is regulated to a degree of admiration; when which is completed, the feeding over, and the stable set fair, silence prevails; the door is closed and firmly secured, the horse being left from every thing that can possibly afford disturbance; and this as much before six o'clock in the morning as the season of the year will permit. A short ceremony of the same kind takes place at twelve o'clock precisely; regular brushing over, feeding and setting fair are repeated,

being again locked up till four; when the first ceremony of the morning, air, exercise, and water, again take place; the regular routine succeeds in the stable, which is closed as near to the hour of six as possible. When the perpetual prompter announces the hour of eight, it is the signal for racking up, and seeing all safe; this neatly and expeditiously performed, an early hour of rest is the invariable rule, that all parties may be the better prepared to enter early upon the business of the morning. Mr. Taplin continues his observations under the same head, in which our limits will not permit us to follow him.

Passing over the great variety of intervening and entertaining matter, we find the "Turf" thus defined. The turf, when used in a sporting sense, is intended to imply whatever appertains solely to the pleasure of horse-racing, without any collateral signification whatever; custom having established three concise terms, by which the distinct sports may be fully comprehended, and the intentional meaning perfectly understood. The Sod is known to be fully expressive of cocking; the Field of hunting; and the Turf of racing; these being the admitted technical terms of the sporting world, to which none else make the least pretensions. The emulative and inspiring pleasures of the turf, like the extatic enjoyment of the chase, are too great in their temptation and attraction for the spirited part of mankind to resist. Replete as it is with that great variety which tends to diffuse a genial glow of conscious gratification in every countenance, bespeaking a sense of inexpressible happiness in those who engage in it as spectators only; how much is it to be regretted, that the speed and spirited endeavours of the most beautiful animal in the creation should be prostituted to the worst of purposes?

It can require no trumpet of fame to establish a fact so universally known, that the turf, with the nocturnal amusement of hazard, which invariably follows it, have, in conjunction, destroyed, or rather alienated, more property in the last fifty years, than all the hurricanes within the same given time, from one extremity of the kingdom to the other. Numbers there are at this moment in existence, who formerly possessed their numerous studs, their landed estates, their magnificent mansions, with all the comforts, all the elegant gratifications of life, some of whom are to be found in prisons, others pining in obscurity, severely wounded even in spirit, by the barbed arrow of adversity; and a third part, by far the most numerous, living upon the liberality and hospitality of their kind and commiserating friends. But, that so deep and desponding a shade may not cast too great a gloom over the picture, for want of contrast, let the eye turn to an imaginary view of those likewise living, who, during the last thirty years of the fifty alluded to, have risen from the very lowest classes of society, to a degree of opulence beyond every moderate conception; when a few moments retrospection may serve to convince the ruminative observer, that, however largely the arts and sciences may have improved, they bear no proportion to the pecuniary improvements of the arts, either upon the turf or at the gaming table. No man of unsullied honour, and strict integrity, can become successful for any length of time, amidst a horde of determined depredators; experience having fully proved, that the most princely fortune cannot sustain itself against the stratagems of such villanous combinations.

The turf, in respect to its pleasures, pursued with prudence and entered into with moderation, by those whose immense property will admit of its support, is certainly one

Sweepstakes Brocket Hall. 1803.

one of the most noble, exhilarating, and amusing gratifications in the long catalogue of human enjoyments; but unfortunately, there is the same insatiate infection in ambition as in wealth, and neither one, more than the other is to be satisfied. From this inordinate thirst of fame, this furor of fashion, this excess of inconsideracy, has recently arisen racing studs of such rapacious enormity, that they have reduced to a degraded state of necessity, many of the most opulent and most dignified individuals in his majesty's dominions; to whom it must prove, upon the downy pillow of repentant reflection, a most mortifying retrospection, that, notwithstanding the thousands upon thousands ingulphed within the vortex of the turf, there has been hardly an instance in which they have been enabled to become the guardians of their own honour, the protectors of their own property, or barely thought worthy of being entrusted with the secrets of their own stables: for the subordinates in a training establishment, have their cards to play as well as their employers; and having skill enough, in the language of Tony Lumpkin, in the comedy, "to manage their own affairs by the rule of thumb," they do not omit to recollect the ancient axiom, that self-preservation is the first and most predominant law of nature. The noblemen and gentlemen of the Jockey Club at Newmarket, have adopted every means that superior wisdom could possibly devise, to restrain villany, and reward integrity: but so long as human depravity shall have power to retain a seat within the heart; so long as the secret betting emoluments of the subordinates may be more increased by deceptively opposing, than by promoting the interest of their employers; so long as a pail of water, a nauseating ball, or half a peck of corn, can be privately administered in the night, or a horse intentionally rode on the wrong side of the post by day—no man existing, however dignified his station, however benevolent his heart, however expanded his mind, and liberal his hand, must expect to see the turf rise from its late public and well known degradation, to a state of the so much wished-for perfection.

The Veterinary College, its origin and progress, are fully enlarged on, but in a way too extensive for the limits of our own work. In conformity with the plan originally laid down, it has been considered a duty incumbent, to extract specimens from such parts as seem more particularly entitled to the attention of the sporting world; and to add our opinion, that from its universality, it bids fair to acquire an equal degree of celebrity, with the preceding publications of the same pen.

Sweepstakes at Brocket Hall, 1803.

THE Etching here given, is of a Race of not much celebrity. It was for the Sweepstakes of 10gs. each, for horses, *bonafide* the property of the Subscribers, carrying 12st. each, that never started, paid, or received forfeit, before the 1st of March, 1803; rode by gentlemen; —2-mile heats. Mares and geldings allowed 3lb. (15 Subscribers.)

Only three horses started, viz. 1st, Major R. Pigot's ch. g. Gary, rode by the Major himself. 2d, Mr. Gutteridge's b. h. Young Cardock, rode by Mr. Delure. And 3d, the D. of St. Albans's gr. g. Kickshaw, rode by his Grace.

The first horse represents Gary, and the second, Cardock. My Lord Duke, with Kickshaw, came in last the first heat, and was drawn the third; of course, he is left out of the picture.

LOQUACITY;

LOQUACITY;

OR,

An Old Woman's Lamentations for the loss of her Poultry; beginning with a Panegyric on Old Women.

MOST men, and even women, are but too apt to prejudice their minds and imaginations against poor old women, and look on the tale of an old woman as a tedious affair, a matter of no consequence. They conclude, that it must be very trifling, if not quite disgusting, and of course turn from it with a sneer of contempt; or, perhaps, with this exclamation—"It is nothing but an old woman's tale; what can be expected from it!" Yet, give me leave to assert, that old women ought not to be slighted, nor their concerns treated contemptuously, or with neglect; for they ever have, and will continue to be, of considerable consequence in the scale of human affairs. In their amusements, their conveniencies, their general good, and their happiness, they are of more importance than the generality of mankind are willing to acknowledge — more, perhaps, than they are aware of.

To illustrate this doctrine in a clear, full, and satisfactory manner, it will be necessary that we descend to particulars. In doing this, the writer will make free to point out an excellency or two peculiar to old women, which some will be apt to think to their discredit. But still, excellency is excellency, be it of what kind it may; as cunning is an excellency in the fox, and deception an excellency in a juggler, or slight-of-hand man, &c.

Let us now take a view of some of the excellencies peculiar to old women.

1st, An old woman is the most intelligent being under heaven; for though she be poor, have her residence in a mean cottage, in a little village, remote from all public transactions and traffic, yet she will pick up more news in one afternoon's ramble, than is sufficient to fill three newspapers. Whether it has been observed by any one besides myself, I know not; but true it is, that a man will go out upon a visit to a relation, friend, or acquaintance, for three or four hours, and, at his return, he is ready to retire to rest: he has heard no news; he has made no particular observations; he has had no interesting conversation, or met with any thing worthy of a recital. But, when an old woman goes out in a similar way, she seldom if ever returns without a cargo of the most important or wonderful news, of which she is brimful, and never fails to discharge herself to those she left at home. She has heard this, she has seen that—who should she meet but Mr. Such-a-one; he said this, that, and the other thing—Mrs. Thingamy, who used to live at such a place, was going to Mr. What-do-you-call'im's, and was mighty glad to see her. She, perhaps, has passed two folks very earnestly talking together; and, though she could not hear a syllable of their discourse, yet, either from the motion of their lips, or some particular circumstance, she is able to surmise the subject-matter of their confab. In short, she is capable of entertaining her auditors four hours with what she has gathered in two, by going only two or three miles.

2dly, An old woman is not the less intelligent, by being confined to her own cottage by a state of decrepitude, and living at a distance from human beings; for though she sees a neighbour but seldom, yet she has the art and skill to gather all the material news of the whole neighbourhood in a little time; and she knows more of what is done, said, and is going on, or about to go on, than the most active man in the parish.

3dly, An old woman is famous for

for dreaming; and, by the help of her dreams, she knows of things before they take place or occur. It is a fact, that there is scarcely any thing more common, than for an old woman, when she is told of some event, to exclaim—"I thought so; I verily believed that I should shortly hear something of that, because I had such dreams for two or three nights running: I was fully persuaded what would happen!" In this place, let no-one presume to make light of an old woman's dreams; for, though there be no certain dependence to be placed on those prognostications she may make on their account, yet they may be as clear, and as often verified, in some shape or other, as the most ancient oracles were. For instance, an old woman dreams that a coach, filled with fine ladies and gentlemen, passes by her cottage—a circumstance which probably does not occur in the course of the season—then, how is her dream to be fulfilled? Why, perhaps the next day, or very likely within a week or two, a poor man drives past a wheel-barrow, with two or three of his children, whom he is treating with a ride. This is a plain verification, at least as plain as the oracle, which said, "the wooden walls would save a nation;" and various other oracles, which were more obscure in their answers to questions required.

Having noticed a few of these excellencies of old women, which some may think are of the vilifying kind, let us now look to those of a more exalted and beneficial tendency, which will evidently appear in the sequel.

Here I observe, that poetry had its origin from old women. A bold assertion this, you may say, when the learned of all ages have formed surmises far different; they being pretty well agreed, that poetry had its origin among the ancient shepherds, who, in their pastoral occupations, dedicated their leisure hours to the composition of verses, first upon sublime subjects, and afterwards upon their own happy life, or the praises of their mistresses; setting forth, in verse, their beauty, virtues, coyness, cruelty, or their inconstancy, whenever an instance of the kind occurred, which I am willing to suppose was but seldom.

The above surmises have a very plausible appearance. The writer however takes leave to dissent from them, and to conclude, that the origin of poetry was among old women. Old women, from the creation, have had an insight into the most occult and sublime sciences. They have been fortune-tellers from the beginning of time. From hence it appears, that poetry had its origin; since, to render their predictions the more obscure, amusing, and fascinating, they gave them in verse, or in something like to it.

Those who are strongly prejudiced in favour of the opinions of the learned, will by no means agree with the writer, but pronounce his hypothesis strange, and extravagantly chimerical. They will say, that the first inhabitants of the world, were charmed and struck with that order, beauty, and harmony of parts, that every where presented themselves to the sight and understandings of rational beings; that their own wonderful formation, and various productions of nature, must, and did, strike their minds more forcibly than any other matter whatever; and that, consequently, poetry was first adapted to those sublime and grand objects.

To this objection to the writer's supposition, he observes, that, if the first inhabitants of the world were more inclined to contemplate and celebrate the many grand appearances which every where stand forth to view, than they were to magnify

magnify their own vast importance, petty concerns, and trifling fancies, then he must acknowledge, that the human race has strangely degenerated; for now they pay but little attention to any thing, save only themselves. They magnify their own importance, admire and celebrate their own wisdom and handy-works; the spirit gives place to the flesh, the soul to the body: if they give up a few minutes at the conclusion of the day to sublime concerns, it is well; but it is a strange novelty. The fag-end of life is held to be sufficient for it: morning, and the early part of life, is dedicated to self, and its concernments. It may, therefore, reasonably be presumed, that poetry was first used to celebrate the affairs and concerns of men, but more particularly to please and agree with their passions, and most prevalent propensities. Now, the most predominant passions and propensities of mankind seem to be their attachments towards each other, and their well-being throughout their future days: consequently, poetry was introduced in matters of love and gallantry, and in giving prediction of future events.

But why, it may be asked, is it supposed that old women were the chief predictors or fortune-tellers? To this I answer—Ancient history relates, that the oracles given at the most renowned temples, were delivered by women, and in rhapsodical verses: men seem to have had little or no hand in those sublimities. Which relations of history corroborate the writer's supposition, that the sublime sciences, poetry, astrology, and fortune-telling, had their source and origin from old women, and that all prophets were their pupils, or borrowed their knowledge of the art from the obscure documents which they either left behind them by chance, or voluntarily transmitted to posterity.

But there yet remains another powerful argument, to induce us to believe this supposition, which is this — Woman was tempted by the subtle serpent, overcome, and eat of the forbidden fruit, and that purely with the view of becoming very wise; which having done, she took an apple or two in her hand, and carried to the man, who eat them at her kind persuasion. Now, as the man eat only one or two of the forbidden fruit, and that at second-hand, we cannot suppose that he was made equally wise with her who eat her fill fresh from the tree. But what knowledge or wisdom was it which this forbidden fruit imparted to those who partook of it? We can only form a supposition of this question; which supposition will be, that this knowledge, or wisdom, was the same, or similar, to that of the old subtle serpent; a knowledge and wisdom that people had better be exempted from; a knowledge that induces men to neglect the present, and seek after the future; a kind of fortune-telling knowledge, and a curious investigation of matters, which are far above the natural capacity of mere mortal man. A great deal might be said of this serpent-like knowledge and wisdom; but the writer only observes, that it is highly probable that the woman imbibed a much greater portion of it than the man, and that woman, for many generations at least, continued to possess that ample share in an eminent degree. Another natural and obvious deducement from the above supposition is, that women were the original and principal fortune-tellers, and that they invented, and promoted astrology, and what is called by many, the black art; and introduced the use of poetry, the better to pass off their subtle fictions, and sublime nothings. Old women have, therefore, always excelled in these obscure arts and sciences; man has followed in the beaten

beaten track, and, by perseverance, and unceasing industry, attained a superficial knowledge of that in which even old women excel.

But the most highly valuable excellency of old women is, that they are an antidote for the spleen, the vapours, the megrims, the fidgets, and the hypochondriac malady. The company of an old woman is the most efficacious remedy for any particular one of these fanciful maladies; nor can any one of the dreadful catalogue tarry long in the presence of some eminent old women, who shall call forth their charms and spells against them. This every man must acknowledge to be a superior excellency indeed; something wonderful and supernatural; since those fanciful maladies are the most pertinacious, the hardest to conquer, of any.

The writer is well aware, that, in making this assertion, he exposes himself to the accusation of being guilty of great temerity. Readers will exclaim—"This is strange! an old woman a certain, an infallible remedy and cure for all these dreadful maladies! Why, these maladies are of female origin, and are as natural to an old woman as cheating is to a Jew, and as common with her as canting and deception is to a pretended methodist." Very true; justly observed; the writer knows it: and this knowledge verifies his assertion. Every body knows, or may remember the common saying—"Set a thief to catch a thief." In like manner, set an old woman, who is frequently plagued with vapours, spleen, megrims, fidgets, whimsies, and hypochondriacal affections, to cure these maladies in others, and without a doubt she will succeed far better than him—though the most learned and skilful physician in the world—who was never plagued himself, nor tormented those about him, with either.

Facts, they say, are stubborn things; the writer will therefore evince his assertion with one. Poor Mr. Vapourish was a gentleman, a man possessed of tolerable good sense and knowledge, and he was a man of classical learning; but, at times, and that frequently, was dreadfully affected with the hypochondriacal malady. Able apothecaries administered drugs, famous physicians wrote him prescriptions, but all was without effect, at least without the desired effect; for the poor suffering patient received no remedy from either medicine or advice. He was frequently wretched in the extreme: he rung up his servants at midnight; said he was then dying as fast as it was possible. He was afraid of every thing. One thing was too hot, another too cold; one too thick, another too thin; one loaded the stomach too much, another was hard of digestion; one was too sweet, another too sour; one was too flatulent, another too inflammatory; every thing gave alarm and much uneasiness, and his life was a grievous burden to himself; yet he was terribly afraid of dying, which would have terminated his wretchedness. When he felt himself in tolerable good health, then he was under continual fear and alarm; he was afraid of eating or drinking, or of doing any thing, lest the act should tend to derange his system. In short, he was in continual bondage, and the worst of slavery; for he was a slave to his own fears and apprehensions, and a plague to every body about him.

Good fortune brought him to the acquaintance of an old woman, who afforded him greater relief than all the world had done or could do. She had felt every pain; had laboured and groaned under every wretched sensation; had experienced all the fears and doubts he could possibly mention; knew ex-

actly how he felt, and what thoughts were apt to harass his breast during the paroxysms. She had been subject to the whole for more than thirty years; and yet, thank Heaven, she would say, notwithstanding all, I am alive still, and am now in my seventieth year. Come, come, my good Sir, do not be habbergasted; you are not a-dying, nor will you die yet: I know what it is, and can and do pity you from my heart and soul. Here the poor sufferer had a little consolation; a pleasing prospect stood before him; an old woman of seventy, who, had suffered all his miseries for more than thirty years, and yet was likely to hold it ten or twenty years longer. He conceived hope. But hope, how powerful and efficacious soever it may be, is insufficient to give relief long, or much, to the wretched hypochondriacal sufferer. No, there must be something more stimulating and fascinating to accomplish this; which something the old woman possessed in a sufficient degree. She was every thing at times, and in season; she was gloomy as December, tearful as April, serene as October, pleasant as June, just as occasion seemed to require; for her words, looks, and whole deportment, were sure to correspond, and be well suited to the company she was with. Besides, she was never at a loss: she had a why to every wherefore; had always ready an old saying, to strengthen and corroborate her remarks, and a proverb to illustrate and confirm her assertions or opinions. Her discourse was serious and religious; comical and facetious; and all in the space of a few minutes: nor were the subjects of her conversation less mutable; for she would turn from what may be said of Heaven, to the dark regions below, and thence to this busy world, and to any of its concerns and transactions instantly. These astonishing abilities are the prerogatives of old women; and by the help of them, this wonderful old woman frequently cured poor Mr. Vapourish of his maladies. She diverted his thoughts from preying upon his mind, and he would breathe more freely, and consequently felt himself more comfortable. The old woman was well acquainted with his feelings, and saw his amendment so soon as he felt it. She would then clap her hand on his knee, and say, "Come, Sir, shall you and I cuff a pipe together before I go home." "If you think it will do me no harm," he would reply, "I do not care if we do." She had much to say in recommendation of smoking; so to smoking they went. The fumes of the tobacco, a pot of ale, and a noggin or two of his mead or alder wine, made them both quite happy; and poor Mr. Vapourish would sometimes continue pretty well for weeks. When fresh attacked, the old woman was sent for, and always recovered him; that is, as long as there remained in him any life or spirits. She was unable to raise the dead: she survived him, though his senior by twenty years.

This is another excellency peculiar to old women—they are not so easily frightened out of life as the men, but evade the stroke of the grim leveller with wonderful address and dexterity: and though they droop and fall, yet they will rise again, to the admiration of every one. In short, to enumerate all the various excellencies of old women, would be the most arduous undertaking, and fill several volumes of the first magnitude. I therefore now wave the subject, hoping I have advanced enough in their praise to prevent any prejudice against Loquacity, or an Old Woman's Lamentations for the loss of her Poultry; which I shall in the next place lay before the reader.

(To be continued.)

Mr.

MR. CHIFNEY AND HIS BOOK.

WE have met with the following advertisement in Weatherby's last Racing Calendar. Not presuming to anticipate what Mr. Chifney may have to offer in his proposed publication, we, nevertheless, cannot but remark, on the circumstance of the book being ultimately promised for publication on the 13th of October, and its not being published on the 28th.

ADVERTISEMENT.

October 13, will be Published, price L.2,

GENIUS GENUINE, by SAMUEL CHIFNEY, of Newmarket; containing a fine part in riding a race, known only to the author. And why the turf horses degenerate. And how to recover them to their strength and speed. A guide to training horses for running, and hunters and hacks for hard riding; to preserve their strength, and their sinews from being so very often destroyed. Reasons for the horses changing in their running. Likewise, a full account of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales's horse Escape, running at Newmarket, on the 20th and 21st days of October, 1791; with other interesting particulars.

Twelve years ago, the author would not have given this information to any one person, about horses, for 1000 guineas.

Sold at 62, Fleet-street, London; and no where else. Sent to any part of the kingdom, &c. to order.——Address to Elizabeth Chifney.

N. B. Some persons caused the Press to be stopped unknown to the author, which caused the delay of this publication to the 13th instant.

Far from throwing any imputation on Mr. Chifney, or saying it is the case with him; but, from his advertisement it should seem, that there might be something in his book not altogether agreeable to certain persons; and that the procrastination we here notice, is resorted to, in order to settle the *price* of *silence*.

We again repeat, that we have no knowledge of any thing of the kind going forward; but, at present, appearances certainly do encourage suspicion.

LORD CAMELFORD,

AND

HIS FIGHTING DOG.

LORD CAMELFORD lately purchased Mr. Mellish's celebrated fighting dog. This animal, who is as renowned for his battles as Bonaparte, was originally the property of fighting Humphreys; he next came into the possession of fighting Johnson, by whom he was dearly loved, and much admired; his next owner was fighting Ward, who sold him a few months ago to Mr. Mellish, for twenty guineas. His lordship, being fascinated with the bold feats and the spirited demeanor of the animal, proposed to buy him, and Mr. Mellish consented to sell him in the carcase way. The dog was accordingly put into the scale, after a good hearty dinner of tripe, and was found to weigh forty-two pounds. The price agreed upon was two guineas per pound, so that the purchase money amounted to eighty-four guineas. This was satisfied in the following manner: A favourite gun, belonging to his lordship, value forty guineas, and a case of pistols, value forty-four guineas. It would have been an insult to this noble animal to have paid the purchase in money, and, therefore, he was in a manner exchanged for these warlike articles. He is known by the name of Belcher; has fought 104 battles, and never was beat. A more warlike pedigree, or nobler blood, cannot be boasted by any of the canine race in England. To his other great and good qualities, he adds a singular instinct, by which he is enabled to know a brave man from a coward; and he is as much attached to the former, as he hates the latter. His lordship is so pleased with his purchase, that he declares no money should part him and his dog.

FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN's HALL.

AN actress, lately performing Lady Anne, in King Richard, repeating the passage, "Oh! when shall I have *rest?*" was abruptly answered by a wag in the gallery, "Never till you pay me the *thirty shillings* you owe me."

THE French, says a Kentish Paper, have long been celebrated for their skill at cards: but, in the desperate game they are now playing, we will venture to say, that though they may *shuffle* and *cut* with their usual dexterity, they will find themselves a little puzzled when they come to *Deal*!

COUNSELLOR COSTELLO pleading a cause one day before Judge Clayton, the Judge said, "Mr. Costello, I protest I don't know what you have been saying this half hour past." "Indeed I don't wonder at it," said the facetious advocate, in a low voice, but loud enough to be heard by the bench, "for I have been quoting *law*."

THE *Lawyers'* regiment, formed by the benchers and students of the several Inns of Court, distinct from the *Bloomsbury* corps, have gained a military appellation, for which they are not much indebted to the wag of a god-father who gave it to them; for in contradistinction to the "*King's Own*," the "*Prince's Own*," &c. this destructive legion is called the "*D—l's Own*."

LAST week, a person went into the shop of Mr Aldhouse, of Botesdale, to be shaved, who said he then came from Norwich; and on being asked respecting the volunteers there, replied, "they were all a parcel of fools, and for his part, if Bonaparte made good a landing, he would join him." "Oh!" quoth the barber, "you're a damn'd clever fellow," and directly kicked him, half shaved, into the street.

SAILORS.—*A curious hand-bill, of a slop-seller, in Hull.*—"B—y, mercer and sea-draper, No —High Street, Hull, Sailors rigged complete from stem to stern, viz, chapeau, mapeau, flying gib, and flesh bag; inner pea, outer pea, and cord defender; rudder case, and service to the same; up traders, down traders, fore shoes, lacings, gaskets, &c. &c.

With Canvas bags
To hold your cags,
And chests to sit upon;
Clasp-knives your meat
To cut—and eat,
When ship does lay along."

FROM a Paper published at Botany Bay.

"My wife's so very bad," cry'd Phill,
"I fear she'll never hold it,
"She *keeps* her *bed*."—"Mine's worse," says Will,
"The jade this morning *sold* it."

EPITAPH

EPITAPH in a country churchyard, on a man named John Death.

Here lies our old Parishioner, John Death,
Who *liv'd* till his *sad namesake* stopt his *breath!*

CURIOUS return of a Quaker under the Defence Act.—"*He was led as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before his shearers is dumb, so he opened not his mouth.*"—I am a Christian, and profess to believe in the gospel of Christ; the precepts, nature, and spirit of which gospel lead me to be persuaded, that, like my master Jesus, the Prince of Peace, I ought to suffer all things, to love all men, and to kill none; therefore no martial service is to be expected from JOHN SMITH.
Torbock-street, Liverpool,
4th of the 8th Month, 1803.

PLACARDS to the following effect, and numerous others of similar tendency, have been stuck up during the night, in various parts of the Hanoverian country:

"A prayer said by every true Hanoverian patriot, on the birthday of the First Consul, Napolean Bonaparte, August 15, 1803:—Our step-father, which art in Paris, cursed be thy name; thy kingdom be far from us; thy will be done neither in heaven nor on earth; do not take quite from us our daily bread; and forgive us our not loving thee, as we forgive thee thy not loving us; and lead us not into deeper misery, but deliver us from thy ragged hussars, fusileers, and starving raggamuffins. For thine is the kingdom of woe, distress, mockery, derision, and plunder, without end.—*Amen.*"

AN Irish merchant in a letter from Biscay to his friend, says, "One of the most curious *customs* in this country is, that we pay no *custom* at the *custom* house, for the best reason in the world—there are no *custom* houses in all the country."

A BON MOT from Botany Bay may be considered a novelty, and we extract the following:—An edition of *Bailey's Dictionary* having been some time since put up at an auction, the vendue master observed it was a *New Bailey*.—"I'm glad of that with all my heart," replied a bidder, "for most of us have had enough of the *Old one.*"

As a gentleman, the other day, was receiving change for a seven-shilling-piece at the bar of a coffee-house, in the city, the landlady tendered him a French half-crown: the gentleman objected to it, saying, "he wondered who would take a *Frenchman* now." To which the landlady immediately replied, "she hoped every true Englishman would *take one.*"

A FELLOW being lately tried for bigamy on the Irish southern circuit, before Counsellor Calbeck, who being a king's counsel, travelled as one of the judges; and being convicted of the fact upon the testimony of both his wives, the judge, when proceeding to pass sentence, after lecturing the fellow pretty severely upon the heinousness of his offence, added, "For my part, I have to regret that the law in this case deprives *me* of all discretion, and suffers me to go no further than merely to sentence you to transportation for seven years. Instead of which, if I had my own will, I would certainly give you a more *severe* fate—I would sentence you to *seven years imprisonment in the same house with your two wives*, where you would feel, indeed, the just punishment due to your atrocity!"

SPORTING

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

MR. COVENTRY's Lismahago has been the most successful horse this summer. He has won nine plates. Mr. C. has refused 700 guineas for him.

CHEPSTOW Hunt, on the Monday and Tuesday in this month was extremely well attended, and productive of most excellent sport. On the Wednesday, a ball and supper were given by Mr. Welles, at his beautiful residence at Piercefield, which attracted a numerous and very brilliant assemblage of company, who were much pleased with the magnificent entertainments of the evening, and departed highly gratified with the polite attention they experienced from the liberal owner of this hospitable mansion.

LORD DARLINGTON has already begun fox-hunting with his young hounds, in the Doncaster country. The Holderness foxhounds are to be continued, Sir Mark Sykes having become a subscriber in the room of Mr. Bethell.

ABERDEEN.—The Northern Shooting Club Meeting commenced lately. Among the company were, Marquis of Huntly, Earl of Cassilis, Hon. Mr. Maule, Hon. Major Ramsay, Sir William Johnston, Sir William Forbes, Mr. Skene, Colonel Forbes, Mr. Barclay, Major M'Leod, Mr. Horn, Major Robertson, Mr. Hadden, Lady F. Hay, Lady Keith, Lady Johnston, Mrs. Gen. Hay, Mrs. Horn, Hon. Mrs. Ramsay, Mrs. Allardyce, &c. The polite and pleasant manners of Lord Huntly, who was Preses, diffused very general satisfaction through the company. The display of female beauty on this occasion, as well as at all our festive meetings, was conspicuously brilliant.

Lately died, aged 78, ——Bevis, Esq. of Peterborough. Several times during the present season, this hale veteran has pursued the sports of the field for ten hours together; and so late as the 16th instant, was well enough to get out, and shot a hare.

The Ruling Passion strong in death.—When Hal. Spedding, the noted gamester, was on his death-bed, he intreated his physician to be candid, and to let him know how long he thought he might live? "Why," answered the doctor, "since you wish to know, I will not deceive you: I don't think you'll survive half a dozen hours."—"I'll bet you ten guineas," exclaimed the feeble patient, "that I do a dozen." He breathed his last in the course of a few minutes.

BLOOD-HOUND.—The Thrapston Association for the prosecution of felons, in Northamptonshire, have provided and trained a blood-hound, for the detection of sheep-stealers. To prove the utility of the hound, the 28th ult. was appointed for the purpose of exercising it. The person he was to hunt started at ten o'clock in the forenoon, in the presence of a great concourse of people, and, at eleven, the

the hound was let loose; when, after a chase of an hour and a half, notwithstanding a very indifferent scent, the hound found him secreted on a tree, at the distance of fifteen miles, to the astonishment and satisfaction of all present.

AMESBURY Coursing Meeting, on Monday the 17th, and Tuesday the 18th instant, attracted a very numerous field of sportsmen; and as there were several capital dogs, belonging to Lord Rivers, Mr. Corsellis, and other gentlemen of the first coursing celebrity, great expectations had been formed of superior sport. Unfortunately for these hopes, the hares proved so unequally matched to the dogs, both in fleetness and in strength, that fourteen brace were killed without one good course; and whatever dog might win a match, there was no trial of his speed, strength, or bottom.—The coursing was renewed on Thursday, with no better effect. Coursing gentlemen are at a loss to account for the degeneracy of the Amesbury hares, in the present season. The hares, on other parts of the Wiltshire Downs, possess their usual excellence.

ONE day the beginning of this month, as Mr. Duncan M'Laran, gamekeeper to Mrs. Belt, of Bossall in Yorkshire, was ranging for pheasants about four o'clock in the afternoon, a fine cock pheasant rose from a hedge-row, which he readily shot, and instantly, to his great astonishment, a large fox seized the bird and took it off: Reynard was, however, polite enough, on the halloo of the keeper, to quit his prey.

HILL, the butcher, who a short time since undertook, for a wager of 500 guineas, to ride from Cambridge to London and back, on his own mare, failed in the attempt, before he came within thirty miles of the metropolis; but wagers to a considerable amount being betted, that the rider could not perform it, even with the aid of other horses which he had provided, he proceeded, and won the wager with ease.

A LITTLE time ago, Robert Stoddart, upwards of sixty years of age, set off from Newcastle, at day-break, and arrived at Tarnside, near Wigton, in Cumberland, a journey of sixty-six miles, the same evening. He carried a fishing-rod the whole way; and was so little fatigued by the performance, that he was in a great hurry the next morning to go and shear corn.

A MAN, at Sunderland, lately, for a wager, undertook to carry one hundred stones, placed at one yard distance from each other, and deposit them in a pail at one end, in fifty minutes, which he completed in forty-nine and a half.

DURING the present month, a person of Lyme was convicted on an information before William Tucker, Esq. in the penalty of L.5, for using a gun and a pointer, without being duly qualified under the game laws, although he had taken out a stamp certificate, which is an error many fall into, and it is hoped will serve as a caution to others.

A WAGER laid by Mr. Jenkins, of Cirencester, that his horse should travel from that town to three miles beyond the Cross at Gloucester, and back again, a distance of above forty miles, in four hours, was lately decided in favour of Mr. J. the horse performing the task with great ease in ten minutes under three hours. He went the first seventeen miles, notwithstanding the road is hilly and bad, in about an hour and seven minutes.

A FEW days ago, as the North Hants Militia were firing at a target,

get, in Bridgewick-bottom, one of the balls struck a hare in her seat, and carried away both her fore-legs; notwithstanding which, the poor animal ran off upon her stumps, but was soon afterwards caught and killed, some distance from the scene of action, by a countryman, whose astonishment at the loss of poor Puss's legs did not cease until he was made acquainted with the singular occurrence.

THE following are the descriptions of the horses from Hanover, which were lately landed at Blackwall, viz. nine black stallions, eleven black mares; two cream-coloured stallions, and eight mares; ten white stallions, and five mares; five mouse-coloured stallions, and one mare; and two brown mares —in all, fifty-three: and belonging to the Duke of Cambridge, three black geldings, one brown mare, one grey ditto, one brown Turkish stallion, and one brown gelding—in all, seven. These horses having been six weeks on board ship, were landed very much out of condition. Another vessel with the remainder on board, put into Hull. These, we believe, have all arrived in town, and since been sent to the neighbourhood of Windsor.

A letter from Egham, dated October 7th, says—"Monday last, his Majesty, accompanied by their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of Clarence and Cambridge, and his usual attendants, rode twice through this place, to meet his stud, lately landed from Hanover. Their Royal Highnesses wore what is termed the Windsor uniform, but his Majesty was dressed in dark blue: he appeared in very good health and spirits, and conversed cheerfully with the Master of the Horse, and his attendants, whom he accompanied with the horses to Cumberland Lodge, Windsor Park, and seemed to testify the most lively satisfaction, that he had even been fortunate enough to save his animals from the fangs of an enemy, who are alike destitute of humanity both to the human and brute species.

HORSE STEALING.—At Union Hall, lately, W. and R. Humberston, horse-stealers, who had been acquitted at the last Old Bailey Session, for horse-stealing, in consequence of an error in the *venue*, were charged with similar offences in Surry and Kent. Three horses were produced, which were sworn to; the owners of which were bound over to prosecute.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.—William Kinsman, a butcher of Newington Butts, was lately brought before Messrs. Fournier and Evance, Magistrates of the Police Office, Union Hall, upon a prosecution of the Society for the Suppression of Vice, for acts of great barbarism towards some sheep. The offence being clearly proved, he was convicted in the full penalty and costs, and received from the Magistrates a severe but just reprimand for his brutal conduct. We are happy to observe the Society turning its attention to offences of this nature, and trust that the names of persons convicted will in future, as suggested by the Magistrates upon this occasion, be held up to public reprobation. The sheep above mentioned being Kinsman's own property, we are glad of this opportunity to correct a mistaken notion which has gone abroad, namely, that men have a right to maltreat or abuse their own cattle, and are punishable only when they belong to their employers.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

PARODY
OF
THE SOLILOQUY IN HAMLET.

BONAPARTE *Solus.*

To Invade or not to invade? that is the question:
Whether 'tis better for the mind to suffer
The stings of envy, and of foil'd ambition,
Or to take arms against a host of Britons;
And, by opposing, end them.—T'invade, to fight—
No more: and by a fight, to say, we end
Our warfare, and a thousand British taunts
That France submits to, 'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. T'invade, to fight—
To fight, perchance to fall: Aye, there's the rub;
For in that fight what hearts of oak may strike,
When we have shuffled off our ships from port,
Must give us pause.—There's the respect
That makes our armaments of so short life:
For who would bear the jests and laughs of the Isle,
The people's scorn, the press's contumely,
The pangs of prolong'd war, the cannon's roar,
The insolence of conq'rors, and the spurns
That vanquish'd France so oft of England takes,
When we ourselves might our quietus make,
By an evasion. Who would capture bear
And strike his colours to a Nelson's arm,
But that the dread of something on those shores—
That yet unconquer'd country, from whose bourn
No enemy returns—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather keep those powers we have,
Than strive for others that we know not of.
Thus Britons do make cowards of us all;
And thus th' ambitious views of an invasion
Are set at nought by one resisting Isle;
And enterprizes of invading armies
With this regard their gun-boats turn aside,
And lose the name of action.

THE SOLDIERS.

"To catch the manners living as they rise,"
Hath mark'd the conduct of the great and wise.
For this the Painter's pencil, Poet's pen,
Have fearless held the mirror up to men;
Folly and Vice, with ready hand have shewn,
Nor spar'd Corruption e'en upon a throne.

Thus much premis'd, our Soldiers we'll produce,
And bring the contrast forth for real use.

Equipp'd *partout en militaire,*
And free from tax, with powder'd hair,
Behold, with fierce cockade, and fiercer stride,
A gallant Captain, of the Mall the pride,
With glitt'ring sword, well fasten'd to his side;
A sword, contriv'd for honour, and for shew—
One that disdains to touch the common crew:
For, lo! its wearer sickens at the sight
Of blood, and hateth much the beastly fight:
As good as new it is, and bright as glass,
And polish'd like the candlesticks of brass,
Which oft on mantle-piece, in brilliant row,
Are placid, not half so much for use, as shew.

With look important, and, like pert jackdaw,
When busily he hops from straw to straw,
Our hero see, with feather waving high,
The silly chat of coffee-house supply;
With martial oath each boy and waiter greet,
And strolling girls, and aged watchmen beat.

In balls and powder he takes much delight—
I mean not balls and powder us'd in fight;
But the gay dance, where scented beau and belle,
In antic sports, and graceful move excel:
Here, all his warlike trappings meet the view,
And quite the little heart of little Miss subdue.
Constant behold him at the Park, and Play,
His pretty form, and prettier dress display;
And through the Mall, link'd arm in arm, parade
With some pert fribbling brother of the trade;
There, loud they laugh, and grin, and louder swear,
And skip, and strut, and ogle, lisp and stare.

Oppos'd to such, the real Soldier see,
From affectation, and false splendour free;
Inur'd to toil, true courage marks the man,
He knows with force to combat, skill to plan;
He knows each tactic, each manœuvre knows,
When to retreat aright, when to oppose;
Tranquil in danger, cool amid the jar
Of troubled interests, and the rage of war;
Expert in council, ardent in the field;
In danger ready still the sword to wield.
Each fond affection vibrates through his heart;
The friend's, the father's, and the husband's part.
Endearing, and endear'd, his mind sustains;
He lives alone to mitigate their pains;
To double all their happiness, and prove,
That manly, val'rous souls, are form'd for love.

Above each party view, and trivial aim,
With conduct brave, consistent, and the same,
He goes through life, in war, in peace approv'd,
And dies lamented, honour'd, and belov'd.

THE MOCK PATRIOT'S SOLILOQUY.

A Parody from Shakespeare.

NOW is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer, by our wise governors;
And all the fears that lower'd upon our land,
In the deep bosom of their counsels buried;
Black treason's brow aw'd by restraining laws;
Invasion baffled by preventive measures;
Conventions now are chang'd to loyal meetings;
And tumults crush'd by armed Volunteers.
Defensive war has call'd out the Militia;
And now, instead of mounting guard at home,

Idly

Idly parading in the market-place,
To the untired gazing of the ladies,
They nimbly march to line the sea-girt coast,
And fright the souls of pale-faced, fearful Frenchmen:
And I that am not form'd for martial feats,
Nor made to court the smiling looks of Kings;
I, that do fawn upon the people's majesty
In Common-Hall, with all their state about them;
That would curtail it of its fair proportion;
Making the Parliament one great equality;
Debauch'd, unprincipled, yet somehow sent
Into the House, a gentleman made up,
And that in such a questionable shape,
Door-keepers wink when I strut by them:
Yet, in this new unbounded rage of loyalty,
I've no delight to pass away the time,
Unless to thwart some plan of government,
And descant on mine own audacity.
And therefore, since I ne'er shall get a place,
To entertain some money'd men, my dupes,
I am determin'd to appear a patriot.
Plots now are laid, instructions cantelous,
From dreams, dark prophecies, alarming hand-bills!
To warp those hearts of oak, brave English tars,
And the King's valiant troops, to mutiny;
And if you delegate, be just and firm,
As his employer's false and treacherous,
This day the Thames should closely be mew'd up.
Upon my life they find—and who cannot?—
Myself to be a marvellous great Orator;
A hardier, yet more supple tool of mischief,
Fram'd in the whole duplicity of art;
Loud, petulant, and then, no doubt, right witty;
The desperate party cannot again afford.
Indulge I will the bottle, dice, and lass,
And take in tradesmen—tailors by the dozen,
To study fashions to adorn my body.
Since I am crept in favour with the Demos,
They shall maintain me at no little cost.
But first I'll turn a certain speech to mock—
And then return triumphant to the club.

October 12th. J. J. B.

THE COTTAGE.

IN many a novel I have seen,
And earn'd from many a grave romance,
That rustics on the meadows green
Forever laugh and sing and dance.

The Poets too confirm the tale,
The country's charms with rapture trace;
Their gay descriptions never fail
In Sylvan scenes true joy to place.

When our great bards describe a grove,
The nightingales for ever sing,
Their warbling notes are tun'd to love,
With love the echoing woodlands ring.

Their garden too displays its charms;
Soft murm'ring streams, and rosy bow'rs;
Where, free from care and all alarms,
Fond shepherd-lovers pass their hours.

Their cottage lifts its humble head
'Midst rural landscapes, flow'ry fields;
The feast of joy is ever spread,
And pure delight the country yields.

Their handsome, gay, accomplish'd swains,
With merry pipe or flute so sweet,
Pour melting music o'er the plains,
Their raptur'd fair one's ears to greet.

Their nymphs adorn'd with ev'ry grace,
Of simple nature, void of art;
The lovely blush which paints their face,
With pow'r resistless wins the heart.

I left the town for joys like these,
'Midst rural scenes fix'd my abode:
My farm was planted well with trees,
And round my cot a streamlet flow'd.

I sally'd forth in pensive mood,
To hear the feather'd songster's notes:
No songster warbled in the wood,
But rooks and ravens strain'd their throats.

By

By moon-light next I went to hear
The plaintive song of Philomel:
No Philomela glads my ear;
I heard the dismal screech-owl's yell.

A jack-ass then began to bray,
Most odious discords fill'd the plain:
Quick from the scene I haste away;
Such rural music gives me pain.

Returning homeward by my brook,
Again I disappointment found:
In vain for silver trout I look,
Where only eels and frogs abound.

All night the watchful mastiff howls;
My rest's disturb'd by grunting swine:
While ducks and turkeys, geese and owls,
In serenading concert join.

And is it then on joys like these
That fancy fondly loves to dwell?
Let Poets take them, if they please;
The joys of town please me as well.

The swarthy maid's a country belle,
The shepherd swain's an errant clown:
Clowns, milk-maids, turkeys, pigs, farewell;
I fly from you, and seek the town.

LINGO DRAWN FOR THE MILITIA.

NUNQUAM audiri, such terrible news
As at this present *tempus* my senses confuse:
I'm drawn for a *miles*—I must go *cum marte*,
And, *comminus cuse*, engage Bonaparte.

Such *tempora nunquam videbant majores*,
For then their opponents had different *mores:*
But we will soon prove to the Corsican vaunter,
Tho' times may be chang'd—Britons never *mutantur*.

Me Hercle! this Consul *non potest* be quiet,
His word must be *Lex*—and when he says *Fiat*,
Quasi Deus, he thinks, we must run at his nod:
But Britons were ne'er good at running by G——.

Per Mare, I rather am led to *opine*,
To meet British *Naves* he would not incline;
Lest he should in *mare profundum* be drown'd,
Et cum alga non Lauro his *caput* be crown'd.

But allow that this boaster in Britain could land,
Multis cum aliis at his command:—
Here's lads who will meet, aye, and properly work him,
And a hundred to one but they send him in *orcum*.

Nunc, let us, *amici*, join *manus et cordes*,
And use well the *vires Di Boni* afford us.
Then let nations combine—Britain never can fall,
She's *multum in parvo*—a match for them all.

A. B.

ON HUNTING.

OCTOBER, hail to thy melodious morn!
Thy gale bears music on its fragrant wings:
Hark! to the wind the hound his rapture flings,
And the glad huntsman sounds his cheerful horn;
The poor hare rues the day that she was born;
Tidings of death to her the chorus brings,
For the vale echoes, and the forest rings,
And fast behind the hunter band are borne.
Onward they come: o'er every barrier fly;
Pour down the hill; and skim along the plain;
Then up the steep again are tost on high;
Nor fear can stop, nor precipice restrain:
For courage, vigorous health, and jollity,
And manly strength by exercise they gain.

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the

MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

FOR NOVEMBER, 1803.

CONTAINING

Citizen, late the property of Mr. George Wall, Derbyshire ..... *Page* 47
The Royal Chase 48
Lord Derby's Hounds 49
Fox-Hunting 49
Coursing Meetings—Malton 50
Swaffham 51
American Riflemen 52
Remains of a curious Monument, preserved at Walton upon Thames ... 53
Wit of former Days 54
Drunkenness of a Rabbit, surprising instance of 54
Oswestry Races, Particulars of the late 55
Epitaph on a Horse 56
Tyger in Calcutta 56
Loquacity; or, an Old Woman's Lamentations for the loss of her Poultry 57
Law—Drivers of Mail Carts, &c. ... 61
Cruelty to Horses 62
An extraordinary Marriage 62
A Marriage truly mysterious 63
Modern Duels; and curious Challenge 65
The Old Mare's Saddle 66
Shooting Spiritualized 69
Curious Extract from Dr. Walker's Voyage 70
Singular Instances of the Cunning of Foxes 71
The Presentations of the Regardes of the New Forest, in the County of Southampton 73
Greenland, Account of the Animals, Fishes, Beasts, Manners, &c. of .. 76
Theatricals—The Wife of Two Husbands 79
Raising the Wind 81
Three Per Cents 83
Scapin in Masquerade 84
Death of Mr. Charles, commonly called Count Bibb 84
Pulling Noses 85
Parson, American Sporting 87
Sporting Dictionary, Remarks on ... 88
Mahomet Aga, principal Officer of Elfi Bey 89
The Pole-Cat in the Hen Roost 89
Feast of Wit 90
Sporting Intelligence 92

POETRY.

Songs in the Wife of Two Husbands 97
Prologue to Raising the Wind 98
The Games of Life 98
Saturday Night's Sports at Sea 99
The Doctor and his Apprentice 99
Epitaph 100
Racing Calendar 13

Embellished with I. *The High Bred Horse, Citizen, late the property of Mr. George Wall, Derbyshire.* II. *Etching of the Pole-Cat in the Hen Roost*

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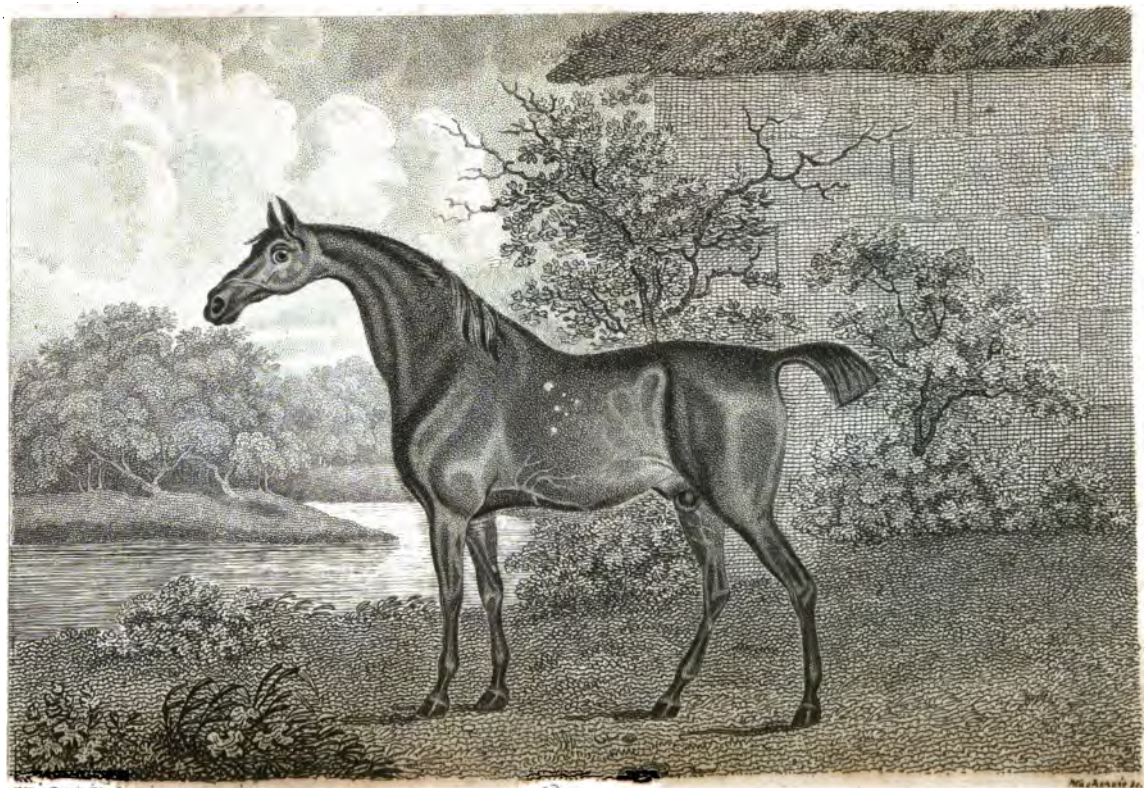
TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are still in arrear with several of our Correspondents.

The Letter on the proposed Publication of GENIUS GENUINE—Mr. LAYTON—and VETERINARY CRITICISM, all stand over for the next Number.

Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them, and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.



Citizen?

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR NOVEMBER, 1803.

CITIZEN.

The Copperplate to face this Page, contains the Portraiture of the High Bred Horse, Citizen, late the property of Mr. George Wall, of Barton Fields, near Longford, Derbyshire.

CITIZEN was bred by Mr. Gorwood, and purchased of him by Mr. Clifton; has since been the property of Charles Smith, Esq. Rochdale, near Manchester.

Citizen was got by Pacolet, and out of Princess; Pacolet by Blank; Blank by the Godolphin Arabian, the best blood we possess; Princess, his dam, was got by Turk; his grandam by young Cade, great grandam by Crab, great great grandam by Snake, great great great grandam by the Bald Galloway, great great great great grandam by Curwen's bay Barb. Turk, the sire of Princess, was got by Regulus, his dam by Crab, his grandam by Flying Childers.

Citizen has won the following Plates, as may be seen by the Racing Calender.

At 4 years old.

Beverley,	50l. Maiden Plate.
Chesterfield,	50l. all ages.
Liecester,	50l. ditto.
Ditto,	50l. ditto.

At 5 years old.

Manchester,	50l. ditto.
Newcastle,	50l. for 5 years old.
Bromsgrove,	50l. all ages.
Litchfield,	50l. ditto.
Shrewsbury,	50l. ditto.
Ludlow,	50l. ditto.

At 6 years old.

Conway,	100 gs. Pr. of Wales.

At 7 years old.

Manchester,	50l. all ages.
Newcastle,	50l. ditto.
Knutsford,	50l. ditto.
Chesterfield,	50l. ditto.
Doncaster,	500 gs. a Match, beating Magnolia,

At 8 years old.

Manchester,	290 gs. a Sweepstakes, beating Rosalind, Mendoza, Cavendish, Bustard, and Mayfly.
Oxford,	50l. all ages.

At 9 years old.

Manchester,	150 gs. a Sweepstakes.

Citizen is a beautiful racer; and was last sold to a gentleman from America, where we expect the horse now is.

THE ROYAL CHASE.

HAVING, to the great mortification of the anxious and impatient Sportsmen, been protracted full six weeks beyond the usual grand day of commencement —Holyrood day, Sept. 25—by the want of rain, and uncommon hardness of the ground; it was not till Saturday the 12th of November, that the hounds were enabled to take the field. On which morning, about ten o'clock, his Majesty, accompanied by the Duke of Cambridge, and attended by Lord Walsingham, Colonels Maningham, and Sneyd, and the usual attendants, reached Ascot Heath race ground; near which, Lord Sandwich, with the stag hounds, and a very numerous field of distinguished expectants were in waiting for his Majesty's arrival. After his Majesty was remounted, and had condescendingly received the gratulations of those who so happily and exultingly surrounded him, amidst the sonorous strains of horns, and the melodious echo of hounds; Lord Sandwich gave the signal for liberating the deer; who going off in high style for Cæsar's camp, and boldly facing the open country, and extensive tract of barren heath, promised a run of some difficulty and duration. This prospect was, however, truly transient and deceptive; for, heading from thence, he returned between Tower-hill and Swinley Lodge, over Sunninghill bogs, and through Mr. Sibbald's inclosures; where, by repeatedly heading, and various short turns, the hounds were brought to a view; when, pressing him close to his haunches, he took soil at the bottom of Mr. Shute's pleasure ground, where he was enabled to keep the hounds a little at bay; till being drawn off by the huntsman and Yeomen Prickers, he once more broke away; but, whether from being so long immersed in the frigidity of the element, or from a want of the blood and bottom of old Highflyer and Moonshine, the hounds almost immediately ran up to him; and he was taken unhurt near Sunninghill wells, after a very indifferent chase, affording neither sport, speed, length, nor variety.

On Tuesday the 15th, a deer was turned out near the same place, before his Majesty, and a numerous field; when, making two or three circles upon the heath, about Swinley Lodge, he took an abrupt leave of his pursuers, by leaping the nine feet paling into the Paddock; and terminating a chase of as little novelty as the former.

His Majesty's constant enjoyment of strong exercise in his favourite sport, affords the most indubitable demonstration of his good health and high spirits; displaying such palpable proof of constitutional stamina, arising from systematic temperance and regularity, that his Majesty's example, has roused from their temporary lethargy, the inhabitants of the forest and its environs, in so great a degree, that the dignity of the chase seems to undergo a renovation, and promises a speedy recovery of its former splendour and celebrity.

On Saturday, Nov. 19, his Majesty, accompanied, as on the preceding Tuesday, by the Duke of Cambridge, and the equeries in waiting, reached Ascot Heath race ground about the usual time; where the Earl of Sandwich, the Yeomen Prickers, hounds, and a numerous field, were ready to receive him. Upon his Majesty's arrival, not a moment was lost, but the signal instantly given for liberating the deer; who, condescendingly bestowing a look of the most indignant contempt on the elated and expectant crowd, gave

gave them an unprecedented specimen of speed, over the left branch of Tower-hill, and nearly reached the Park at Bagshot; where, being accidentally headed, he made a double to the right of Swinley, where the hounds catching a view, lay so close at him, that he had no alternative to being run up to, but in leaping the very high paling of one of the Lodge paddocks; where, the fleetest and strongest hounds failed in their repeated efforts to follow him. After a minute's delay in consultation, the gate of the paddock was opened by his Majesty's order, and the chase renewed; when crossing the heath, he made for the inclosures of Bracknall, and Wick-hill; passing through which, he regained the heath; where continuing to run two or three extensive circles, he joined the herd of forest deer; when the hounds were drawn off, after an excellent run of two hours and a half. This deer is six years old, and a grandson of the famous Highflyer, who repeatedly beat the hounds.

LORD DERBY'S HOUNDS.

ON Friday the 18th, a deer of some celebrity was turned out, before the hounds of the Earl of Derby, at the Oaks, in Surry; when, after a few minutes law, the hounds being laid on, and the scent laying breast high, he had no alternative, but to avail himself of his speed, and the scope of country; which he did, to the extatic enjoyment of a very numerous field; many of whom, were mounted upon some of the best blood horses in the kingdom. And as the hounds were never stopped, but permitted to break away without a check, he was compelled to make for the inclosures; which affording him but little additional protraction, he continued his course to the Thames, into which he plunged, with the body of the pack at his haunches; where, he must have inevitably perished, had not the neighbouring watermen with their boats rescued him from a watery grave; for which they were rewarded with a sporting liberality.

FOX-HUNTING.

MR. EAGLE'S fox-hounds, in the neighbourhood of Colchester, commenced their season with great success, and have already had some excellent runs. The end of last month, they had one of the severest bursts ever known; it lasted fifty-five minutes without a check, when poor reynard was so completely done up, that he was killed in view, on the lawn in front of Beerchurch Hall, now occupied by Captain Gill, of the Yeomanry Corps, who happening to be present, entreated, with his usual hospitality, in the politest manner, that all the bold sportsmen in at the death, would partake of his well-stocked larder and cellar. Such an invitation, so warmly urged, could not be resisted, especially at such a time. After having been most plenteously regaled with cold meat of every description, and no small quantity of the finest flavoured Madeira and Hock, the company departed for their respective homes, equally delighted with the good cheer they had enjoyed, as with the amiable condescension and affability of their generous host.

COURSING

COURSING MEETINGS.

MALTON.

WEDNESDAY Nov. 9, proving a more rainy day than the preceding, all sport was interrupted; but a message having been received from the Derbyshire and Warwickshire Coursers on a visit to Lord Middleton, "that they should be happy to be indulged with sporting six brace of their greyhounds against those of the members of the Club," a note was sent to signify their compliance with the request of those gentlemen.

Six brace of such greyhounds as were not engaged in matches already made, were then chosen by the members, for the next day.

As this invitation, however, was considered as a sort of challenge to the Club, a proposal was sent them from the Malton meeting "to run, in February next, any uneven number of matches they might choose, for five guineas each match, and a piece of plate value fifty guineas on the main."

This proposal was not agreed to. Perhaps it might not be convenient to gentlemen who had to bring their dogs from distant countries, however good the country might be. The weather proving favourable on Thursday morning, the contest began.

MATCHES.

Warwickshire and Derby.	WON.	WON.	*Yorkshire.*
Mr. Princeps ..	1	0	Mr. Croft
Mr. Terry	2	0	Mr. Webb
Mr. Foljambe ..	3	0	.....
.....	0	0	Mr. Plumer
.....	5	0	.....
.....	6	0	.....
.....	0	7	Mr. Slingsby
.....	0	8	Major Topham
.....	0	0	
.....	0	10	Mr. Lowther
.....	0	0	
.....	0	12	

Major Topham and Mr. Lowther's dogs, were got by Snowball.

It was allowed by every body, that the gentlemen from Warwickshire and Derbyshire produced fine dogs, in very high order, and who run in a very distinguished style; and the whole contest was conducted in a manner very satisfactory, and with perfect good temper: indeed, the Malton members were so delicate on the subject, that they would not allow their own Tryer, Mr. Boulton, to decide on that occasion, but requested two gentlemen to determine each match.

The four finest dogs produced at the meeting were, one the property of Mr. Lowther, and three the property of Mr. Percival. Three of them by Snowball, and one by Major, late the property of Colonel Thornton. In style of running, and grandeur of appearance, they were confessed to be the finest greyhounds that had been seen there for many years.

Friday the members had for finishing their own matches; and being a very fine day, by far the best courses were run, as under:

WON.	LOST.
Mr. Lowther's Tartar	agst Mr. Slingsby's Sultan.
Mr. Percival's Mars by Snowball,	agst Mr. Darley's Hero, by Dent.
Mr. Percival's Major, by Major,	agst Mr. Darley's Young Dent.
Mr. Percival's Spring, by Snowball,	agst Mr. Darley's Driver.

On these matches a great deal of money was betted, as it was the blood of Snowball against that of Dent. The running was very fine.

Mr. Lowther's Lady beat Mr. Broadley's Claret.

Mr. Broadley's against Mr. Croft's—undecided.

Mr. H. Boynton's Gipsey beat Mr. Best's Black Dog.

The last bitch who had run a very trying course, and who had just strength enough to take her hare, but not to kill it, was sold immediately

immediately after the match. She was of Mr. Heblethwaite's breed. Lord Middleton, who promises again to realize the coursing days of the famed Lord Orford, was the purchaser of many capital dogs, and will give coursing a new fashion.

Sir Rowland Winn, whose dogs have been so distinguished at the meeting, was absent.

The accommodations of Smith's at Malton, were in their usual good style; and the company was more numerous, than, from the present military avocations of the times, might have been expected. Two new members were elected, Mr. Lowther, M. P. and Sir Mark Masterman Sykes, Bart.

SWAFFHAM.

Monday, Nov. 14.—First Igborough Field.

COL. LOVELACE's (Mr. F. Hamond's) Whim, recd ft. from Mr. Galway's Bagatelle, 1g.

Mr. Tharp's Gipsey, beat Mr. Mosley's Beetle, 1g.

Mr. Breton's (Mr. Page's) Sharper, against Mr. Denton's Norfolk, 1g.—Undecided.

Major Ottley's (Mr. Page's) Willy, beat Mr. Breton's Snake, 1g.

Mr. Denton's Nun, agst Mr. Mosely's (Mr. Bolton's) Bat, 1g.—Undecided.

Mr. Moseley's (Mr. Bolton's) Bobadil, beat Mr. Breton's (Mr. Page's) Shuffler) 1g.

Tuesday.—First Westacre Field.

Col. Lovelace's (Mr. F. Hamond's) Whirligig, against Mr. Galwey's Hero, 1g, and 4gs bye.

Sir J. Sebright's two Puppies, recd ft. of Sir S. Fludyer's two Puppies, 1g, and 1g bye each.

Col. Lovelace's (Mr. F. Hamond's) Wrangler, recd ft. from Mr. Moseley's Bluebeard, 1g, and 9gs bye.

Mr. Moseley's Bonny, recd ft. from Col. Lovelace's (Mr. F. Hamond's) Wouski. 1g, and 9gs bye.

Mr. Mosely's Blackbird, beat Col. Lovelace's (Mr. F. Hamond's) Whirligig, 1g, and 9gs bye.

Sir J. Sebright's Perfidy, beat Mr. Davenport's Ruby, 1g.

Mr. Davenport's Roger, beat Sir J. Sebright's Perjurer, 1g.

Mr. Moseley's (Mr. Page's) Bat, beat Mr. Breton's Snake, 1g.

Mr. Tyssen's Tetotum, against Major Ottley's (Mr. F. Hamond's) Whim, 1g.—Undecided.

Mr. Moseley's Bandelore, beat Major Ottley's Waterlass, 1g, and 1g bye.

Major Ottley's (Mr. F. Hamond's) Whif, against Mr. Moseley's Bonny, 1g, and 4gs bye.—Undecided.

Mr. Davenport's Rival, beat Mr. Tyssen's Teapot, 1g.

Wednesday.—Smee Field.

Mr. Hamond's Greyhound, beat Sir J. Sebright's, 1g, and 1g bye.

Sir J. Sebright's Pickering Puppy, recd ft. from Mr. F. Hamond's Wouski, 1g, and 1g bye.

Mr. Tharp's Gypsey, against Mr. Davenport's Ruby, 1g.—off.

Mr. F. Hamond's Wafer, beat Sir J. Sebright's Petite Ricaneuse, 1g.

Major Ottley's Waterford, recd ft. from Mr. Breton's (Mr. Page's) Spot, 1g, and 1g bye.

Mr. F. Hamond's Wrangler, recd ft. from Mr. Mosely's Bishop, 1g, and 2gs bye.

Mr. Moseley's Bragela, beat Mr. F. Hamond's Weathercock, 1g, and 4gs bye.

Mr. Dashwood's Dram, against Mr. James's Yarico, 1g, and 2gs bye.—Off.

Mr.

Mr. James's Yoke, against Mr. Dashwood's Duce, 1g, and 2gs bye.

Col. Lovelace's Miss, beat Sir J. Sebright's Ponobscot Nettle, 1g.

Col. Lovelace's Miss, against Mr. Tharp's Gimcrack, 1g, and 1g bye.—Off.

Mr. Tharp's (Mr. Moore's) Garrow, against Major Ottley's Wax, 1g, and 1g bye.

Mr. F. Hamond's Wrangler, against Major Ottley's Whiteboy, 1g.

Mr. Dover's Xanthus, against Mr. Tyssen's Taylor, 1g, and 2gs bye.

There not being sufficient light, the three last matches were not run.

Thursday.—Clay Field.

Mr. Tharp's Gipsey, beat Sir J. Sebright's Plato, 1g.

Mr. Moseley's Bandelore, beat Major Ottley's Waterlass, 1g, and 1g bye.

Mr. Dover's Xanthus, against Mr. James's Yelper, 1g, and 2gs bye.—Undecided.

Mr. F. Hamond's Whim, beat Mr. Tharp's Grasshopper, 1g.

Mr. James's Yearling, beat Col. Lovelace's Myrtle, 1g, and 1g bye.

Mr. Tyssen's Trip, beat Mr. Tharp's Gimcrack, 1g, and 1g bye.

Major Ottley's Whiteboy, beat Mr. Moseley's (Mr. Bolton's) Treacle, 1g.

Friday.—Second Westacre Field.

Mr. Dover's Xanthus, against Mr. F. Hamond's Weathercock, 1g, and 1g bye.—Undecided.

Sir J. Sebright's Perfidy, beat Mr. Davenport's Roger, 1g, and 1g bye.

Mr. Davenport's Rustic, beat Sir J. Sebright's Petite Ricaneuse, 1g, and 1g bye.

Mr. Moseley's Bragela, beat Col. Lovelace's Maiden, 1g, and 2gs bye.

Col. Lovelace's Mogul, beat Mr. Moseley's Bess, 1g, and 2gs bye.

Mr. Moseley's Bonny, against Col. Lovelace's Minikin, 1g, and 2gs bye.—Undecided.

Mr. Galwey's Nun, against Mr. F. Hamond's Whirligig, 1g, and 4gs bye.—Undecided.

Mr. F. Hamond's Weathercock, beat Mr. Galwey's Nettle, 1g, and 4gs bye.

Col. Lovelace's Miss, beat Major Ottley's Oronooko, 1g.

Mr. F. Hamond's Whip, beat Mr. Tyssen's Twylight, 1g.

Mr. Tyssen's Trull, against Mr. Breton's Sailor, 1g, and 4gs bye.—Undecided.

Saturday,—Second Igborough Field.

Sir J. Sebright's Nettle, against Gen. Leigh's Iago, 1g, and 2gs bye.—Off.

Mr. Tharp's Gipsey, beat Mr. Tyssen's Pill, 1g.

Mr. Moseley's (Mr. Bolton's) Bobadil, recd ft. from Mr. Breton's Saltram.

AMERICAN RIFLE-MEN.

From Priest's Travels in America, a Work of Amusement and Information.

DURING the late war, in 1775, a company of Rifle-men, formed from the back woodsmen of Virginia, were quartered here (Lancaster, in New England) for some time: two of them alternately held a board, only nine inches square, between his knees, while his comrade fired a ball through it, from a distance of one hundred paces! The board is still preserved: and I am assured, by several who were present, that it was performed without any manner of deception.

REMAINS

REMAINS
OF A
CURIOUS MONUMENT,
Preserved at Walton upon Thames in the County of Surry.

NAILED up against the south wall of the chancel of Walton church are several brass plates, parts of an ancient monument of one John Selwyn. They were evidently once laid over a grave stone; but, having become loose, or being taken up, when, or on what occasion, we cannot learn, they were for a long time thrown about, and kept in the vestry, till the care of some person, who, perhaps, had more taste for antiquities than falls to the lot of parish officers in general, preserved them, by fixing them in their present situation. Many years ago, an ancient sexton, the Ciceroni of the place, explained the figures contained on the plates, by the following traditionary story.

Selwyn, as is evident by the inscription, was under-keeper of the park of Oatlands, in Surry, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth; the bugle horn, the insignia of his office, is preserved in the figure sealed on a stag; and also, in that where he is represented in the common monumental attitude of prayer. Being a man extremely famous for his strength, his agility, and his skill in horsemanship, he would frequently display specimens of these various endowments before his royal mistress. One day, at a grand stag hunt in Oatlands park, attending, as was the duty of his office, in the heat of the chase he suddenly leaped from his horse, then running at full speed, he alighted on the back of the stag, which was flying at the same time with its utmost velocity. In spite of every effort of the affrighted beast, he not only kept his seat with graceful firmness, but drawing his sword, he guided the animal towards the queen; and as he approached her, plunged his sword in the throat of the victim, who fell dead at the feet of the royal huntress. This was thought wonderful enough to be chronicled on his monument; and he is accordingly pourtrayed in the act of stabbing the beast.

It is remarkable, that the story is represented on both sides of the same plate. In one engraving, Selwyn appears with a hat, but without spurs; and on the other bare-headed, but with spurs. Hence, some have supposed that he performed this feat more than once; but more probably, the first engraving not being approved by the family, as deficient in likeness, or some other circumstance, a second was engraved; which, to save the expence of a new plate, was executed on the back of the former.

This opinion seems confirmed by the four holes seen at the corners; which, being evidently made for the purpose of fastening it down, of course, one side only could be viewed.

Beneath his feet, and those of his wife and children, is the following inscription on another plate, where all are represented in the act of prayer.

"Here lyeth the body of John Selwyn, Gent. Keeper of her Majesties Parke at Oteland, under the Right Honourable Charles Howard, Lord Admiral of England, his good Lord and Mr. who had issue by Susan, his wife, V Sunes, and VI Daughters, all lyving at his death; and departed out of this world the 27 day of March, Anno Domini, 1587."

WIT OF FORMER DAYS.

IN an old puritanical pamphlet, printed in 1668, intituled, "Room for the Cobler of Gloucester and his Wife," it is related, that the parson of Lime, in Dorsetshire, was catechising some of the young people, and among the rest, a maid; he asked, her, "What will be the punishment of hedge-breakers and hedge-robbers?"—it is supposed his own had been robbed—to which she answered, "Hell-fire, in my opinion." "G—d d—n me," said the parson, "but thou hast more grace than all the parish besides thee."

It is related, upon the same authority, that one Jarvis Smith, of Brinsop, in Herefordshire, was so merry a preacher, that he used to tell his hearers such stories in the pulpit, as would make them and himself break out into peals of laughter. Out of it, he is said to have been so crabbed a knave, that there were few of his parishioners with whom he had not been together by the ears, especially when he met with a little angry ale. An old man who was deaf, once leaning against the pulpit, being told by him to lean off, and not obeying, received such a blow on the head, that he was fain to go out of the church. Another time, preaching from the words "All is vanity," and a gentleman coming into the church with a hawk upon his fist, his spaniels hunting about the seats, and his horses tied in the church yard; this gentleman laughed at his silly carriage, which the parson observing, he said, "Hood up your kites, couple your curs, and ride off your jades, for all is but vanity." Some young men also laughing at his light expressions, "Oh you Cacoons," said he, "you have so filled your bellies with bread and bacon, that the word cannot enter into you."

SURPRISING INSTANCE OF DRUNKENNESS IN A RABBIT.

WHEN, says our correspondent, I was a boy, I kept a few rabbits, in a yard adjoining to my father's house, which, as it was walled round, rendered it unnecessary to confine them in boxes. Among them was a buck rabbit. This creature would frequently find his way into the house; and as he was encouraged by crumbs of bread, and other such dainties, he very soon became a constant visitor, and at length totally forsook the community in which he had been brought up. A spaniel dog, and a cat, who, so far from being hostile to this intruder, suffered him, not only to eat out of the same dish, but also to sleep along with them. It is a fact, that I have seen them all asleep together before the fire; the dog at the bottom, the cat over him, and the rabbit stretched across the cat! The most remarkable circumstance, was the very strong attachment which this long-ear'd gentleman evinced for good ale. I had taught the dog to drink it till he was frequently intoxicated; and I one day resolved to try the rabbit. I was much astonished to find that he took it with avidity, without appearing to be offended with the fumes, in the manner the dog used to be. He soon became so perfect a toper, that when in the parlour, where he frequently used to come, if there was any ale upon the table, he would jump upon a vacant chair, if there was one near enough, or upon my mother's lap, and from thence upon the table, and would help himself out of the glass, and become so inebriated, as to roll about, jump, and throw up his heels in the most ludicrous manner. I must not omit to mention his

his particular fondness for warmth. The hearth before the kitchen fire was his favourite place for repose; and on washing and brewing days, the hole under the copper fire generally received him: whence he was seldom expelled, till a hot coal fell upon him, which, indeed, was so frequently the case, that his back was partly covered with scars, and his feet singed in many places.

J. H.

Liverpool, October 14.

PARTICULARS OF THE LATE OSWESTRY RACES.

OUR races which ended on Wednesday last, were never better attended; the assemblage of the neighbouring nobility and gentry was crowded beyond all example, and their expectations gratified by a display of beauty, wit, and elegance; by a profusion of delicacies, and an exhibition of amusements, such as few countries, few tables, and few races can boast. The sport on the two first days was good, and on the last was of superior excellence. If the well contested rivalry of the noble animals, if the joyous hearts of a collected multitude, and the splendid display of brilliant equipage, could add to the magnificence of resplendent days, and extensive prospects, then might it be said that the gladdened face of nature had condescended to seek embellishment from the vicinity of Oswestry. Our elegant lady patroness, Miss Charlotte Williams Wynne, shone with peculiar lustre, and diffused a spirit of gaiety that was caught and confirmed by the concordant feelings of the whole company. There might one see love and beauty comingling in the mystic dance to brighten every eye and gladden every heart. It is difficult to avoid the language of bombast, in using terms that are barely adequate to the splendour of the spectacle and the festivity of the meeting. Among the numerous contributors to this constellation of wit and beauty, we noticed the lovely and bewitching Lady Dungannon, and her festive lord, the amiable and sprightly Misses Cunliffe, with their lively and accomplished friend the sweetly pretty Miss Harriet Williams Wynne, the fair and elegant daughter of our respected Steward, Owen Ormsby, Esq. the gaily blooming Miss Joddrell, the charming and fascinating Mrs Rowland Wingfield, with the much admired Misses Lloyd of Aston, Kynastons, Bevans, Mytton, Herberts, Venables, Dobbs, and other beauties too many to be enumerated, and too excellent to be described.

For the ensuing year were named Lord Dungannon, and the Hon. Thomas Kenyon, as our stewards; and it was with peculiar pleasure, that we heard the intesesting Miss Owen of Woodhouse, announced as the succeeding lady patroness, more especially, when we reflect on the alarming accident that had nearly snatched her from us, together with her cheerful and engaging sister, and had almost deprived us of the lives of their brother, and the fashionable Mr. E. Davenport; for returning from the ball on Monday last, their carriage was overturned into the canal, and themselves with difficulty rescued from a watery grave, by the timely exertions and intrepidity of a passing pigman.

Oswestry, Sept. 29, 1803.

EPITAPH ON A HORSE.

IN the park at Goatherst, near Bridgewater, in Somersetshire, the seat of Sir Charles Tynne, Bart. is erected a tomb to the memory of a favourite horse.

The monument is adorned with the various trappings and accoutrements, in which that animal is commonly arrayed; and in the centre are the following lines.

To the memory of one who was remarkably steady,
These stones are erected.
What he undertook, with spirit he accomplished.
His Deportment was graceful, nay noble;
The Ladies admired, and followed him;
By Application, he gained Applause.
His Abilities were so powerful, as to draw easily
The Divine, the Lawyer, and the Statesman,
Into his own smooth track.
Had he lived in the days of Charles I. the Cavaliers
Would not have refused his Assistance, for to the Reins
Of due Government he was always obedient.
He was a Favourite, yet at Times felt
The wanton lash of lawless Power.
After a Life of laborious Servitude, performed, like Clarendon's,
With unimpeached Fidelity,
He, like that great Man, was turned out of Employment,
Stript of all his Trappings, without Place or Pension:
Yet, being endued with a generous forgiving temper, saint-like,
Not dreading Futurity, he placidly met the hand
Appointed to be his Assassin.
Thus he died—an Example to all Mortals under
The wide, expanded Canopy of Heaven."

A TYGER.

A PARTY of gentlemen proceeding on horseback a few days since from Tannah, to visit the Kanara caves, at about eleven o'clock in the morning, descried, near Tulsey, a tyger descending towards them, from a distant hill; he shortly after made his appearance at the foot of the path leading to the caves, close to one of the gentlemen, the foremost of the party. The tyger evincing every appearance of preparing to spring upon a pointer dog near to him, the gentleman called out to his companions; when the animal instantly shrunk from his attempt, squatted himself upon his haunches, and fixed his eyes furiously and stedfastly upon him for some seconds; and, upon the exclamation being repeated, growlingly turned from the foot-path into an adjoining jungle. The dog upon which the tyger had seemingly fixed for his prey, stood petrified with affright, and has been ever since in a dejected state. A second pointer dog that was in the rear, roused by his master's exclamations, ran forward, and penetrated the jungle through which the tyger had passed; in a moment after, the dog was heard

heard to give one howl, and nothing more was seen of him. On the following day, the party proceeded armed, in quest of the tyger, and on entering the jungle in question, they discovered the remains of the poor dog, distant not more than six paces from the foot path where they first encountered this royal beast. The tyger appeared to be much pressed with hunger; and it may be deemed a most fortunate occurrence, fate had so decreed, that the preference which these animals invariably give to canine over human flesh, should have had its opportunity of being gratified in this instance.

Calcutta, Dec. 2, 1802.

LOQUACITY;

OR,

An Old Woman's Lamentations for the loss of her Poultry.

(Continued from Page 38.)

"GOOD Heavens," exclaimed Goody Cubate, "what is come unto me; what is the matter! I cannot think, for my part; for my dear Chanticleer I have not heard all this blessed morning long. I loved him as my own self, and have been his loving dame these eight long, long years; and, since the day he was a year old, he has never missed crowing one single morning. He was as good and as sure as a clock; he always crowed at one o'clock, and every hour after till he got up: and here I have not heard him this whole blessed morning long. What the matter is, I tremble every joint of me to think."

Starting from her bed, as soon it was light, she dressed herself as well as she could. "Pray stick this pin for me, child," said she to Kitty, her daughter, "for I am in such a fearful taking, I cannot half dress myself. Let me get out, and see what is the matter. I long to know; yet, Oh how I dread to open the door! for, if he is dead, or if he is stolen, I am ruined for ever."

Thus lamenting, Goody Cubate, sallied forth to her little hen-house. She opened the door; but neither her favourite Chanticleer, nor one of his wives were visible: prowling reynard had made a small hole through the wall, and taken them all away, save one hen only, which had fallen among some pieces of wood, and was safe, out of the reach of the enemy.

The mournful cries, and loud lamentations of the poor Widow Cubate, brought about her several of her neighbours, who began to condole with her on her loss, by telling her, that had a stick been nailed here, and another there, then her poultry had been safe. But the afflicted widow paid no regard to such stupid tattle, but made an oration in praise of her favourite, as follows—

"Oh, alas! neighbours, why do you talk of this and that? I am undone, for ever undone! my fine fellow, my strutting Chanticleer, that every body admired, that every body loved, and that my soul doated upon? Oh, neighbours, he is gone, for ever gone! See where the artful thief, the cunning rogue of a fox, entered, and robbed me of my all, whilst I was peaceably laid in my bed, and asleep: I thought of no such a *rinsiderous* enemy. Five of his mates, his loving companions, are carried off likewise; they, too, have shared the same *faterality*. And, indeed, neighbours, it is well for them; for had they been left behind, they would every one have died with a broken heart; they would have most sorely lamented him, pined away, and died.

Oh,

Oh, he was the sweetest fellow ever the sun *shined* upon! his voice was as clear as a bell, as shrill as a trumpet, and more *sweeterer* than all the birds in the wood! How the dear fellow would clap his wings, and crow against a shower. I shall certainly die with grief, neighbours, if of nothing else. If I do not die so, I shall be starved to death, now he is gone; for he was my support, the staff, the prop of my *rexistence*. Far and near did folks come begging and praying to me for eggs to breed by; and would give me any thing that I could *ax*. Then, my chickens, you all know, made me a world of money; for people would have them. I warrant you, neighbours, there was never a bad egg passed from my hands; every egg a bird, you may depend upon that. Three score and five chickens I had last year, of my spring brood, and more than seventy in my summer brood, besides thirty winter chicks. Then, all the folks round about, had a *power* of my dear sweet fellow's breed; so that I could, at one time, and with my own poor head, count above five hundred of his dear children, as I may call them. And he is gone! Oh, alas the day, that I should ever live to see it! These, neighbours, are two of his dear, beautiful gold feathers; these are all that I shall ever see of him again. I will keep them to my dying day. Let me live to see revenge on the fox. Let me, before I die, see his rogue's jacket well peppered, and torn to pieces by the dogs, and then I shall die contented. Oh! that the dear hounds would come tattling this very moment, and surprise the *trassassin*, now his vile carcase is full with the spoils of his thievery and murder. O! that the sweet creatures would come; I would run five miles, to see him torn and mangled to death."

During the old woman's oration, Farmer Grumble came up, and, hearing her earnest wishes for the hounds, said, "Nay, Goody Cubate, you need not beg and pray for their coming; for they will come soon enough. Do not complain, Widow; make yourself easy. Better an old cock, and a few hens, should be carried away, in the night, than my pastures should be torn up, and my wheat trampled into the earth, by a pack of noisy hounds, and galloping horses, in the day."

The old woman's passions were aroused: she was incapable of bearing any reproof. She replied, "I do not care a farthing for your grumbling. I well remember what ado you made last year, and cried the hounds and hunting folk *has* done me twenty pounds damage! yet they only trampled one corner of your wheat field a little; and when harvest *comed*, never was finer nor *betterer* wheat seen to grow out of the earth. See here, neighbour, said I, here is charming corn; the sun never *shined* over any *more better* than this. Yet what a growling and grumbling was made about the pretty hounds. But some folks, said I again, are never easy, nor contented, full nor fasting. I do wish, and I will wish, that the pretty creatures may come, and chase the old fox over that very field again." Farmer Grumble walked off; and Kitty thus addressed her mother.

"Why don't you, mother, send the Squire a letter, and let him know your losses, and how the old fox has used you; and beg and pray him to come with all his horses and dogs, and kill the wicked thief that has ruined you and me."

"Ay, child," replied the Widow, "that I would do, and glad; but it is not for poor folks, like me, to send any words or letters to the rich and great. I warrant you,

Farmer

Farmer Grumble, as rich and as big as he is, dare as well eat his feet, as *parsume* to send the squire a letter, though all his hens, and lambs into the bargain, were carried off by the fox."

"Well, but mother," returned Kitty, "if you may not send to the squire, you may to the huntsman; for he is not a gentleman, though he go as fine as one. He looks a most charming good humoured soul as ever lived, and his voice is so sweet, it does one's heart good to hear it."

"You say well," said Goody; "for if he be not as good a conditioned soul as ever broke a bit of bread, his looks belie him the more; and nothing upon earth can be sweeter than his note, now my sweet fellow is dead and gone. But I cannot write, though I can read and spell as well as some of my betters."

"But there are those that can write," return'd Kitty, "and will write for you, if you desire it.—There is Miss Trippet, I'm *sartan* will do such a job for you, at half a word's speaking."

"That is true, again," replied Goody, "and her father will not take it amiss, should he hear about it; for he loves the hounds as his own dear life. So I'll say no more about it: I will not *parcastrate* a moment, but do it now my blood is up. There is three farthings for a sheet of paper: and give my love and *sarvice* to Miss Trippet, and beg her to be so good, and so kind, as to step down, and write a letter for me. Mind what you are about now, Kitty, and speak prettily; and beg the favour of a wafer or two. I will step in and study what to say."

Very serious and thoughtful, the widow now entered her humble dwelling. She was going to seat herself, in order to call up her ideas, by meditation and reflection, to make her hard case known to the good natured huntsman in suitable terms; but casting her eyes upon the cupboard, her favourite song met her sight. Black-eyed Susan she had known for fifty years, and probably had sung the song four thousand times during that period. The sight of this her favourite ditty renewed her sorrows, and, consequently, her lamentations. "Ay, said she, "there you may now stick, you and the rest of my pretty ditties; you can now no more afford me consolation. I have loved a good old song as well as a cup of tea, or a good dinner; but my singing days are now at an end: for all the comforts, the delights, the *solracies*, of my heart, are now over, now my pretty Chanticleer, my king, and hero, is dead and gone. Oh! he was the most *delightsomest* and *sensiblest* creature, sure enough, upon the face of the earth. I think I see him now! How he would strut and swagger about the house; yet I warrant, when I set up one of my ditties, he would stand still as a stone, poor dear soul, and listen to my voice. Oh! how delighted, how ravished he always was with pleasure, at the sound of his poor old dame's notes. He would never leave the house whilst my song lasted, unless one of his loving mates gave a cry and call of alarm; then he would fly like lightening to see what was the matter, to comfort and to advise her. He was never forgetful or neglectful of his mates, but loved and cherished them every soul as he did himself. Then he would mount the old pales there, and clap his dear beautiful wings, and crow till all the village rung with the charming sound! Thus the Widow Cubate continued lamenting her loss, till Kitty returning

ing with the sheet of paper, and Miss Trippet the amanuensis, put a stop to her mourning.

Miss Trippet was a sprightly farmer's daughter, aged nineteen, and full of health and spirits. Miss Trippet opened her rosy lips, ere she reached the old woman, and said—"Dear me, Goody Cubate, how sorry I am for your loss. But pray do not be dead-hearted; do not cast down yourself too much. My mamma says, she will give you a cock and a pullet, both hatched from your own eggs; so you will still have some of your favourite Chanticleers breed: and you may depend on mamma's speaking a good word for you wherever she goes. Pray do not despair, Goody; for your loss will be made up to you one way or other, depend upon that. And I *ast* mamma's opinion about what Kitty said *consarning* writing a letter to send to the huntsman of the Squire's hounds; mamma said as how I might do as I *likt* about writing the letter, and you might do as you *likt* about sending it. '*Howsumever*,' says mamma again, 'how *her* writing, I mean,' said she, 'how *your* writing, or her sending a letter, can answer any purpose, or do her any good, I cannot think; for the huntsman will only laugh at the letter, and pay no more respect to it, than I do to the gabbling of the geese yonder. Moreover, and besides,' said mamma again, 'you may be *sartan*, and Goody Cubate may be *sartan*, you may both rest content and depend upon it, that the huntsman will never be so *timmerous* as to show his master, the squire, the letter, nor ever so much as tell him that he ever received such a letter, or ever heard a word of the matter. Nevertheless, child,' said she, 'you may go, and do as you like. Your father,' said she—for my mamma, Goody, always says father, which I hate to hear, because it is so vulgar, but my mamma has not much *parliteness* to spare—'your father,' said she, 'will be glad to see the hounds, should they come, that I very well know; and perhaps will lame one of the best horses by galloping after them. Nevertheless, you may all do as you like best. *Howsumever*, tell Goody Cubate what I say; and do you go and hear what the poor creature has got to say, for I am heartily sorry for her loss.' So mamma *went* to weighing the cheese, and I took up my box of wafers, and am come to hear what you have to say, Goody."

"I can never tell you, Miss Trippet," said the old woman, "all I have to say; it is a *moral impossible*, my griefs are so many, and my *sensurations* are so *haccute*. But to make short of the matter, Miss Trippet, I must seek some revenge on the old fox, that cruel *variatious* thief, or I shall die. Therefore, my sweet Miss, my dear creature, have the kindness and *composition* to write as I shall indite, and make no scruples nor quandaries about it. You know very well, my dear Miss, that the hounds will put your papa into a good skin for a week or two afterwards; and you know that our fair is just at hand: and if he be put into a good skin, and one of his best humours, then he will not say much should you pick up a sweet-heart, and stay an hour or two longer than common. Ay, ay—you may smile Miss. You are old enough to have a sweet-heart, I hope. Ay, ay—and you think so too; and I know who has a monstrous fancy to be in your company at the fair. But that is not all, Miss. Here has been Farmer Grumble; and he has had the *callosity* of heart to sneer at my great losses. Therefore, to hear him growl, to see him lower and pout, as the pretty hounds tattle over his fields,

fields, will rejoice the very marrow in my old bones; and to think they are *perusing* the rapturous glutton, and will take *conderine* punishment for carrying away my sweet and delightful Chanticleer; this will *haxilirate* my spirits so, that I shall feel young again. I beg, therefore, Miss, that you will have the kindness to write me a letter to the huntsman without more words."

(To be continued.)

DRIVERS OF MAIL CARTS, &c.

Clerkenwell Sessions,

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 25.

JAMES YEOWELL was indicted for an assault upon John Spilsbury. This was a case of considerable importance; as it teaches the drivers of mail coaches and carts that they are liable to punishment, for every accident that may happen from the fury with which they drive along the streets.

John Spilsbury, the prosecutor, deposed that he was passing along St. James's-street on the 30th of July last, together with his wife, children, and others; as he was turning the corner of Ryder-street, the mail-cart, driven by the defendant, came up at a furious rate. The driver, as he was passing, wantonly lifted up his lash, and gave the prosecutor a blow, which cut his cheek from the ear down to the chin. The witness followed the cart to the Gloucester Coffee-house, where it stopt. He asked the defendant the reason of such usage; but received an indifferent evasive answer. This determined him to bring the offender to justice.

Joseph Spilsbury said, that he was in company with the prosecutor at the time of the assault, and stated the circumstances in the same manner as the preceding witness. The assault appeared to him to have been wantonly committed.

Mr. ALLEY, as counsel for the defendant, contended that the injury sustained by the prosecutor was purely the effect of accident. The driver of the mail cart was obliged by contract, to drive from the General Post Office, to the Gloucester Coffee-house, a space of two miles and three quarters, in seventeen minutes, which obliged them to proceed with considerable velocity. The horse was restive, and apt to plunge and run back, especially at the turning of corners; for which reason, whenever a corner was to be turned, the driver was accustomed to lash the horse, and in this manner the plaintiff accidentally suffered the injury of which he complained. To prove this statement, he called

John Cooper, the mail guard, who deposed to the circumstances mentioned by the learned counsel; and was positive, that if the driver did at all strike the prosecutor, it was purely the effect of accident. He was in the cart, and had blown his horn, as usual, to give warning of their coming.

The owner of the cart then stepped forward, and requested, that though he was called by neither party as a witness, he might be permitted to explain some circumstances to the court, as there was in evidence a gross perversion of the truth, which he could not patiently hear in silence. Being then sworn, he deposed, that the horse in question, instead of being restive, was remarkably quiet; that the defendant had confessed to him, that the cut was designedly given to the prosecutor. There were at the time three persons in the cart who were abusing his horse, whereas none ought to have been in it except the driver and the guard.

There was no public regulation whatever about driving along the streets, which he would prove by several witnesses, if necessary.

Mr. Mainwaring, the Chairman, observed, that it was impossible there could be any regulation sanctioned by any public authority, with regard to the velocity with which the mail was to drive along the streets. He was going to tell the Jury, before the last witness appeared, that, admitting the defence set up, the defendant, though he had no malicious intention, was yet liable to punishment for the effects of his careless conduct. He himself had witnessed several accidents, that had happened from the furious driving of mail coaches along the streets, and he was sorry that such cases were not oftener brought before the court. It was proper that persons concerned with mail coaches and carts, should be taught that they were not paramount to the law, and that the lives of the subjects of this country were not to be wantonly endangered.

The Jury immediately returned their verdict—*Guilty.*—The defendant was sentenced to imprisonment for two months.

CRUELTY TO HORSES;

OR,

A Man punished, notwithstanding the common maxim, "That a person has a right to do as he pleases with his own!!!"

LATELY, a hackney coachman belonging to No. 83. was summoned before the Lord Mayor, at the Mansion House, charged with cruelly beating, and ill-treating one of his horses. It appeared, on the evidence of three respectable gentlemen, who came forward from motives of humanity, that one of the horses fell down; on which the defendant jumped from off the coach box, and began to flog the poor animal most unmercifully; and, not giving him time to get up, he dragged him along with the other horse which was to the coach. On being spoken to on the impropriety of his brutal behaviour, he made use of very improper language, alledging at the same time, that the horses were his own, and that he could use them as he pleased; and if he run one of them through, what was that to any one, as himself must be the loser. On being asked by the Lord Mayor what he had to say for himself? He answered, that the horse was lame, and very stubborn, and that he flogged him to get up. On which the Lord Mayor gave him a severe reprimand, telling him, at the same time, that his defence was rather an aggravation of his crime. His Lordship was going to fine him forty-shillings; but in consideration of his having a wife and four children, after giving him a good admonition, and thanking the gentlemen who came forward to bring such a man to justice, with consent of the complainant, he forgave him, on condition of his publicly begging the gentlemens' pardon, making a public acknowledgement of his fault, and promising never to be guilty of a similar offence in future.

AN EXTRAORDINAY MARRIAGE.

LATELY was married, Mr. Thomas Dussy, a respectable farmer, of Eperstone, near Mansfield, in Nottinghamshire, to Miss Grame, a lady of fortune, in the county of Westmoreland. The annals of matrimony scarce afford a more singular instance of unwea-

tied

ried attachment than the above: the parties were known to each other in youth, and became mutually enamoured, but the unrelenting opposition of parents broke off the match. Mr. D. formed another connection; he married, and was the father of several children, and became a widower; his first love was again, by correspondence, renewed, again frustrated; by the same means he sought consolation in the arms of a second wife, his family again increased, and he a second time became a widower. His first flame, still unextinguished, once more renewed, and former obstacles being extinct, after a lapse of twenty-five years, without ever seeing each other in the interval, this couple have at length been united.

A MARRIAGE TRULY MYSTERIOUS.

THE following are the extraordinary particulars of a case brought before a French tribunal at Garonne, in September last.

"A young peasant of the department of l'Arriege, named La F——, fell desperately in love with a girl, aged twenty-one years, of the commune of Cassaigne. He saw that there were many obstacles to his obtaining her in marriage. Her parents were rich, and he possessed nothing. He at length devised a new mode of marrying her without the consent of her parents; and what is more, *without her own!*

He presented himself, accompanied by a person in woman's apparel, before the Mayor of St. Girons. He produced the necessary papers, and with them a certificate, of the banns having been published in the commune where the girl resided. His marriage with Marie A——, was in consequence established by the civil magistrate. The parties then withdrew, taking with them the official act of the celebration of the marriage. Being provided with this piece, the bridegroom repaired to Cassaigne, and presented himself before her parents, claimed the girl as his wife. Nothing could exceed the surprise of the parents, the girl, and her brothers. She declared that she knew nothing, had consented to nothing, and that she was not married. She went before a notary to protest against this pretended marriage, and gave a power of attorney to her brother to proceed at law in her behalf. On inquiry, it was found that the certificate of the publication of the banns was forged, and that in fact no such banns had been published. A complaint was lodged before the magistrate, and a commissary of government was ordered to take up the cause, and direct the prosecution. More than two months were consumed in the inquiry, whether it was Marie A—— that had figured at the marriage, or whether it was another person. During this interval, circumstances furnished La F—— with opportunities of seeing the girl whom he claimed as his wife. The result of these interviews was, that she quitted her family, and went to live with him, stating publicly that she was his wife.

The officer who was charged with the pursuance of the suit, discovered at length where La F—— lived, and found the young lady in his company. She declared, that being united to him by the tie of marriage, she had sworn an eternal love, and would follow him to the end of the world. The officer, however, fulfilled his duty. He arrested La F——, and placed him in prison at Toulouse. Then commenced the usual proceedings: La

F—— underwent a first interrogatory; he asserted that there was no disguise in the matter; and, that the girl who had followed him to prison, was the same that he had married, and the same from whom he had the certificate of the publication of the banns at Cassaigne. The young lady desired also to be examined. She declared herself to be his lawful wife. She retracted the protest made before the notary, as well as the power of attorney given to her brother. She said that these steps were taken at the instance of her brother, and to avoid his fury, at a time when he threatened to kill her. The certificate, she said, she had from a person she would not name, who took pity on her situation, and lent an aid to surmount the obstacles which opposed her marriage. She said, that though of full age, she did not dare to oppose the will of her brother; that she was obliged to have recourse to stratagem, and that she availed herself of the first moment of liberty to throw herself into the arms of her husband. In consequence of this declaration, she was held to be an accomplice, and was put under confinement. At length, after three months, the young couple were brought to the bar, and the affair submitted to trial. The act of accusation was read, and the witnesses examined. The public officer, whose writing and signature had been counterfeited, declared the certificate to be a forgery. Some persons skilled in the comparison of hand-writing, deposed to the same effect. The mayor of St. Girons, and his secretary, with the witnesses present at the marriage, agreed unanimously in saying, that the girl at the bar was not the person who appeared with the accused La F—— as his bride, and with whom his marriage had been celebrated. The young lady persisted in her story. She pointed out the mayor and his secretary; she described the furniture of the chamber where the marriage took place; she related some particular circumstances and expressions which occurred at the time; she recognized all the parties present, and described them by their several names and occupations.

The commissary of government, in pursuing the cause, stated that the latter depositions of the girl, were nothing more than so many officious falsehoods, calculated to save the man to whom, by a tardy caprice, she had surrendered her person. It was evident, that his hardy enterprie had touched her feelings, and induced her to recall her first declarations. But as the accusation against her was founded solely on her own act, and as she had nothing reprehensible in the eye of the law, he prayed that she might be discharged.

With respect to the forgery, it was, he said, in full proof. It did not appear to have been committed by La F——, as he knew not how to read or write. But he had made use of it, knowing it to be forged, and could not escape from the consequences. The accused was defended with warmth and talent by a young advocate. An able lawyer was retained for the young woman; but her discharge rendered it unnecessary for him to plead. The tribunal pronounced La F—— guilty, and subjected him to the punishment prescribed by the law.

This cause, by its singularity, collected an immense concourse of people, who felt a most lively interest for the young parties. Every one spoke in their favour. They are both handsome, of a prepossessing figure, and on the trial they shewed much firmness and presence of mind. Every one desired to see them happy, and forgot the violation

violation of the laws, on seeing, on the one hand, a young man deeply in love, employing the most daring, and at the same time ingenious means to obtain the object of his passion; and on the other, a young woman, insensible at first, but subdued by the proofs of so violent an attachment, of which she at length partook so far, as to endure with him eight months of imprisonment. After the judgment, she declared, that she would never forsake him, and that she would follow him even to the gallies.

It now appears that La F—— ventured on this hardy enterprise without her knowledge, and that it was a young man of his acquaintance, dressed in a female habit, who appeared before the mayor and municipal officers, and represented the girl whom he intended to marry; but that in the subsequent interviews which he had with Marie A——, he managed so dexterously, as to succeed in inspiring her with a mutual passion.

MODERN DUELS;

AND

CURIOUS CHALLENGE.

HINTS to the seconds in duels. With a little water you must make some gunpowder into fine paste, then roll it into balls, dry them, and rub them over with pencil, to give them the appearance of lead; these you must substitute for those brought by your principals. Remember, in ramming them down, to break them into dust. You should also take an opportunity of giving the hat of one of the combatants a hard pinch with a bullet mould. After the parties have fired, which will have been as is the custom, together, you must shew the mark, and swear you saw the bullet strike, and with great warmth, insist upon it, that the wearer must not only have heard the ball, but also have felt his hat shake. You must not allow him to deny it, if he should at first, which is very improbable; he will not do so long. The writer having practised it more than once with a happy success, he now recommends it to those gentlemen who may be engaged to see their friends fight, and do not wish them to commit murder.

A few weeks since, a son of the Whip, or in other words, a coachman to a lady of fashion, was brought before the sitting magistrate to answer to a complaint exhibited by a milkman, for challenging him. The challenge was couched in the following terms:

"Sir, I have profs of your behing a moust insolent, tradgis, ignorant, mischiefsmaking scoundril, one that trobles themselves with things that don't consarn you, therefore I wish for no farder recompens, than to meet you to murrow mornin, at 8 in the first fild, at the end of Backer Streete, I mean to give you your chois, therefore provide yourself with powder and ball; you will be a coward if you don't come forward."

This curious epistle was delivered over night at the complainant's house, and forgot to be given to him. In the morning, about ten o'clock, honest Whip called in a violent passion, because *Sky Blue* had not the courage to meet him, and producing a brace of pistols, threatened to chastise him wherever he should meet him. The charge being clearly made out, the magistrate ordered Jarvis to find bail.

THE

THE OLD MARE'S SADDLE.

SIR ROGER TWISDEN, of Bradbourn, in the county of Kent, had three beautiful daughters, Mary, Ann, and Eliza; their mother dying in the prime of her life, these young ladies were deprived of a most tender, accomplished, and virtuous preceptor; and the over-fondness of a liberal hearted fox-hunting father, left them to pursue their own inclinations in all things, relating to the formation of that conduct and sentiment, which alone dignifies the higher walks of life, and distinguishes the truly gentle from the ridiculous proud, the upstart insolent, and the vain: not that there existed a predominating vice in any one of these fair sisters; on the contrary, their nature was mild—

"As the breath of Zephyrus, while he kisses summer roses;"

but, conversing principally in their own confined circle, thirty miles from the capital, they had determined for themselves respecting future events, and nothing but violence could untie their resolutions. Matrimony they had no objection to embrace, whenever husbands might be found suitable to their condition and rank in life; but, as a drawback upon this condescension, our feminine triumvirate possessed in a high degree that unconscionable principle, of holding the whole of domestic government in their own hands; without submitting at any time, to the check-rein of the lord paramount of the hymeneal manor; ever laughing at our provincial maxim—

The male is master, and to make him less,
Confounds creation, and creates distress.

No, they admitted of no such tyranny, no such superiority, and their conversations on the subject often called up from gravity and experience this seasonable remark:

Spinsters' husbands, and batchellors' wives,
Are always well-bred, till the parson contrives.
A moon or two after, spouse thinks on his charter,
And Ma'am finds Adonis the son of a Tartar.

To be more explicit, we shall subjoin a few of their resolutions in case of matrimony, and at once shew the propriety of corrective interposition.

"The man I marry," said Mary, "shall first convince me he possesses that docility of temper, which leads him to be as attentive after the nuptial ceremony, as he was before submissive."

"I have formed a similar resolution," cried sister Ann, "with this adjunct, he shall swear never to direct my conduct, contrary to my inclinations."

"That is right," rejoined Eliza, "and it is on these conditions only I have made up my mind to receive a yoke-fellow *durante vitæ*."

The ladies had scarce opened their minds to each other, when Sir Roger entered the drawing-room, whistling the Early Horn. "Well Mary," said he, "I have rare news for you, girl; Sir William Honeywood and myself have just settled the affair, and Parson Goodenough is to marry you to your old sweet-heart, the young baronet, to-morrow."

Mary could not reply; she hung down her head and blush'd compliance; and Sir Roger being hastily called to the stables, left the three maidens to meditate on the approaching ceremony.

"Remember Mary to have your way in all things," said Ann.

"Do not suffer yourself to be contradicted

contradicted at any time," rejoin'd Eliza, "and be sure to retain the power, to negative whatever he may urge to displease you; above all, make him sign to these articles, or go not with him to the altar," vociferated both together.

"It shall be so," replied Mary, "and I will instantly prepare them for signing, and not abate Mr. Honeywood one iota for a Michaelmas moon*."

To keep my reader no longer in suspence, the schedule was prepared, and the lover signed it with a smile, tacitly resolving at a convenient season, to convince his mistress of the unreasonableness of all she had exacted. The marriage was celebrated, and the young esquire retired with his lovely Mary to Honeywood castle, one of the sweetest situations in the whole county of Kent.

A moon had now gone by, and the sounds of rejoicing forgot, when Mrs. Honeywood, demanded in an unpleasant way, a visit to Bradbourn; the Squire had his objections, and refused to comply; when a disputation succeeded, where the chords of harmony were strained rather to an extreme. "It is the first article in the engagement," said the lady, "and I have determined on a visit to my father and my sisters. Mr. Honeywood paused, but replied not, but rung the bell in haste, and gave orders to bring out the old mare and the large saddle. The Squire mounted first, and the lady behind him. The morning was gloomy, and the mare feeble; the roads were heavy, and the husband surly; and what was rather uncommon, the lady was dumb from Honeywood castle to Bradbourn—the distance was 12 miles—and as the sable clouds began to scatter their contents, perplexity added to the murkyness of the scene: the poor aged quadruped groaned sadly beneath her burden; the master whipped and spurred in vain: at length, in the mid-way of an extensive common,

"Down Dobbin fell, and o'er her crazy frame
Tumbled the master, and the trembling dame—

when the enraged Honeywood drew a pistol from the holster, and instantly deprived his old servant of existence; the lady screamed, no help was at hand. "Good God," she cried, "Mr. Honeywood, what is to be done?" "We must walk," he replied surlily, "the other six miles, to Bradbourn." "And what is to become of the old mare's saddle?" "You must carry it," continued the husband. "O the brute! O the monster!" vociferated the lady. By this time, he had taken the saddle from the dead animal, and was preparing to strap it to his wife's shoulders; she cast it to the ground with indignation. Mr. Honeywood instantly drew the other pistol, and looking, as when he shot the mare, bade her take it up again; she trembled at the attitude he stood in, and at the fire of his eye. She dropt some tears, and patiently took up the saddle; and away they journeyed slow and sadly towards Bradbourn.

Here let me pause—I know my fair country women will reprobate the tale, and perhaps, despise me for being its purveyor; but, be patient, sweet children of Eve; if a little evil be done, that much good may come of it, the balance

* In Cawdor Castle, there still exists the marriage articles of a daughter of a Highland Chieftain; in which, her father engages to give with her, one half a Michaelmas moon; that is, one half the plunder for a month, when the nights grow long, to favour predatory excursions.

claims

claims reward, and society a convert:

"And if the change from reason spring,
'Tis wisdom clips the wanton wing."

The old hall at Bradbourn was roused at the approach of the Squire and his new help-mate; who, to the astonishment of all that beheld her, exhibited a most woeful spectacle, tottering and sinking beneath the saddle; in a moment, Mrs. Honeywood was released, and embraced by her sisters; with whom, we shall leave her to that sort of consolation she had by this time a right to receive.

By Sir Roger's command, every dainty was prepared, and Mr. Richards the butler, requested to tap the best October with all speed. The lads and the lasses of the villages, were presently as merry as a good heart could wish them; there was rare eating for the farmers; and wine for the parson. In brief, every where displayed that glorious hospitality, that so long distinguished our liberal forefathers, and, which was put aside only, at the coming in of our Caledonian placemen, for that kind of œconomy which disgraces a great nation, and only becomes the rough mountaineer, whose nature has withheld these bounties. That glorious hospitality, for which the ancient family of the Twisdens have been celebrated, ever since they first set footing in our county.

Having left the great hall for the ladies' parlour, the selected company were all seated, and the coffee prepared. The younger sisters being in full possession, of all that had passed between Honeywood castle and Bradbourn, began in a sarcastical way to attack the silent Squire; and this they continued, till their wit became more rampant than their reason; and now warmed by resentment, they reprobated the husband in language almost beyond propriety, while they commiserated the tame sufferings of the wife.

"Sister," exclaimed Eliza, "if ever my husband should attempt to treat me as your's has done, I will resist to the last—I will expire before I submit to such tyranny."

"And I will do more," cried Ann. "Sooner than bend to such brutality I will take his life."

"Ha, ha!" replied Mrs. Honeywood, with a modest smile, "Sisters, you have not yet carried the old mare's saddle."

The Squire, who saw and heard her complacency, mantled with inexpressible rapture, he caught the fair hand of his reformed, his prudent, and sensible Mary; and kissing it eagerly in presence of all the company, declared, "that though the remedy had been violent, he saw the cure would be lasting; therefore, the whole of his life to come, should be employed to convince his dear Mary, he was deserving of so much beauty, condescension, and good sense."

Sir Roger approved the means of reformation, and told the unmarried girls in his rough and honest way, "if ever they attempted to wear the breeches, he hoped their husbands would find spirit enough, like young Honeywood, to make them carry the old mare's saddle."

Girls to your duty then, nor strive for pow'r,
Yield it the man, 'tis his by nature's dow'r:
Form'd to defend, 'tis his to guard your lives;
And your's with reason, to be humble wives.
Do this, and never fear, all faint to paddle
Through dirty ways, and bear the Old Mare's Saddle.

A MAN OF KENT.

SHOOTING

SHOOTING SPIRITUALIZED.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

AS a short specimen how religion and recreation may go hand in hand, accept the following, made by a dear friend of mine in a distant county, in a morning's excursion. He is one who I believe to be a Christian in earnest, and as such, the inner room of his heart is reserved for the Almighty, while the outer court of it is the common resort of lawful desires that may come and go; but in the other God has his fixed habitation, here in faith, hereafter in glory. If you think it will enrich your magazine, please to allot it a place at your leisure, which will give pleasure, to, Sir, Your obliged and faithful reader,

RUSTICULA.

HOW to use this world without abusing it, is a consideration that should claim our utmost attention and regard, especially since the general practice of the present state of men, makes the use and abuse of worldly pleasures constantly accompany each other. Recreation is most certainly necessary for the body, as contemplation is for the soul; and unless we keep our clay cottage in order, its glorious inhabitant will never exert its faculties as it ought. Let us then spiritualize our recreations; that, whatever we do, whatever amusements we are in pursuit of, they may tend to the glory of God. To illustrate my meaning, take the following thoughts, which offered themselves to me in a late morning's walk, which I took, with my gun in my hand.

On charging the fowling-piece, we may look on the shot as a lively representation of mankind, who are sluggish and unable of themselves to do any thing, till, actuated and enlivened by spiritual fire, they are enabled to press forward to the mark of the high calling of God; they have then power to pursue the way of his commandments, when he has set their hearts at liberty. When the piece is discharged, some of the shot fly wide of the object aimed at, occasioned by cavities and flaws in them; so many a Christian has in him a deceitful heart of unbelief, which makes him depart from the living God.

Some shot, on account of their lightness, drop short of the mark; thus, likewise, Christians, though they all have a promise of eternal rest, yet many of them come short of it, being weighed in the balance, and found lighter than vanity itself. Part of the shot are sometimes rendered ineffectual, being intercepted by twigs or thorns, and turned out of the right and straight way; thus, worldly cares, or riches, often interpose, and cut us off from that which ought to be the chief end of all our wishes, the chief object of all our desires.

Others fly above, and go beyond the mark; to which they may fitly be compared who are actuated with a fiery zeal, void of knowledge, and not according to godliness; wild enthusiasts, who are for finding out ways of their own, in the mean time neglecting the plain means of salvation instituted by the church of Christ; soaring in the clouds, and aspiring, till, lost in airy mazes of their own imagination, they at length drop to the earth.

By much the greatest number of the shot fall short of the end for which they are designed; and, after completing their airy flight, are for ever lost, beyond the power of man to collect and make use of them again. Thus, when we have finished

course, our doom is determined, beyond a possibility of ever setting forward again in the race of Christianity. When the shot are once discharged from the mouth of the piece, it is too late to recal them, till they fall of themselves, having spent their force. Thus, when we are born into the world, we must run either in the way of God or the flesh, there is no standing still; we must persevere till the fire of our life is extinguished, and ceases to act upon us; then we return again to our earth, and all our thoughts perish.

The skilful marksman directs all his shot equally straight to the object he aims at. Christ shews all the path of life; would have all men to be saved. Sometimes it happens that the mark is entirely missed, not a single shot coming near it: this, likewise, has its parallel; they are all gone out of the way, there is none that doeth good, no not one. Lastly, the few shot that strike the mark are the only ones that are to be esteemed, and reckoned to answer the end and design of the fowler, though they have all an equal chance of success. Thus, among Christians, many are called, but few chosen. Heaven and happiness is the object we all aim at; let us all earnestly contend, to be among the number of those few who find it.

CURIOUS EXTRACT
FROM
DR. WALKER'S VOYAGE.

On the usual Effects in the Human Mind arising from the expectation of the visit of a Cannon Ball.

I HAVE had an opportunity of making some observations on sights, sounds, and the progress of balls. I have seen the approach of balls, two at a time, as well as of shells; and observed, that the report from a gun, very far outstrips the ball in its course. This is a well-established doctrine in physics; but it is contrary to the common opinion.

"The mimic thunder of the deep-mouth'd gun,
By light'ning usher'd, and by death outrun."

The sailors think, when they have heard the report of the enemy's gun, that the ball is passed, and feel as secure as we generally do, when hearing thunder after the flash of lightning. But I noticed off Algezira, that the ball came after the report, though not so long after, as the report was after the flash; and that thus death was threatened through the eye and ear, before it could possibly reach us in the shape of a ball: I could not be mistaken, for, I remember well, the alarm excited by the flash, was increased on hearing the explosion. I knew then that the ball might soon reach us, and if it did not catch my eyes, I generally heard it whizzing near. How are contrary notions to be reconciled with each other? It all depends upon distance from the place of firing. Considering the directions of balls in their progress, relatively to the earth; every projected ball, whose direction is not right up or down, describes a curve, formed by combination of the projectile force, with the earth's attraction. On that part of the curve, in which the ball is getting farther from the earth's centre, that is, until the time of its beginning to drop, its velocity will gradually diminish. Moreover, the ball and the sound do not start fair, if I may so express it, in the race: the ball gets the fore start, and generally going quickest at first, it arrives at a small distance sooner than

than the report; which is not made, till the ball is expelled from the piece, and on its way; but in a little time the sound overtakes the ball, and gets very speedily on before it.

During the coming of a whizzing ball, I have observed a general seriousness of countenance, with silence; in its passing over the vessel a smile; on its falling short, a laugh. To people not employed with something to engage the mind, it is very trying to be exposed to danger; they have time to fashion their fears into a thousand shapes. Some of them keep together, and talk, rather in a low voice, about indifferent matters: on subjects rather insipid, than either serious or laughable.

Others keep alone, and seem indifferent about what may happen; one is ashamed to appear frightened; at the same time, one is willing to get, as it were by accident, to the leeward of a mast or capstan, if the firing be to windward. In such situations, one is apt to have the company of boys belonging to the vessel, if they can contrive any thing to do there: they seem to be in a great bustle about some little business or other; but they are in fact proving to the sympathizing, and consequently the discerning passenger, that self-preservation is the first law of nature.

Others, from sentiment or habit, seem to have had this first sensation almost extinguished in them. Wholly engaged in the business and bustle of the battle, they have not time to think of the danger to which they are exposed; and not suspecting fear in others, they do not discover the symptoms of it, which is so readily detected by the sympathizing, and consequently discerning passenger.

SINGULAR INSTANCES OF THE CUNNING OF FOXES.

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

I HAPPENED lately to pay a visit to a friend of mine in the country, who is the Nimrod of the parish where he resides. Before dinner, as we were amusing ourselves with a walk in one of his inclosures, and viewing his excellent breed of horses, our attention was called off to a numerous flock of crows, and other birds, very clamorous in the air; they seemed to be in eager pursuit of some notorious enemy of the terrestrial kind; and now and then would dart down and attack with great bitterness and fury. As a sight of this kind was quite new to me, I was just asking what creature it could be, who thus provoked against itself the hostile commotion of the fowls of heaven; when my friend sprung away, hallooing to a brace of greyhounds, a pointer, and a couple of terriers, that attended us; and crying to me, while he pointed to the crows, "*Ecce signum.* A fox by Jupiter."

In no period of my life, could I ever boast my swiftness in running; but at this juncture, I was particularly unfortunate with the incumbrance of a pair of boots and breeches, which for their antiquity —I had almost said iniquity—might have claimed kindred to those of the famous knight of La Mancha, otherwise ycleped the redoubted Don Quixote; so that, before I could penetrate a thorn hedge, with the effusion of blood; crawl over a broad miry ditch, with the addition of some gilding to my clothes; and arrive within vision of the chase, at the expence of much respiration;

the sport was terminated by the capture of reynard: who, like myself, was to be sure alive, but horribly soiled, mangled, and out of breath. Then it was his feathered persecutors finished the pursuit, and dispersed to their several habitations, no doubt very well pleased, that their implacable foe had fallen into the hands of one who knew so well how to punish offenders, in two of the elements at least.

On this occasion, the joy that shone in my friend's countenance, was such, as I dare to say, could not be surpassed by that of a British General, were the fortune of war to throw into his power the sly French fox Bonaparte; who seems, however, conscious of better policy, than to quit his den, when not forced to it by the most urgent necessity. Be that as it may, having secured our prisoner, we set homeward; and by the way, fell a discoursing upon the superior cunning of foxes to all other animals known in this country. "In proof of this," said my friend, "I was witness some years ago, to a remarkable long chase with an old fox, when the hounds losing the scent, stopped short of a sudden at a solitary cottage. Every corner, cranny, and piece of furniture was narrowly ransacked, even to the smoky vent, and the kail pot on the fire; but no where could the sly rogue be discovered. By order of the huntsman, the dogs were then led off to a considerable distance, in order to attempt discovering the foot; which having effected, they run it straight back to the hut again, where their noses were finally arrested."

"Now convinced one and all of us, that he must for certain be about the house, and no where else, our astonishment at his concealing himself was only to be equalled by the difficulty of finding him; and there were not wanting some among us, particularly the huntsman, and whipper-in, who declared it as their opinion, that, unless an old woman, the lone inhabitant of the cottage, was set adrift, we should unkennel no fox there that day; believing Goody to be no other than a witch, whom, in the shape of a fox we had thus hunted into her dwelling, where she found it highly necessary to resume the human figure for the security of her person. In short, Sir," continued my friend, "we were perplexed with difficulties, that I know not what might have befallen this poor cottage, had not the huntsman roared aloud, "Ha! now I smoke him. Are "you there niger? Gem'men, mark "the sly son of a bitch upon the "house-top." There he had dug a pit, wherein, it is most probable, he had escaped undiscovered, but for for a small portion of his back, which appearing above, and differing somewhat in colour from the turf on the roof of the house, was the cause of his detection and mortality."

"Nay," proceeded this gentleman, "as a farther instance of the singular instinct in these animals; the minister of the parish last year, was served a trick to the full as cunning, as that I have now mentioned, by a fox, which I suspect to be the very one now in custody. After devouring several of his poultry for two nights successively, the family determined to watch the enemy on the night following.—Agreeably to their wishes, he came back once more; and, though they made quick preparation to secure their prisoner, from the time the geese and hens began a gaggling and cackling, which was known to be a token of his having commenced the act of plundering and bloodshed;

shed; yet, upon entering the henroost with the utmost caution, my gentleman had actually found time to kill three of Mass John's fat ganders; and afterwards, to become himself invisible. The most minute search, with a variety of lights, was to no purpose; so that, imagining reynard had given them the slip, the minister had already opened the door, and was preparing to retire with his attendants, when, taking up the slaughtered geese, out stole from below them, the cunning object of their anxious exploration, and bid goodnight to his enemies in full safety."

A variety of other stories, relating to foxes and the chase, this communicative gentleman entertained me with; and I know his veracity to be unquestionable. But I am afraid by this time, you will think my literary pursuit sufficiently protracted; and that it is full time now, to quit the field with my fox and hounds, in order to make room for others, being no more than justice, that "Every fox should have his shift, and every dog his day."

Holborn, Oct. 8th. J. J. B.

THE PRESENTATIONS
OF THE
Regarders of the New Forest, in the County of Southampton.

THESE were delivered into the court of our lord the king, called the Swainmote; held at Lynhurst, the 27th of June, in the 22d year of King Charles the II.—The perambulation of the aforesaid forest, made by the foresters and and regarders of the aforesaid forest, in the presence of William Powlet, Esq. steward; Robert Dillington, Bart. and Phillip Leigh, Esq. verderers of the said forest, begins at Melton Bridge, along the Avon, to the wooden trough over the Avon, where the ditch begins that divides Parson's Angle, called Hell Corner; then, by the same hedge, to Wellclose Corner; from thence, by the highway to Wellsford, or Meadsford, where a post should be set; from thence, towards the north, to the length of a certain valley, called Wollemore Bottom, to Wollemore Post; from thence, to Wyneat's Bush, growing in the highway of Markway; from thence, going up by the Markway to Brock; so to Churchstell; so to the Horseway, called Holloway; so directly to Horewithy, wherein the room of a post stands that distinguishes the land of Richard Compton, and Egydius Aycro, from the forest; so to Hedgeford, alias Hedgefield; so by the hedge, to the old passage, called Blind Lane, and the length of that lane, to the north side of the church of Bramshire, in the broadway that goes up from thence to Platford, and by that road to a little bridge, called Le Bridge; so in a direct line across inclosed fields, to the ford of Burnford; so by a little brook, to Brook Bridge; so along the said brook, to Birchwood, next adjoining to a wood, called Birchinwood; so along the said brook to Shave Water; so going up by that brook to Wittensford; so to Cadnombridge, going along by the said brook to Markford; so to Horemore; so where the highway turns from the right to Markoak; so to the corner of a hedge in the middle, between the forest and a certain field, called Birkins; so the length of that hedge and ditch, directly to a bound post erected in the middle of the highway; so along the brook called the Bourne, which winds across the said road; so along that brook until you come to the end of a ditch, which is in the middle between the manor of Bistan Bortley, and the liberties of the wardens of

of Winchester; so directly along a certain hedge, from Goomes Corner to Pinhayis Corner; so across a green near Nashurt, to Otter's Lane; so taking Halfpenny Hurst into the forest, along the way to a ford in the valley from the opposite angle, called Bushils corner; so to a bound oak, almost consumed by age; so to Pottersford; so to the west side of Flitchwood; so along the way to a bound post in the place of an old beech, called Dyke Beech; so along the way that extends itself through the woods to a ditch, called Langley Ditch; so along a highway, to a place, called John of Farington's Close, now waste; but, there are yet to be seen where the ancient inclosure was; from thence, by the way winding from the left hand, to a square piece of ground, called riding Forrester's Booth; from thence, directly to Ipsly Corner, in which place is a bound post; from thence, by the way leading across a large lawn, to the summit of Applemore Hill; from thence, by an ancient way almost left off, to the top of Horestone Hill; anciently stray up from thence, directly by the old bank, to the corner of a certain street, called Butash Lane; so along that street beyond Butash Farm, to Carbut's Close; so along the west hedge of that close, to the ash tree growing in the middle, between each extremity of the said hedge; so along the middle, across the aforesaid close, to the corner of the hedge, on the east part of the said close; so along the aforesaid hedge, to the head, where begins the great trench; and along that trench, to Butsbridge; from thence, by following the river by Wallmore, quite to the sea; so along the sea, to Mill Lane; from thence, going up by the rivulet, to Sheepwashford; from thence, to the angle of Friney-hill ground, directly across a little hollow valley, to the great trench that excludes Cadlancoon; from thence, to the old spring, called Marked Well, near the highway leading from Hawley to Southampton; so by the said way, towards Fawley to Codland Pound, quite to the end of a little lane, now shut up, called Forster's Lane; from thence, by the hedge that divides Stablanes from Whitelands, to the lane which leads into the common of Fawley; from thence, along the south-west hedge of that common, to the farthermost corner of that hedge; from thence, along the old bank and trench to the angle, called Priest's-cross Corner; so along the hedge to Newman's Wood; so by the corner of that wood, following the hedge and double ditch to Newland's Corner; so along the same hedge to Horelands; from thence, by a dry ditch that inclosed a certain wood, called Langley Wood, to the west side of a square field inclosed with hedges, and along the hedge of that field to Forester Lane; so quite along that lane, to Ironmill Hill; so to Whitefield Lane; so to Hoe Lane; so directly to the marsh, called Dark Water, from the opposite corner of Leap Meadow; so by the extremity of the aforesaid marsh, quite to the sea; so along the sea shore, to the bound post of Sharpricks; so to the trench, called Deerditch; so from the north part of the aforesaid trench, to the highway lying contiguous to Pilewell house, where a bound post ought to be placed; and from the west side of Pilewell-house, to Shots Lane; from thence, by a certain trench to Pratstile; from thence, by the ditch of Lockland, where a new erected post shews the limits to Posts Lane; so along the west side of that lane, to Clay Pits; so to Gravel Pits; so by the ditch, called Durditch, across the highway that leads from Walhamp-

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ton to Bewley, to Townslane, and along that lane to the south side of a house looking to the village of Bolder; from thence to Fuzzy-hill Lane, to the port of Lymington, alias Balderwater, and across that port to Deer Lane, and along that lane, across the highway leading from Lymington to Bolder Bridge; so by a little lane to Galley Hill; so by the road from Lymington to the ditch of Batramsley, and by the said ditch, to the lane adjoining to the north east corner of a wood, called Tucking-well Coppice; so by a narrow lane near that wood, until you come by the ditch of Batramsley to New-cross Corner, alias Newlands, following the ditch as it turns along across the west part of Scots Common to Hackbridge, alias Breggbrack; and from thence, going up by the rivulet to the double ditch, winding to the north of East-street Close, to the highway leading from Batramsley to Sway, and by the said double ditch to East-street Corner, alias Cole's Corner; and from thence, by the said double ditch, going by the north side of Retreifretmere, alias Fetmore Pond, and near the gate of Northsway, and by the hedge of North Croft, quite to Stamford; and from thence, going up by the brook to the extremity of the village of Stamford; from thence across the little valley, called Bulslade Bottom, to the bound post; and from thence to Bird Pond; from thence, directly to Kettle Gutter; and from that gutter to Foxhole, on the west side of a great ditch, called White Ditch; from thence, going down by the same ditch to the river, and by the same river to Boundway Ford, alias Carpenters Ford; from thence, by Boundway to the oak, called Bound Oak; from thence, to Elcombe Grove, marked by a bound post; from thence, along a bye-way to the highway, leading from the river Avon to Milton; from thence, from the bound post towards the west, to Brown's Croft, alias Firney Croft, and across that croft, along the ditch by the highway; from thence, by the ditch that separates the common of Osmondsley, from the forest anciently called Crouchford Croft; from thence, by the way of Withendon; from thence along the way to Marbrode Deep, alias Bury Pier; from thence, along the hedge of the East Close, to the beginning of Rowditch; from thence, to Blackditch, where a bound post is to be seen; from thence, along the highway to Haythornslade, and by the same to Devil's-den; from thence, by going up to Eversley Croft; and from thence, to the north east end of Lockham's Ditch, and along that ditch to the crossway, which leads from Shirley to Everly Cross; from thence, to Brickendborough, where there is another bound post; from thence, to the bound post of Lugdenborough, alias Foxberry; from thence, directly to Alisborough, alias Brownleaseborough; from thence, directly across the road leading from Burley Beacons, across the Greenmoss, to Knavesborough; from thence, going down to the hedge, between the lands of Richard Compton, and the land of the warden of the forest for the time being; so to the Greenshade of Burcombe, alias Bircombe; from thence, to Limeford Water; from thence, to the hedge of Highwood Bars, alias Oviat's Bars, where is a bound post; from thence, to Wichenstake, near the head of the marsh, called Little Whitemore; which is another bound; from thence, going down a little valley, called Rodon's Bottom, to Illbridge, upon the water, called Dockenswater; from thence, to Markinburrow, upon Gorles Down, alias Goreley Hill; so across Goreley, to a place called the Pits; from thence,

to

to Charlesford, alias Collinsford; from thence, to Abbot's Well; so along a little bottom, called Gowsley's Bottom, to Blessford, alias Bisford; so going up to a garden plot, anciently belonging to Robert Ernes, now Bulkley; so through the said plot and garden adjoining to the highway; now disused, which used to go from Pritham to Ferdingbridge; from thence, to Le But; from thence to Giles Well; from thence, to the water that falls into the river Avon; from thence, going up the said river to the bridge of Melton, alias Milton, where the perambulation of the forest began.

ACCOUNT

OF THE

Manners of the Inhabitants of Greenland, the Animals, &c.

[From the German.]

UNFRUITFUL, as this land is, it affords nourishment to some, though but very few kinds of beasts, which supply the natives with food and raiment. Hares and rein-deer they have in plenty, but more of the former than the latter. Hares are white both in summer and winter, are pretty large, live on grass and white moss, but are little regarded by the natives.

Their rein-deer are of that northern kind, which are met with in Spitzberg, Siberia, Norway, Lapland, and the northern parts of America. They are here wild, and not easily caught. The largest are about the size of a two-year old heifer; their colour brown or grey, with white bellies: their skin very thick of hair, and above an inch long. Their antlers differ only from those of the common buck, in being smooth, grey, and broad as one's hand at top. Their flesh is tender and well tasted. They are very cleanly and contented creatures, live in summer on the tender grass they find in the vallies; and in winter, on the white moss, which they dig for, under the snow between the rocks. A Greenlander once caught a young one, bred it up, and it grew as tame as a cow, but, having done some mischief, he was obliged to kill it.

Here are also foxes, but somewhat different from those of southern countries. Some are white, but in general, they are blue or grey; they bark like a dog, and resemble one about the head and feet; live on birds and their eggs, upon berries, muscles, crabs, and what the sea casts out. The natives catch them in traps, and if in want of food, would rather eat them than hares. Blue fox-skins are eagerly bought up by the factors.

White bears, so often heard of, are frequently met with in all parts of Greenland; they have a long narrow head, like a dog, and are said to bark like one. Their hair is long and as soft as wool. Their bodies are often three or four yards in length; their flesh is white and fat, tastes like mutton, and the natives are very fond of it. They prowl upon the flakes of ice after seals and dead whales, and will attack the sea-lion, though this creature frequently masters them. They will swim from one piece of ice to another, and when attacked, will defend themselves even against a boat full of men. When on land, their food is birds and their eggs, and if impelled by hunger, they will devour the human species, digging dead bodies out of their graves. In winter, they immure themselves in holes between the rocks, or bury themselves in the snow, till the sun invites them abroad again; when, allured by the scent of seals' flesh, they will

hunt

hunt out a Greenland house, break into it, and plunder it. The natives in their turn raise a hue and cry after the robbers, surround them with their dogs, and kill them with lances and harpoons; though they often lose their own lives in the assault.

Here are no tame beasts, except dogs of a middle size, which resemble more a wolf than a dog, not barking, but howling and growling. They are too stupid an animal to be of much use in hunting, but are harnessed as horses to a sledge, from four to ten at a time, in which the natives visit each other, or draw home the seals over the ice. Their skins are used as coverings to beds, and as ornamental borders to their garments.

Of land-birds, there is no great variety, because there is little food for them. The principal is the northern partridge, such as frequents cold countries and the Alps. In Switzerland they are called snow hens. They cast their feathers twice a year. The colour of the cocks are grey in summer, and white in winter, the colour of the snow, a wise precaution of providence to preserve them from birds of prey which hunt after them, and but for this circumstance, would readily find them. It is a good bird to eat, and easily caught. Their claws have, within, a thick ball covered with small feathers, to enable them to endure the cold, and as their toes are not divided the whole way up, they are capable of swimming. Here are also snipes, and some small singing birds; and, of birds of prey, the great dark-brown eagle, grey and spotted falcons, white owls and ravens.

As to insects and vermin: the natives are troubled with large gnats, besides small ones, in such quantities, that in hazy summer weather, it is difficult to screen themselves from them. They have all sorts of earth-worms and maggots, but nothing venomous, except spiders. No serpents, toads, frogs, rats, mice, fleas, or such like animals. These cannot live in this cold country.

Destitute, however, as the land is of living creatures, the riches of the sea make it up as well in variety as multitude. The many kinds of sea-fowls are too numerous to mention here, but the eider-fowl, or black duck, is worthy particular notice, its down being a profitable article of commerce. Its flesh is eaten by the Greenlanders, and of its skin they make their finest and their warmest under-garments: this fowl is, however, most celebrated for its valuable down, which is found in great quantities, when stripped of its coarse feathers. As the down when pulled from the dead bird is apt to heat by lying, and will not swell and distend itself rightly, they contrive to procure it from the fowl whilst living: for this purpose, they visit the nests which the tender mother lines with this soft substance, either dropped or plucked from her body, to prepare a warm bed for her callow brood. Of this down we have warm light coverlids in England.

Of the most profitable fishes, the north is the proper rendezvous and residence; where, under the ice, they find shelter from the whales that prey on them; whales being frequently obliged to rise above water, to draw breath, cannot follow their prey far under the ice. Here then they retreat, breed, and fatten.

The European mode of whale-fishing is well known, but that of the Greenlanders is somewhat different. The women assist in this business, their employ being to row the boats and mend the seamens' jackets. When they see a fish they

row boldly up to it, and strike it with several harpoons, to which are hung large bladders, made of seals-skin, which so incumber and impede the motion of the animal, that he cannot dive deep. When tired out, they dispatch him with their lances. The men then creep into their sea or spring-jackets, which are made of seals-skin with air bladders, and cover their feet, hands, and head, all in one piece, being fastened tight about the head. In these, they leap, fearless, upon the fish and into the sea, the air in their jackets keeping them erect in the water. They next proceed, as do the Europeans, to cut out the fat and whale-bone. And here the multitude are very disorderly, all running promiscuously in a heap, men, women, and children, one over another, with sharp-pointed knives; for every one, though a spectator only, may share in dividing the spoil; and it is wonderful, how careful they are in all this scramble, not to wound one another.

The seal, also, is a native of the north seas, is an amphibious animal, with four feet, and called, in many places, the sea-calf, or sea-wolf; it has a rough hairy hide, and is used by us to cover travelling trunks; its head pretty much resembles that of a dog, with the ears cropt, having a small aperture for the ear, but no flaps: its body in the middle is bulky, but runs out pointed towards each end, for the convenience of making better way through the water. It has two short feet before standing downwards perpendicularly, and two others behind in a horizontal direction, with webbed toes, like those of a goose. The water is its natural element, as it lives upon fish; but having long nails in its fore-feet, it can climb the rocks, and is often upon land. Its cry is like a wild swine, and the young ones mew like a cat. It has sharp teeth, and large fiery eyes, with eye-brows.

Seals are often found on the ice and land, basking or sleeping in the sun, and though they have a lame gait or walk, can pad along so fast and by means of their hind feet, spring forward so quick, that a man cannot easily come up with them. They are taken for their fat and skins. Their fat, which is near four inches thick, is converted into train oil, and their flesh is red, tender, and juicy, resembling, in taste, the flesh of a wild hog.

There are five or six species of seals, some two yards and some three yards in length. I have seen one, says Crantz, called a sea-cow, of the seal-species, six yards in length, and near as much in circumference over the breast. This creature weighed about 400lb. and as its eyes, on pressing the skin, sprung out a finger's length, it is supposed the animal could throw them out and draw them in for shelter, at pleasure.

Seals, in general, yield a great deal of blubber, and the train that drops from it is not more rancid than stale oil of olives; and with their skins the greenlanders frequently make their waistcoats. They cannot easily be caught by a single person, unless when they are big with young, and of course helpless; but as they are animals of passage, retiring from Greenland in March, to cast their young, and returning in June, young and all, like a flock of sheep, the seal-hunters endeavour, on their return, to surround them on the ice, where they often lie sleeping in whole herds. They first frighten them by shouting, which occasions them to stretch out their necks and yell, at which time the catchers take the opportunity to stun them, by giving them a desperate blow on their noses; after which they kill and flay them.

(To be continued.)

THEATRICALS.

THEATRICALS.

THE WIFE OF TWO HUSBANDS.

Drury Lane, November 1.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Count Belfior	Mr. H. Johnston.
Maurice	Mr. Wroughton.
Theodore	Miss De Camp.
Monteniro	Mr. Kelly.
Armagh	Mr. Johnstone.
Carronade	Mr. Bannister.
Fritz	Mr. Caulfield.
Walter	Mr. Cooke.
The Countess Belfior	Mrs. Powell.
Eugenia	Mrs. Mountain.
Ninetta	Mrs. Bland.
Rosaline	Miss Tyrer.

THE daughter of Baron Werner, a young lady of fifteen, had been entrapped into a marriage with Isidore Fritz, a young officer of profligate habits and desperate fortune. Though she possessed every accomplishment, Fritz looked only to her fortune. But being disappointed in his interested expectations, he soon began to treat her with the most brutal cruelty. Her father, the Baron, incensed at her imprudence, and at the disgrace which such a marriage brought upon his family, resolved never more to admit his daughter to his presence. In order to avoid her, he quitted Vienna, where he usually resided, and for a length of time no tidings could be procured of him.

Miss Werner, afterwards Countess Belfior, disgusted with her husband's brutality, and preyed upon by the remorse she felt for her disobedience to her father, resolved upon quitting Fritz, and, with her infant son, wanders about in search of her father. She at length discovers him, pining in penury and sickness, and afflicted with blindness. She exerts every means that industry can supply to alleviate his distress, and is assiduous in her attentions to him; never daring, however, to let him hear her voice, lest it should lead to the discovery of her.

About this time, Count Belfior, a Sicilian nobleman, arrives at Vienna, and, attracted by the engaging person and manners of Miss Werner, makes her an offer of his hand. Not long after, she receives information of the death of Isidore Fritz; and the information being confirmed by documents apparently authentic, she accepts the offer of the Count's hand, and accompanies him to his estates in Sicily, taking with her the Baron Werner, her father, to whom she presents a farm in the name of the Countess Belfior. The Count soon afterwards is called to his post in the armies; and upon the day of his expected return, the drama commences.

The Countess soon receives a letter from Vienna, informing her that Fritz, her former husband, is still living. The villain, it would appear, had caused certificates of his death to be forged, and sent to his wife, in order to induce her to enter into a second marriage with the Count, that he might afterwards put in a claim to his wife's property.

Soon after the Count's return, Fritz found his way to Sicily, and gained means to have an interview with the Countess. He proposes to her to assist his views in getting possession of the property; but she indignantly rejects the proposal: upon which he daringly claims of the Count the possession of the estates belonging to his wife. Here, however, Fritz, while holding out

these threats, is recognised as a deserter from the Austrian army, and secured and imprisoned as such.

The Count, listening only to the generosity of his nature, is still anxious to spare the life of the ruffian, and for that purpose resolves to send him to a foreign country. In order to provide him with the means of preparing for the voyage, the Count appoints an interview at night with Fritz. Fritz meets the Count accordingly; but resolves on the destruction of his benefactor. With that view, he places an accomplice behind a tree, instructing him to stab the second man that passes. Fritz, followed by the Count, advances towards the tree; but Carronade, an English sailor, in the service of Count Belfior, steps forward, and leaves Fritz the second to pass, by which timely interposition, the assassin fell the victim of his own contrivance, under the dagger of his accomplice.

Baron Werner, who had hitherto proved deaf to his daughter's intreaties for forgiveness, now consents to pardon her, being assured of the sincerity of her repentance.

This interesting drama is professedly a translation of one bearing a similar title in French, and which has had a considerable run, still continuing to be performed at Paris. The version, we understand, is by Mr. Cobb. The principal plot, and the more striking incidents, are almost exact copies of the original. In the under plot, and less material parts, there are many and wide alterations, adopted, no doubt, for the purpose of introducing characters and circumstances, whose situations and sentiments reflect the complexion, and correspond with the temper of the times. Their introduction, therefore, could not be unseasonable; and the impression they were intended to produce, was repeatedly acknowledged by the accordant plaudits with which they were distinguished.

As to the merits of the piece itself, austere criticism may perhaps discover in it many improbabilities, and something of an immoral tendency. That a young lady of fifteen, deaf to the advice, and regardless of the authority of a father, and listening only to the wild suggestions of a blind and romantic passion, should rush into the arms of a man in every respect unworthy of her choice, is a slip that cannot well be allowed to pass by uncensured. Yet the unabated ardour of filial affection, and the unwearied practice of an ardent and exemplary repentance, so forcibly display themselves in every subsequent act of her life, that a due regard to the frailty of human nature must prompt and admonish the forgiveness of her youthful and thoughtless indiscretion. Still, when duty is transgressed and virtue wounded, there might always be left behind a scar that will continue to disfigure the loveliest features, and the most exemplary deportment. In the present case, the detestation of the fault is lost in the admiration of the virtues that succeed and atone for it.

The play is thus cast in the mould of the German school. Its more serious parts are, however, highly interesting, and lay a very powerful hold upon the passions. Mrs. Powell's acting afforded a most perfect picture of the filial affection, the ardent contrition, of the Countess; and Mr. H. Johnston, in the Count, had all the ease, dignity, candour, and generosity, which so prominently mark that character.

Wroughton, in Maurice, displayed, with his usual accuracy and pathos, the unrelenting sternness of

of the irritated father, and the returning influence of parental fondness, when the cause of his resentment was removed. Miss De Camp, in Theodore, was more interesting, if possible, than in the part of Julio. Bannister in the English sailor, and Johnstone in the Irish serjeant, expressed sentiments perfectly characteristic of both professions, and both countries.

Almost the whole of the music was composed by Mr. Mazzinghi, and does honour to his style and taste. Many of the songs were encored, particularly those sung by Miss De Camp and Mrs. Bland. Kelly, Johnstone, and Mrs. Mountain, also received the most flattering applause.

On the second representation, this opera received a very judicious compression. The dance at the end of the second act, and the trio in the third, by Johnstone, Tyrer, and Bland, with the waltz, by Miss De Camp, were all very properly omitted. The dialogue is also curtailed in many parts, and the *denouement*, which is ingeniously contrived, prevents the something of languor which hung over the first representation. As the piece now stands, it bids fair to become a favourite with the public. Better acting than that where the Countess discovers Theodore to be her son, we have rarely witnessed. The music is of such a description, that it will be more liked as it becomes more familiar. The performers lend the piece every possible support. Kelly has but one song; that, however, is ably executed. The dance at the end of the first act is still too long; but the dancing of little Byrne is highly gratifying. The scenery and dresses do credit to the liberality of the management.

A specimen of the songs will be found in the poetical department.

RAISING THE WIND.

Covent Garden, Nov. 5.

THIS new after-piece is said to be a first-dramatic essay from the pen of a Mr. Kenny. The following are the

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Diddler	Mr. Lewis.
Plainly	Mr. Blanchard.
Fainwou'd	Mr. Simmons.
Sam, a Yorkshireman	Mr. Emery.
Miss Durable, an Old Maid	Mrs. Davenport.
Peggy, Plainly's Daughter	Mrs. Beverly.

The following is a brief sketch of the plot—

Diddler, by extravagance, has reduced himself to the want of money and clothes, and is at an inn in a country town, when the piece commences. When he has outlived his credit, Fainwou'd, a simple Cockney, arrives, from whom he spunges a breakfast, and the loan of 3s. 4d. to pay for pretended letters. Fainwou'd is come, in consequence of some family arrangements, to marry the daughter of Plainly, whom he has never seen. Diddler, having heard that a rich old fellow has lately come to live in the town, determines to make love to his daughter, but not knowing the name of the family, directs a letter "To the Beautiful Maid at the foot of the hill." He proceeds to deliver his letter; but being short-sighted, he points out Miss Durable, an amorous old maid, at a window, to Sam, a country waiter, as the person to whom the letter is to be given. Finding it favourably received, he steals into the house as Sam comes out, in order to gain an interview. He is immediately followed by Fainwou'd, and overhears, while concealed in a closet, from Fainwou'd's

wou'd's conversation with a servant, that he is in the house of Plainly, to whose daughter he has paid his addresses at Bath, under the name of Mortimer, but whose residence he did not know. Fearing his letter would detect his infidelity, and induce her to marry his rival, he comes forward to Fainwou'd, and persuades him that Plainly had determined to give his daughter to another. Fainwou'd quits the house in a rage, having first dropt the letter that was to introduce him to the family, to whom he is yet a stranger. Diddler picks it up, and, by introducing himself in his stead, he contrives to renew his suit to Peggy Plainly. Some ludicrous equivoque ensues with Miss Durable, who, having seen him from the window, and received his letter, fancies he comes to make love to her. The close of the piece brings him intelligence that an uncle, who had been offended at his dissipation, had died, and left him L.10,000. Upon which the old maid is forsaken, and he is united to Peggy.

There is in this piece, considering it as the production of a novice, no small share of pleasantry, as well as a portion of dexterity in the dramatic management of some of the situations. There is not in it, however, much of invention or of character. The purblind mistake of Diddler, in sending his letter to the old maid, is literally taken from a French piece, "*La Petite Ville*," by Picard; and the incident is not improved in the translation. The character of Diddler is obviously taken from that of Spunge, in Reynolds's comedy of Cheap Living. Fainwou'd is a Cockney, who endeavours to attract that notice in the country, which in town he could not procure: but the character is feebly drawn. Simmons gave something of comic colour to that which the author had left a vapid sketch.

This pleasant piece possesses more claims to the name of English farce than any one under that title brought forward for the last ten years. It abounds in whim, humour, repartee, and lively and natural incident, for which the author is not indebted to any foreign dramatist, but to his own talents and observations of real life. We overlook some trifling defects which the critic of regular comedy would be justified in treating with severity.

It is upon Diddler, a young man absolutely reduced to the want of money and clothes, the chief interest of the piece depends. He exchanges, for the dinners given to him by his acquaintance, bon mots and songs; he borrows money from almost every one he meets, an obligation by which he is so deeply affected, that he declares he can never repay it; and, in order to shew that his applications arise from some very sudden and unexpected call, he always limits his demand to an odd sum. In short, all his wit is employed in keeping worldly want, "that hungry meagre fiend," from overcoming him, and he is uniformly successful, by his own invention, or by some lucky accident. After a variety of ludicrous adventures, which it would be not a little difficult to narrate in a clear order, he is at length relieved from his distresses and embarrassments, by the death of a rich uncle. The character is performed by Mr. Lewis, with a vivacity and humour that convulse the audience with laughter. This excellent comedian was perhaps never more successful than in the part of Diddler; and the farce, supported by his versatility, promises to prove highly attractive, not only for the present, but for many seasons. Emery's Sam is, like

like all his Yorkshiremen, a finished performance; and Simmons, Blanchard, Mrs. Davenport, and Mrs. Beverley, gave to their respective characters every possible degree of interest. The boxes were graced with much fashion and beauty, and the house overflowed in every part.

THREE PER CENTS.

Covent Garden, November. 12.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Sandy Mactac.....Mr. Cooke.
Jerry Mactac.....Mr. Fawcett.
Sir Peter Proffer....Mr. Munden.
Colonel Doriland....Mr. C. Kemble.
Grapsley.....Mr. Waddy.
Major Seymour.....Mr. Murray.
Pallet.....Mr. Simmons.
Witling.....Mr. Farley.
Mrs. Splendour.....Miss Marriott.
Rosalie.....Mrs. H. Siddons.
Lady Delamere.....Mrs. Gibbs.

Scene, London.

BEFORE the commencement of the play, the aunt of Doriland dies; leaving a will behind her, in which there is the following singular clause:

"So convinced am I of the blessings of matrimony, and its moral advantages, to young people in particular, that I give and bequeath all my three per cent consols to my nephew Edward Doriland, provided he marries within one twelvemonth from the day of my decease; but if in that period he neglect to take a wife, I then give my said three per cents to my other nephew, John Witling."

Witling, anxious to prevent Doriland's marriage, and thereby secure the property, enters into a confederacy with Sir Peter Proffer, the guardian of Rosalie, a Swiss emigrant, who is betrothed to Doriland, and is to marry him on his arrival from Paris; Doriland is detained there by illness, and Rosalie imposed on and menaced by her guardian, is at length persuaded to write Doriland on his arrival, that in consequence of his neglect and falsehood, she has yielded to Sir Peter's intreaties, and married Witling.

In the mean time the year is expiring, only three days remain: and Lady Delamere, the sister and benefactress of Doriland, being reduced to ruin by the love of gaming, he has no other mode of saving her than by marrying directly—the wife he selects is Mrs. Splendour; and Rosalie and Doriland are apparently for ever separated, when extricated from their difficulties, by the arrival of the Scotch blacksmith from Gretna Green, who proves that Witling is not the husband of Rosalie, and that Mrs. Splendour is the wife of Sir Peter Proffer—thus dissolving one marriage, and establishing another, and in the end securing to Doriland the three per cents, by bringing about an union between him and Rosalie.

This comedy is the production of Mr. Reynolds, a gentleman who has long entertained the public by his dramatic exertions. Certainly this is not one of his most happy efforts, as the characters possess little novelty; in fact, none of them are new, if we except Mactac, the celebrated Gretna Green blacksmith and clergyman. This part was admirably played by Cooke. And, indeed, the respective performers, did their duty.

There are some exalted sentiments expressed, which do equal honour to the head and the heart of the author, particularly on duelling. There seemed, however, to be in the house, a very strong party against the piece. It was, notwithstanding, patiently heard until nearly the end of the third act, when murmurs

murs began to arise. In the fourth act the disapprobation increased, and exhibited itself with accumulated force in the fifth.

The drama, after all that may be said, is endowed with considerable whim and eccentricity, combines much charming and interesting moral; it possesses claims to originality, and many of the characters are strongly drawn. An honest, liberal, and unprejudiced Scotchman, is a novelty on the stage, although real life boasts many such: the author has devoted much attention to the delineation, and we hope its reception will recompence his ingenuity and pains. There is perhaps less of situation and stage effect in this, than in some others of Mr. Reynolds's comedies; but it has merit: and when unincumbered of some little redundancies, it may probably become a favourite.

The epilogue was spoken by all the characters, but at first it could not be heard, until Mr. Fawcett came forward and stated, that the characters were about to speak it. Silence prevailed for a moment, but the curtain fell amidst an immense clamour and uproar. Mr. Fawcett came forward and announced the piece for repetition on Monday evening, but the tumult was so great, that he could not be heard.

The author has since thought proper, to withdraw the piece altogether.

SCAPIN IN MASQUERADE.

Drury Lane, Nov. 12.

THE above piece of three acts was unfortunately produced here, and exhibited the pale features of a jealous old guardian, his ward in love with another person, the lover, and an intriguing servant. Scapin, the last character, gets into the house, first by personating a Duenna, and, in the second instance, by appearing as the wife of the guardian. What third foolery might have been introduced we know not, as the piece was hissed off the stage in the middle of the second act. The manners and humour of the piece are trite and obsolete. We make no comparison between this and the comedy at the other theatre; but believe, that the circumstance of two pieces being condemned on the same evening, is without a precedent in the records of the drama.

DEATH OF MR. CHARLES, COMMONLY CALLED COUNT BIBB.

THIS gentleman, who made his exit on Sunday November 6, was the son of Mr. Bibb, formerly an eminent sword-cutler in Newport-street, who has been dead many years. Mr. Charles Bibb was brought up to the business of an engraver, and might have risen to distinction in that line, if he had been capable of persevering application. But he had a strong sense of humour, and was too fond of company to be fit for any employment that required diligence and attention. He was much addicted to play, but was always unsuccessful. He was a very good-tempered man, and had a lively satirical humour, which, with a fund of anecdotes, particularly of the theatrical kind, rendered him a very diverting companion. Having no resources but in the kindness of his friends, his subsistence, for near the last thirty years, has been very precarious, but he

he was so well known, that it was hardly possibly for him to sally forth in any part of the metropolis, without meeting with some acquaintance, ready to become his banker for the expences of the passing day, and he did not trouble himself with much care about to-morrow. It is supposed that the author of the farce, Raising the Wind, which was brought forward at Covent Garden Theatre, had this eccentric character in view, when he drew the hero of the piece; and it may be considered as a good dramatic sketch of the whimsical original. He was jocosely proud of the title of Count Bibb, which he used to say, did not descend to him from a dull line of ancestors, but was earned by his own merit, and conferred by the voice of the Public.

PULLING NOSES.

Court of King's Bench, Nov. 8.

CRIMINAL INFORMATION.

THE KING *v.* PHILIPS, ESQ.

MR. CLIFFORD, on the part of the defendant, a gentleman of fortune, and candidate for the county of Caermarthen at the last election, shewed cause against a rule obtained by Mr. Erskine against the defendant in the last term, for a criminal information, in consequence of his having sent a letter to Rees Thomas, Esq. of Tavistock Place, with the intention of provoking him to fight a duel. The quarrel originated out of the proceedings at the Caermarthen election. The defendant had commissioned Mr. Thomas, to raise him a loan of L.1000; and there were some money accounts unsettled between the parties. The defendant wrote the letter on which the rule was granted, and which contained the following expressions: "I have *another* account to settle with you, which you may as well prepare to meet at once, as it will be in vain to temporize: you have behaved like a *blackguard*, and I shall meet you at any time you please, and punctually attend any appointment you shall make." This letter had been considered as a challenge. The defendant now swore positively that he did not mean it as a challenge, but as a sort of reply to a very provoking letter which Mr. Thomas had written to a Mr. Jones, who had been the confidential friend and agent of Mr. Philips at the election. In this letter, which Mr. Jones sent back again to Mr. Thomas, that gentleman, who now applied for a criminal information, had himself challenged Mr. Jones, and made use of expressions towards the defendant, which he conceived, were for the purpose of provoking him to fight. The substance of that letter was, "that if Mr. Jones did not disavow certain expressions he had made use of, he must atone to his injured feelings by personal satisfaction: that he had already pulled the nose of one gentleman, and that the account between him and Mr. Philips was still unsettled." This letter, addressed to a confidential agent of his, the defendant now swore, that he considered as intended for a provocation to him to fight, which required some answer. The learned counsel contended, that at all events, a man who had written such a letter, which was certainly a challenge to Mr. Jones, if not to Mr. Philips, had no right to claim the special interference of the court in his behalf, but should be left to the common remedy of an indictment. In support of this opinion, he cited a

case which was determined last term, where a Mr. Coffin, a clergyman and magistrate in Cornwall, was refused leave to file a criminal information against a person who had hung him up in effigy, it appearing that he, Mr. Coffin, had been previously guilty of similar practices.

Mr. Erskine in support of the rule, first pointed out the distinction between the case cited and the present: In Coffin's case, the question was merely about his wounded feelings: but in the present case, the question was, whether the court would support with vigour and firmness the determination which they had often expressed of putting down, as much as in them lay, a practice which often produced the greatest misery and calamity in private life, and the most violent outrages in civil society? The question was, whether, when a case of a direct and positive challenge to fight a duel was laid before the court, there could be any *set off* of implied provocation in a letter to a third person? He had never before heard of challenging a man by deputy or by attorney; challenges are usually sent to the principal. He then commented with great severity on the defendant's affidavit, which positively stated that *that* was not meant as a challenge, which every person that heard it read, could understand it in no other light. He then treated in a ludicrous manner, the letter of Thomas to Jones, which was held forward as a *set off*. The challenge to Mr. Jones was nothing to the present question. The mentioning that he had an account unsettled with the defendant, was nothing; and as to the *pulling noses*, he could not conceive that out of the ten million of *noses* in this country, a man saying that he had pulled a *nose* was a provocation to any other person. Supposing he—Mr. Erskine—had said, that in the course of his natural life he had pulled a *gentleman's nose*, neither of his learned friends, Mr. Garrow, nor Mr. Dallas, who sat near him, would consider *that* as any provocation to them to fight. After having dwelt for some time rather playfully on this idea, he concluded by stating gravely and seriously, that a positive and direct challenge to fight, such as was contained in the defendant's letter, could by no means be excused by the language of the prosecutor's letter to Mr. Jones.

Mr. Garrow and Mr. Hovell, were heard on the same side, and enforced the arguments and observations of Mr. Erskine.

Lord Ellenborough, interrupting Mr. Hovell, told him there was no necessity for his troubling himself. "Really," said his lordship, "this practice of sending challenges, has introduced so much misery and calamity into private life, and so much disorder into civil society, that I should feel myself in a great measure accessary to those miseries, if I did not do what in my public situation is expected from me, to prevent them; and in a case where there is an unequivocal challenge—for notwithstanding what is contained in Mr. Philips's affidavit, the terms of his letter to the prosecutor, clearly import a challenge—I cannot think the law ought to stop in its course, merely because Mr. Thomas has, in a letter to Mr. Jones, written that which *quoad* Jones is a challenge. If at any time the court shall be applied to on the subject of that letter, it will exercise its province, and determine in the way its contents deserve; but the only question at present is, whether the letter written by Thomas to Jones, is one which can be considered as a direct provocation, operating

operating on the mind of Philips to send a challenge to the prosecutor. As to Jones, the letter of Thomas certainly says, he must make a personal apology; it intimates that the writer had pulled the nose of one gentleman, and implies that he would also pull the nose of Mr. Jones. With regard to Phillips, the letter adds, that his business was in an unsettled state; surely, then, upon a supposed insult so conveyed, Mr. Philips, even conducting himself strictly by the rules of honour, might have waited till it had been turned into a more direct challenge; but, mixed as the dispute was with accounts of a pecuniary nature, I am not able to say that the words used by Mr. Thomas can be construed into a defiance. His Lordship having referred to a case which had been cited by Mr. Clifford, observed, that it was not relevant to the immediate question; and, upon the whole, he did not think that the provocation given to Philips alleviated his offence, or rendered the interposition of the Court less necessary. For these reasons, his Lordship was of opinion the rule should be made absolute.

The other judges (Sir Simon Le Blanc *absente*) concurred in the sentiments delivered by the Lord Chief Justice, and the rule for criminal information was accordingly made absolute.

A SPORTING AMERICAN PARSON.

From Dr. Underhill's Travels, lately published.

WHEN we arrived at the church, we found a brilliant collection of well dressed people, anxiously awaiting the arrival of the parson, who it seems had a small branch of the river M—— to pass, and we afterwards learned was detained by the absence of his negro boy, who was to ferry him over. Soon after our impatience was relieved by the arrival of the parson in his canonicals—a young man, not of the most mortified countenance, who, with a switch called a supple-jack, in his hand, belaboured the back and head of the faulty slave, all the way, from the water to the church door, accompanying every stroke with suitable language.

He entered the church, and we followed. He ascended the reading desk, and, with his face glowing with the exercise of his supple-jack, began the service with—"I said I will take heed unto my ways, that I sin not with my tongue. I will keep my tongue, as it were with a bridle, when I am before the wicked. When I mused, the fire burned within me; and I spake with my tongue," &c. &c. He preached an animated discourse, of eleven minutes, upon the practical duties of religion, from these words—"Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy;" and read the fourth commandment in the communion. The whole congregation prayed fervently that their hearts might be inclined to keep this holy law.

The blessing was pronounced; and parson and people hastened to the horse-race. I found the parson as much respected on the turf as upon the hassock. He was one of the judges of the race; descanted, in the language of the turf, upon the points of the two rival horses; and the sleeves of his cassock was heavily laden with the principal bets. The confidence of his parishioners was not ill founded; for they assured me, upon oath and honour, that he was a gentleman of as much uprightness, as his Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury. Aye, they would sport him, for a sermon, or a song, against any parson in the Union.

REMARKS
ON
THE SPORTING DICTIONARY.

MR. EDITOR,

THAT the author of this work should prefer the chase of the stag, with the royal hounds, to fox-hunting, is not surprising, the former being so appropriate, for more reasons than one, to that gentleman's professional views. The stag hunters ought to be highly obliged to him for the encomiums upon that diversion, which he has so accurately and pathetically recited, and which are perhaps all that can be advanced in its favour. His rapturous detail of going off from the cart; yeoman prickers keeping the deer in view, to stop the hounds, that the horsemen, who are described as wild ducks crossing from one part of the country to another, may get up; the horns piping merrily at every stoppage, to the clamour of the impatient pack; constitute, he says, so rich and extatic a scene, that tears of excessive joy and grateful sensibility are often observed to moisten almost every eye. Now, Sir, fox hunters, although possessing as much enthusiasm as the worthy Doctor, or his hunting associates, are seldom melted into tears. Only one instance do I recollect of such an event, and that arose from a gentleman's vexation at the tiring of his horse, as the fox was dying, after the longest and best run the Hertfordshire hounds ever had. Indeed they have no opportunity for halting at command, and, with tears of grateful sensibility flowing from their eyes, calculating where the next stop is to be made. The racing and tailing of the horses in fox hunting, is not the unvarying consequence of a burning scent; that requires no more trouble for a hound to hunt, than a drag of an old glove well rubbed with oil of anniseed, but depends on the stoutness of the fox and the steadiness of the hounds, neither of whom choose to be restrained, even for the accommodation of royalty itself; and a fox hunter, though ever so *scientific an inquisitant*—a phrase of the Doctor's—cannot readily obtain a pause to recruit the wind of his own or his neighbour's steed, whenever they may require it. The drawing for a fox likewise ill suits the vehement ardour of this *professional practitioner*, who, that not one of the precious moments of his *life estate of time* may be squandered, must have his game in hand before starting. Notwithstanding these doughty objections, I still must subscribe to Mr. Daniel's opinion, that was his Majesty—long life, health, and every blessing attend him!—to see fox hunting as it should be, the *covered convenience*, *yeoman prickers*, &c. &c. would no more be called into action. The above gentleman, whose sentiments upon the parade of stag-hunting has so offended the Doctor, happened not to be in *orders*, when he had his fox hounds. I had the pleasure of living in his neighbourhood, and hunting with them. They were equal, if not superior, to packs upon far more extensive establishments; and such was the abundance of game, that a blank day never occurred. I here take my leave of the Doctor, exhorting him to state facts, when he affects to be minute in his assertions, unless he has pledged himself to the *cabinet* of his *northern* friends, to believe all they assert, unable, from his own experience in Sporting, to decide whether they are indulging their own passion for the marvellous, or *hoaxing* him.

The Ghost of Glider.

BY A HOMER

Pole-cat in the Hen-roost.

Published by C. Wright, Warwick Square.

MAHOMET AGA,

Principal Officer of ELFI BEY—His Equestrian Powers.

AT an entertainment given by the Prince of Wales, on Wednesday the 9th instant, to Elfi Bey, and a number of other distinguished visitors, the conversation turned upon the very excellent equestrian powers of the Mamelukes and the Turks. The Prince, in his usual stile of affability, said, "I have got now, in my stud, an Egyptian horse that is so wild and ungovernable that he will dismount the best horseman in the whole Bey's retinue." The Bey replied in Italian to the Prince—"I shall gratify your Royal Highness's curiosity to-morrow." An appointment consequently took place on Friday, at two o'clock, in the Prince of Wales's Riding House, Pall Mall; when the Bey, in company with Colonel Moore, his interpreter, and Mahomet Aga, his principal officer, a young man of apparent great agility, entered the riding-house, where the Prince and his Royal Brothers waited, attended by several noblemen, to witness the management of the horse, which never before could be ridden by any body. One of the Mameluke's saddles being fixed by the grooms, the animal was led out of the stable into the riding-house, in so rampant and unmanageable a state, that the gentlemen present concluded no one would ever attempt to mount him. We never witnessed a greater model of beauty. He is spotted like a leopard, and his eyes were so fiery and enraged as to indicate the greatest danger to any one who dared to mount him. Being led round the boundary, Mahomet Aga made a spring, seized him by the reins, and in an instant vaulted on the back of the animal, which, finding itself incumbered by a burden that it never before felt, and goaded by the tightness of the Egyptian saddle, gave loose to his passion, and, in the height of ferocity, plunged, but in vain, in every direction. The Mameluke kept his seat, during this proud distraction of the horse, above twenty minutes, to the astonishment of the Prince and every beholder; and the apparently ungovernable animal was at last reduced to so tame and accommodating a state, as to yield to the controul of the rider who had thus subdued him. The Prince expressed himself highly gratified, and greatly complimented the officer for his equestrian skill.

THE POLE-CAT IN THE HEN ROOST.

(An Etching to face this Page)

THE POLE-CAT is a species of vermin, partaking in some degree of the figure and propensities of the Martin, and the Ferret, or rather between both; it is smaller than the one, and considerably larger than the other; is an inhabitant of bushy coverts, in the neighbourhood of lonely farm houses, to the poultry, eggs, and dove-houses of which, they are constant and destructive enemies. The present Etching is from an old master, and we conceive, a very faithful delineation of one of these animals in the act of plunder. The effluvia, or rather stench, arising from the body of the Pole-cat, is so truly offensive, that it has long since laid the foundation of the well-known proverbial expression, of "stinking like a Pole-cat." The method of taking these marauders is, with small iron gins, or in hatches, such as are used to entrap foxes.

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN's HALL.

IT may be necessary *seriously* to assure our readers, that the following specimen of *exploded nonsense* appeared as an advertisement, in a morning paper of last month. "A fine white child's *Caul* to be sold. It is more likely to be lucky, as it is the *third* child of a *third* child!!!"

THE servant of a milkman, an Hibernian, being asked by a customer, how many cows his master kept? answered, five live ones, and a *dead one!* "And I think," said he, the *dead one* gives more milk than all the rest." "Surely Patrick," replied the other, "you muft be thinking of *bulls*, and not of *cows*, for I do not understand you." "Why," rejoined Pat, "he may be a *bull* or a *cow*, whichever you please; but he stands in the middle of the yard, with a devil of a long tail, and I think my master calls him *Pump!*"

AT the Guildhall entertainment, on Lord Mayor's day, Mr. Alderman Shaw, one of the Sheriffs, who presided at the Sheriff's table, rose, and in a neat speech, proposed the health of the person he considered the greatest and honestest man in the world—

Colonel William Pitt, of the Cinque-Port Volunteers;

which being drank with three times three,

Mr. Sheridan rose, and said, as party distinction was now wholly at an end, particularly on such an occasion, he begged leave to propose the health of the man whom *he* considered the wisest, the honestest, and the greatest statesman this country possessed—

Private Charles James Fox, of the Chertsey Volunteers;

which was drank with an enthusiasm equal to the former.

HINT FOR A CARICATURE—*Colonel* William Pitt drilling *Private* Charles Fox, between the Treasury and the House of Commons; the Private's eyes turned towards the Treasury on his left, and the Colonel calling out—"Eyes right!"

AT a Coffee-house at the west end of the town, much mirth was excited a few evenings since, by a *display* of *learning* from two loquacious disputants; one of whom insisted, that *Telemachus* was written by Rappin, for the education of the *Dolphin*, whilst the other maintained, that *Epaminondas* had learnt the art of war from the *Oracle* in the *Adelphi*!

PREVIOUS to the inspection of the Dover Volunteer Corps by the Lord Warden, on Monday evening, an order was issued for the men to wear *black stocks* made of *leather*,

as

as is usual with troops of the line. Several of the corps objected to this order, alledging, that, not being accustomed to such a stiff *bandage* round their necks, they hoped to be permitted to wear their silk one as before. Mr. Pitt observed, when the corps assembled, he had never been accustomed to wear a *stock made of leather*, but he now submitted to that part of the military dress, from which he did not experience the least inconvenience.—"That may be, Sir," replied an honest blacksmith, who was in the ranks; "for your neck is like your head, *so very long*, the leather can do you no injury."

THE late Admiral Payne, was first introduced to the Prince of Wales when a lieutenant; and, on being asked by his Royal Highness, if he had been *bred* to the sea! the gay son of Neptune replied that he had; but added, the sea has not been *bread* to me.

THE *Parisians* are much amused with a *Poetical Dialogue* lately published between the two bridges, *(Le Pont Neuf, et Le Pont des Arts)* and which the Punsters compliment as being peculiarly *arch*.

THE following is a translation of a *pasquinade* posted on the base of the *Statue of Victory*, on Bonaparte's having complied with the laughable petitions of his satellites, not to embark his sacred person for the *invasion* of England:

Our prayers are heard! no adverse fate
On seas shall toss Our mighty self,
Since to protect the Gallic State,
He deigns, great Soul, to—*save Himself!*

THE following advertisement was stuck up at Charleston, Carolina, by a German who had lost his horse:—He is run avey agen, mine little plack horse, I rite him two tays en midle de nite, and ven he not ville see shumpting, he shumps as if te divel vas int, an he trows me down, I not have sich fall since pefore I was pornt. I buy him top on Jacob Shintel Clymer; he hav five vite feet pefore, mit yon plack snip on his nose, von eye ville look plue like glass. He is pranded mit John Keisler Stanger, on his pehind side py his tail.

Whoever will take up de said horse, and pring him to me, top on mine house near Congaree, shall pay me two tollars reuard, en if dey vill not pring me mine horse agen, I vill put de law in force ginst all de *peoples*.

THE Temple Corps, which was distinguished at the Review on Friday, by its plainly elegant dress and steady order, was inspected by the Earl of Harrington, as he rode along the line, before the review. His lordship stopped to salute its commander, and jacosely said:—"This is the *Law Association*, Sir?"—"Yes, my Lord." To which the Earl rejoined, "I do not find any one that speaks a word; I never knew lawyers so *silent*!" Colonel Erskine jocosely replied, "We hava *no pay*, my Lord." The Peer was satisfied, and proceeded on his tour.

LINES, on reading a paragraph, stating the marriage of Mr. *T. Young*, to Miss *Ann Beard*, both of Islington, near London.

No more let Scandal's busy tongue
Deride the *youth* of Tommy Young;
For *that* no longer need be fear'd,
Since Tommy now hath got a *Beard*.

SPORTING

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

SEVERAL beautiful Arabian horses, the property of Elfi Bey, have been landed, and are an object of great curiosity to the gentlemen of the Turf. The owner is considered the first equestrian in the world.

THERE are now, in the neighbourhood of Hampton Court, two stallions and two mares, Arabians, brought from India by the Hon. H. Wellesley, brother to the Governor-General. One of the stallions is a grey, the other is a chesnut; both very strong and handsome. The mares, one a brown, the other a bay, are smaller than the horses, but of much more beauty. The bay mare is said to have belonged to Tippoo Sultaun.

A MATCH was decided on the Race Hill, at Brighton, on Wednesday, the 17th, between a blood-horse, belonging to the Major of the 4th dragoons, and a half-bred horse, belonging to the Adjutant of the same regiment. The race, it appears, was two miles, for one hundred guineas; the former giving the latter, at starting, an advance of two hundred yards, carrying equal weight. The horses, having taken their ground about two o'clock, were started by the sound of a bugle, stationed purposely about half way between them; and the race was ultimately won by the half-bred horse, by a distance of nearly twenty yards.

The odds, at the commencement, were seven to four in favour of the blood; and during the time they were running the first mile, two to one; but after, even betting. Much money was won and lost on the occasion. The horses were rode by two Lieutenants of the fourth, whose singular coincidence of names, *Oliver* and *Cromwell*, was the subject of much mirth to a fashionable and numerous crowd of spectators assembled to be present at the sport.

Mr. O——n, a few nights since, made an offer to a sporting friend, of one thousand guineas to one, that, calling seven, he did not throw in the main ten times successively. The bet was accepted, and, wonderful to relate, the gentleman threw seven nine times following. Mr. O. then tendered 470 guineas to be off, which was refused. The box was again taken in hand, the mystical bones once more rattled, and the fatal throw, which was to decide the suspense, proved, not a seven, but a nine; consequently Mr. O. won his guinea.

AN Extraordinary Hare Hunt, which may be depended upon as a fact:—A few days ago, a hare who had been pursued by some gentlemen on horseback, as far as Hyde Park Corner, where they lost sight of him, owing to the number of coaches, &c. which were at the turnpike-gate; puss, taking advantage of their embarrassment, ran down Piccadilly, as far as the Duke of Queensbury's, where its progress was stopped, and puss turned into the Green Park, when seeing a large

large dog, it returned back again into Piccadilly, turned up Berkeley-street, followed by an immense concourse of pedestrians, of all descriptions, some with sticks, others with fire-locks, and various implements of destruction. Puss crossed the square, turned down Brook-street, Bond-street, Conduit-street, and Carnaby-market, the crowd increasing as they went along. Puss kept a considerable distance a-head, closely pursued by one man of the name of Pyke, and whose name we had an occasion to use before now, on account of his speed, on which account he is called the swift-footed Pyke; and on this occasion, he evinced that his name is not misplaced, having taken puss alive in Dufour's-place, by dint of running. Puss is now alive, and to be seen at No. 36, in Broad-street, facing Dufour's-place Lord Amherst, and several gentlemen, called to see it.

SIR T. Gascoigne's horse, Timothy, is matched against Mr. Mellish's b. c. by Stamford, for 200gs, at the York August Meeting, 1804.

MR. LADBROKE's horse Volunteer, is matched against Mr. Branthwait's Tom Tring, at the New Epsom Meeting, for 100gs.

ON Wednesday morning, the 2d instant, a man engaged, for a wager of 100gs, to walk four miles in thirty-five minutes. He performed the task with ease three minutes within the time, going and returning twice in thirty-two minutes, from the upper end of Sloane-street, at Knightsbridge, to the Cheshire Cheese, at Chelsea, being exactly a space of one mile. For the last half mile, he took the matter quite at his ease, being already secure of his wager. He came in perfectly cool. There was a great concourse of people, though the hour was so early as seven o'clock, and the wager was not yet public.

A MELANCHOLY and distressing event happened on Monday, the 31st ult. at Henly, near Crewkerne:—Mr. Wheaten, a gentleman of Devonshire, being on a shooting party with his friends, Mr. Falter, of Combe Farm, and Mr. Perkins, of Henly, made several uncommon good shots, and was bantered by one of the party that his good shooting was entirely owing to his gun, upon which, he desired to change guns; and soon after, firing at another bird and missing it, he observed that the lock was a bad one, and, eager to mark down the bird, he leaped upon a felled tree near him, and whilst standing in that position, in the act of charging, the gun (double barrelled), slipping through his hand towards the ground, went off, and lodged the whole contents in his breast. After which, he would not suffer himself to be moved, or the surgeons to examine his wounds, till he had made and finished his will, which he did himself with a pencil, whilst reclining on the ground. He was then removed, and after living twenty-five hours in great anguish, displaying the fortitude and resignation of a brave man and a christian, he expired, sincerely lamented by all who had the pleasure of knowing him.

A FEW days since, Mr. Goldham, of the London Cavalry, to the astonishment of every one present, went through the Austrian broad-sword exercise, with a sabre in each hand, at the same time the horse going at the rate of more than thirty miles an hour. Mr. G. afterwards touched the ground, in the fourth division, on each side, with great ease. The same gentleman, some time back, rode his horse over a timber leap, six feet high, without a saddle; his adversary's horse was killed in the attempt.—He now offers to ride over the Thames, near

Greenwich; or two of his own horses forty miles in two hours; or to ride any horse in England.

Two soldiers of the Parisian guard lately repaired to the *Champs Elysees* to fence with sabres. They were naked down to the waist, and every blow, if not parried, might cut the one on whom it fell into two pieces. Who were the spectators?—Women of the first fashion and elegance, with robes trimmed with gold and silver—women, who would faint at the sight of a mouse, or a piece of cheese. Fortunately for one of the combatants, whose blood began to flow, an officer interfered his authority, and saved his life.

On Thursday, Nov. 10, was run, over Leigh Down, a most excellent and well-contested race, between Mr. Robert Jones's grey mare, Faithful Maria, 12st. 5lb. rode by the owner, and Mr. John Jones's Mad Cap, 10st. 5lb. rode by Mr. Marshall, for 300gs each, p. p. one mile, which was won by the latter by half a neck.

The odds at starting were two and three to one on Faithful Maria. The day proved remarkably favourable, and the course was crowded with fashionables from Clifton, Bristol, and their environs. From the crowds of horsemen crossing the ferry, to be spectators of the above race, a Mr. Spencer must have perished in the mud, his animal having plunged out of the boat, but for the timely exertions of the boatmen.

At the annual race, given to the farmers by the members of the H. H. on Abbotstone Down, near Alresford, three horses started for the cup, and came in as follows—

Mr. Hankin's black horse	- -	1 1
Mr. Fleet's bay mare	- - - -	2 2
Mr. Wright's brown mare	- -	3 3

Odds, before starting, three to two on Mr. Fleet's mare, which, on the second heat, ran on the wrong side of the post, and, in making good her ground, ran out of the course; she, nevertheless, recovered her ground very handsomely.

Foot Race.—John Todd, a Scotchman, run a mile against time, for a considerable wager, from Hyde Park Corner to the first mile stone on the Uxbridge Road. The odds were against him at starting; however, he won with apparent ease in four minutes and ten seconds.

One of the most fortunate and most celebrated sporting characters in the kingdom, whose *great luck* and almost unprecedented *ingenuity* at all *games of Art*, and superior calculations upon the Turf, have long since advanced him from a state of indigence to the summit of affluence, has, within a few days, "renounced" his carriage, "with all the pomps and vanities of this wicked world," either from conscientious motives, or as an example to an only son he has placed in the army, who finds a *chariot, curricle,* and *eight horses* indispensible appendages to the dignity of a military paraphernalia.

One day, some time since, Mr. Nimmo, of George-street, Manchester-square, sent down to Salisbury a pigeon from his dove-cot, to be dispatched with a billet round its neck the next day, at twelve o'clock precisely, in order to ascertain what dependence could be placed on pigeons in case of extraordinary expedition being necessary. The bird arrived, with the billet round its neck, seven minutes past three in the afternoon, a distance of eighty-three miles, in three hours and seven minutes.

The

THE following is a remarkable instance of deviation from instinct:—A starling, in the possession of Mr. Baker, of Northgate-street, Chester, has been bred up in perfect intimacy with a cat; and such is the mutual friendliness of these animals, that one platter serves both; and the back of the puss is frequently the perch of his feathered companion.

A GREAT crowd lately assembled at Paris to witness an interview between two elephants in the Botanic Garden; one of whom, a male, was some time since brought to Paris to consort with the other, a female, who had lost her mate. Those, however, who expected to see some proofs of wonderful instinct, were much disappointed, as the animals appeared perfectly indifferent to each other; nor could they be induced to interchange any elephantic compliments.

THE beginning of the present month, a battle was fought on Chelsea Common, between two persons, named Hawkins and Smith, for five guineas a-side; they set to at eleven o'clock, attended by their seconds and bottle-holders, and a numerous crowd of spectators. Smith, on stripping, appeared to be the most powerful man; and the odds were six to four in his favour. Hawkins, however, seemed to be the most active, and had length of arm on his side. The first round, no advantage was gained by either; they closed on each other, and both fell, Smith uppermost. The second round, Hawkins received a knock down blow. The third round displayed great science, and was fought for the space of two minutes and a half; Smith received a black eye, and in return, cut Hawkins severely on the lip. The fourth round nearly equal; fifth, sixth, and seventh, Smith cross-buttocked Hawkins each time, evidently having the superiority of strength.—Here the bets were two and three to one in favour of Smith. Hawkins now changed his mode of fighting, and waited the attack of Smith: the eighth round Hawkins put in some well-timed blows in the body, and closed one of Smith's eyes; the ninth round was also in Hawkins's favour, Smith appearing to be distressed for wind. The tenth was allowed by the amateurs to be one of the best fought, seen for a long time. Hawkins had here evidently collected all his strength, and placed his reliance of success on this round; each of them guarded and received some severe blows; but Hawkins cut Smith in the mouth, and, by a well-directed blow in the neck, brought him to the ground. The three following rounds were in favour of Hawkins: and after fighting several other rounds, with various success, victory was declared in favour of Hawkins.

The fight continued twenty-three minutes; they are both young and powerful men, gardeners by trade; they were both most dreadfully bruised; Smith had both his eyes closed, besides being dreadfully cut in the mouth; it is supposed he is very materially hurt in the body, as he could not stand straight up, even for a few paces. Hawkins's lip is completely laid open, and it is apprehended the jaw is broke; he is otherwise hurt in the face, and lost a great quantity of blood.

ABOUT the same period, a desperate battle was fought in Stepney Fields, between Matthew Quirk, an Irishman, and John Turner, a Shropshire man. The battle lasted an hour and twenty-five minutes, during which they fought thirty-two rounds. Turner was seconded by Berks, the unfortunate pugilist, and Quirk was seconded by the tough

and old Patrick Nowland. The battle commenced at half past ten. The first twelve rounds, bets were even; after which they changed, sometimes in favour of one, and sometimes in favour of the other; Quirk had all the knock-down blows in his favour, and drew the first blood. On the whole, it was acknowledged by all the amateurs of boxing present, to be the fairest and hardest fought battle they had seen for many years; at length, in dread of the peace officers, it was made a drawn battle. Charles Christian, bottle-holder to Quirk, struck Berks, alledging he was an unfair second.

THE amateurs of boxing, were lately gratified by a long and hard fought battle, in a field near Dachet, between Samuel Gill, a bargeman, and a grenadier of the Staffordshire Militia. They fought for no more than a guinea a side, but many bets were made by the spectators during the fight, which lasted upwards of two hours and a quarter, when the grenadier gave it in. Gill was before known as a prize-fighter.

O'DONNELL the Boxer, is matched again to fight Caleb Baldwin for 100 guineas. His friends declared, the last was but a *sham* fight, and that the next was to be a *real* one.

FRIDAY morning the 11th inst. two of the *lovely nymphs*, who attend in Covent Garden market with baskets, met in St. Giles's, when one of them accused the other of robbing her of her favourite swain; the lie was genteelly given on both sides, with great spirit, till the one who conceived herself aggrieved, struck her fair rival over the breast; this produced a dreadful combat, in which the nails of the parties formed the principal weapons. After each of their caps were nearly torn asunder, and their beautiful locks much dishevelled, they adjourned to a gin shop, amidst the shouts of the surrounding mob.

A CURIOUS circumstance occurred on the 11th instant, in Oxford-street; a gentleman's servant went to call a coach for his master, who lives in Titchfield street; there were two coaches on the stand, and by some mistake they both considered themselves as hired, and drove to the door. When the gentleman came out, both the coachmen claimed him as their fare; a furious volley of oaths and abuse ensued, when one of the nights of the whip challenged the other to single combat; they accordingly fought with great fury for near half an hour, when having bruised each other till they were tired, they began to look about them, and found that some of the good-natured spectators had carried off their coats and hats, and the gentleman had taken another coach, and left them to settle the dispute their own way. They were in consequence glad to drive off amidst the shouts of a numerous mobility.

THE late pugilistic contest at Newmarket, was between Colonel L——, and young C——y, the jockey. The latter was the assailant; and it is reported that the affair will have a legal termination.

MR. JOHNSON, the wine-merchant, of Bruton-place, Berkeley-square, lately deceased, was a distinguished character in Lord Derby's Hunt, which he very assiduously attended; and riding boldly up to the hounds, was in at the taking of many a deer. Nor was his fame confined to hunting; few sportsmen shot better, or followed the winged tribe with more active perseverance. He died in the 64th year of his age, and was buried at Paddington. Several members of the "Socials," a convivial club, which he contributed much to enliven by urbanity, followed him to the grave.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

SONGS
IN
THE WIFE OF TWO HUSBANDS.

EUGENIA.

TO Sleep's embrace with joy I fly,
And friendly dreams to lover's dear:
For then his form shall charm mine eye,
For then his voice shall charm mine ear,
No longer then can Fortune's power
Withhold my lover from my sight:
And Fancy in her conquering hour,
With Love shall gild her visions bright.

ARMAGH.

LOVE and whiskey both,
Rejoice an honest fellow:
Unripe joys of life,
Love and whiskey mellow.
Both the head and heart,
Set in palpitation;
From both I've often found,
A mighty sweet sensation.
Love and whiskey's joys!.
Let us gaily twist 'em,
In the thread of life.
Faith we can't resist 'em!

But love's jealous pang!
In heart-ach oft we find it.
Whiskey in its turn,
A head-ach leaves behind it.
Thus of love or drink
We curse th' enchanted cup, Sir,
All its charms forswear,
Then take another sup, Sir,
Love and whiskey's, &c.

Love and whiskey can
To any thing persuade us.
No other power we fear,
That ever can invade us.
Should others dare intrude,
They'll find our lads so friskey,
By none can be subdued,
Excepting love and whiskey.
May the smiles of love
Cheer our lads so clever;
And with whiskey, boys,
We'll drink king George for ever!

THEODORE—MISS DE CAMP.

THE other day, when I was dancing
To the air you love so well;
And with the rosy wreath advancing,
At your feet the offering fell,
A sigh your woe betraying,
O'erpower'd the smile you strove to give,
While in vain to speak, essaying!
Ah could I your griefs relieve!
But, alas! you love me not,
No, no, poor Theodore's forgot.

Oh! let me hope to see reviving,
All the gaiety you knew;
When for your kind attention striving,
I was ever in your view.
My childish sports approving,
My trifling all your cares beguil'd.
Still on your brow no frown reproving,
You on your little orphan smil'd.
But, alas! &c.

PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE
TO
RAISING THE WIND.

RULES hard and various—so the Critics chuse—
Controul the Tragic and the Comic Muse;
A polish'd air their classic steps should grace,
And sober caution must direct their pace:
But Farce, with playful trip and frolic mein,
Gambols with licens'd freedom o'er the scene.
The utmost effort of her art's design'd,
Should five long acts of woe depress the mind,
By broadest mirth to dissipate the gloom,
And send you smiling to your suppers home.
As yet a novice to dramatic fame,
Our author hath invok'd her mirthful name,
And, since she best the critic-bow unbends,
Begg'd her to introduce him to our friends.
Whim, as his title purports, is his view,
Yet he affects to have some moral too.
Raising the Wind! How various are the ways,
On Life's precarious Sea, the Wind to raise!
Yet still, by indolence or folly charm'd,
The trimmest barks are frequently becalm'd;
And oft, by penury pursu'd, full chase,
The shifts of artifice their helms disgrace:
Now, he would teach, that her unworthy force
Serves but to drive them farther from their course.
Sure none will doubt him; yet, in times like these,
Tho' vainly privateers may court the breeze,
Each bosom glows with patriot pride elate,
While scuds uncheck'd, the vessel of the State;
While the Britannia proudly makes her way,
And Lloyd, her purser, tells us every day,
That while for glory bound, she hoists her sail,
Britons can raise a never ceasing gale,
May our new Author claim the breath of praise,
And no dire storm of squally censure raise!
Ye Gods! who o'er our atmosphere preside,
Gods! who the sins of dullness loudly chide,
And, as becomes Olympians, when you please,
Can most effectually stir up a breeze,
This night espouse a young Adventurer's cause,
And be tempestuous only—in applause.

THE GAMES OF LIFE.

THE little Miss at three years old,
Plays with Doll, and prattles;
But little Master stout and bold,
Plays with drums and rattles.

The Boy, detesting musty books,
Loves romping with the lasses;
And Miss, grown older, studies looks,
And plays with looking-glasses.

The Jolly Topper, fond of fun,
Plays with his friends at drinking:
The Sportsman plays with dog and gun,
And Wise Men play at thinking.

The Beauty, full of haughty airs,
When young, plays at tormenting;
But, wrinkled, turns to other cares,
And sports at last repenting.

Wretched from self-created woe,
The Miser's game is hoarding;
And when he meets his country's foe,
The Sailor plays at boarding.

The Alderman with bloated face,
A glutton plays at eating;
And such as long to have a place
In Parliament—at treating.

With ledger busied, Merchants take
A game at calculation;
And Ministers too often make
A plaything of the nation.

With

With looks profound, and thoughtful mind,
Projectors play at scheming;
'Till worn with care, at last they find
They've all along been dreaming.

The Lover sad, and woeful wan,
Plays day and night at fretting;
Whilst laughing at the silly man,
His Delia sports coquetting.

Cowards, with none but cowards nigh,
Are fond of gasconading;
And Courtiers fawn, and cringe, and lie,
And play at masquerading.

The Lounger plays at killing time,
The Soldier plays at slaying;
The Poet plays at making rhyme,
The Hypocrite at praying.

The Player plays for wealth and fame;
And thus all play together,
'Till death at last disturbs the game,
And stops the play for ever.

Greenwich, H. P. O.

SATURDAY NIGHT'S SPORTS AT SEA.

THE winds all hush'd, the circling week just past,
And Saturn's wish'd-for eve return'd at last;
The jovial crew, their various pleasures seek,
Pleasures that come, alas! but once a week.
"Now, the loud laugh that speaks the vacant mind,"
And merry jokes from witty Joe purloin'd—
Go on, whilst skill'd in legendary lore,
Some tell old tales, by thousands told before,
Of witches, fairies, spirits, apparitions,
And servant maids, who rose to high conditions;
Of water-spouts, just breaking by the bows;
And sharks, five fathoms long, with teeth ten rows!
Of flying Dutchmen, and a monstrous whale
Swallow'd a long-boat, rigg'd with mast and sail!
And how a purser, a nefarious dog,
Came to be hang'd, for stopping poor men's grog.
Meanwhile, the chorus, rapid, loud, and long,
Concludes the burthen of each sailor's song.
Songs in request, of Russell fam'd at sea;
How gallant Rodney took the Veal Paree;
Or of Macbride, a fellow always pleasant,
The brave commander of the Bonny Pheasant.
Whilst potent draughts of bumbo, grog, and flip,
Regale the thoughtless inmates of the ship.
The grog is out, a thirsty seaman cries;
The grog is out, another quick replies:
Not quite, says Ratlin, whilst the can he shews,
To wives and Sweethearts, dam'me, here it goes;
Sweethearts and wives, rejoin the festive crew;
Our can is out, sweet lovely girls adieu!
Down in their hammocks, part reluctant creep,
Then swear a prayer or two, and sink to sleep!

THE DOCTOR AND HIS APPRENTICE.

A TALE.

A PUPIL of the Esculapian school,
Was just prepar'd to quit his master's rule;
Not that he knew his trade, as it appears,
But that he then had learnt it seven years;
Yet think not that in knowledge he was cheated—
All that he had to study still
Was, when a man was well or ill;
And how, if sick, he should be treated.
One morn he thus address'd his master;
"Dear Sir, my honour'd father bids me say,
"If I could now and then a visit pay,

"He

"He thinks, with you,
"To notice how you do,
My bus'ness I might learn a little faster."
"The thought is happy," the preceptor cries;
"A better method he could scarce devise;
"So Bob," his pupil's name, "it shall be so;
"And, when I next pay visits, you shall go."
To bring that hour, alas! time briskly fled:
With dire intent,
Away they went;
And now behold them at a patient's bed.
The master-doctor solemnly perus'd
His victim's face, and o'er his symptoms mus'd;
Look'd wise, said nothing, an unerring way,
When people nothing have to say:
Then felt the pulse, and smelt his cane,
And paus'd, and blink'd, and smelt again;
And briefly of his corpse perform'd each motion;
Manœuvres that for death's platoon are meant;
A kind of a make ready and present,
Before the fell discharge of pill and potion.
At length, the patient's wife he thus address'd:
"Madam, your husband's danger's great;
"And what will never his complaint abate,
"The man's been eating oysters, I perceive."
"Dear! you're a witch, I verily believe,"
Madam replied, and to the truth confess'd.
Skill so prodigious, Bobby, too, admir'd;
And home returning, of the sage inquir'd,
How these same oysters came into his head?
"Pshaw! my dear Bob, the thing was plain,
"Sure that can ne'er distress thy brain;
"I saw the shells lie underneath the bed."
So wise, by such a lesson grown,
Next day Bob ventur'd forth alone,
And to the self-same suff'rer paid his court—
But soon, with haste and wonder out of breath,
Return'd the stripling minister of death;
And to his master made this dread report:
"Why, Sir, we ne'er can keep that patient under—
"Zounds, such a maw I never came across!
"The fellow must be dying, and no wonder,
"For dam'me if he hasn't eat a horse!"
"A horse!" the elder man of physic cried,
As if he meant his pupil to deride—
"How came so wild a notion in your head!"
"How! think not in my duty I was idle;
"Like you, I took a peep beneath the bed,
"And there I saw a *saddle and a bridle!*"

EPITAPH

On a Grave Stone, in the South Side of St. Nicholas Church, Nottingham.

HERE lieth the body of Thomas Booth, who departed this life, the 26th day of March, A. D. 1752, aged 75.

HERE lies a marksman, who with art and skill,
When young and strong, fat Bucks and Does did kill.
Now conquered by grim death; go, reader, tell it,
He's now took leave of powder, gun, and pellet.
A fatal dart, which in the dark did fly,
Has dropt him down among the dead to lie.
If any wants to know the poor slave's name,
'Twas old Tom Booth, ne'er ask from whom he came.
He's hither sent, and surely such another,
Ne'er issued from the belly of a mother.

It is said, the deceased composed the above previous to his death, and requested it might be placed on his grave stone. He was a sportsman, and very fond of buck-killing.

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the

MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

FOR DECEMBER, 1803.

CONTAINING

Digging the Fox ..... *Page* 103
Match between Sir Robert L. Murray and Capt. Smith 103
Oatlands' Stakes 104
Winning Horses, List of 105
Ashdown Park Coursing Meeting .. 108
Chiffney's proposed Work, of Genius Genuine 109
Loquacity; or, an Old Woman's Lamentations for the loss of her Poultry 110
Mr. Layton 114
Veterinary Criticism 115
A Sketch of Mr. Peter Petulant ... 120
Boxing—Hopping Ned and Donnovan 121
Lancaster and Ploughman 123
Cuff and Cowan 123
Irish Spectacles 124
Law—Action for an Assault on account of a Wager 124
Crim. Con. Shee *v.* Malcolm 125
Crim. Con. Davis *v.* Smith 128
Disappointed Love 129
Restive Horses—Yorkshire John 130
A Pig Hunt 131
Dashing Decorations; or Paper Hanging in Profusion 132
Disputed Payment for Carriages. 133
Horse bought by Private Contract 133
Tresspass and Assault 134
Fraudulent Conspiracy 135
Strictures on Card Playing 136
Pavement Law 137
Russian Races 138
Striking Outlines of Character 138
Curious Amusements at Malta 139
Anecdote of David Garrick, Esq... 142
Anecdote of the late John Ellis, Esq. 142
Elfi Bey's State Carriage 143
Election of two Knights of the Garter 144
An Over-rode Hobby 145
Theatricals—Hearts of Oak 146
The Caravan, and the Dog Carlo 148
The English Fleet 149
Pedestrian Wager 150
Wonderful Equestrian, and War-horse 151
Horse on Travel 152
Monastic Sportsmen, Mummery, &c. 152
Chronicle of Eccentricities 153
Feast of Wit 155
Sporting Intelligence 157

POETRY.

Epilogue to Hearts of Oak 161
Songs from the English Fleet 161
Song in the Caravan 162
Epitaph on a Favourite Lap Dog .. 162
Sonnet, to a Dead Jack-Ass 162
The Lawyers' Defiance 163
The Extinguisher, a Dialogue 163

Embellished with I. *Digging the Fox, a Finished Engraving by Scott, from a Painting of the Younger Sartorius.* II. *Horse on Travel, from a Design of Clifton Tomson, of Nottingham. Etched by Bell.*

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A Ramble to Cutherstone Lodge, Buncombe Covers, &c. is unavoidably postponed till next month.

A very pertinent Answer to the Ghost of Glider, by Clytus, owing to an accident, must also stand over for next number.

W. we hope, will accept an Apology for the present omission of his Observations on Sporting Vanity, which shall appear in our next.

Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them, and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.

Digging the Fox.

Pub. Jan. 1800. by J. Walker Warwick Square.

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR DECEMBER, 1803.

DIGGING THE FOX.

A Finished Engraving by Scott, from a Painting of the Younger Sartorius.

THIS Plate we give as the last but one of the set of Fox-hunting subjects, now drawing near their conclusion. Those already given have received much praise; and we trust, this will not pass without an equal degree of commendation.

A MATCH
BETWEEN
SIR ROBERT L. MURRAY,
AND
CAPTAIN SMITH.

A DISPUTE having arisen between these gentlemen as to the match some time ago made, for each of them to drive his curricle and pair of horses, from London to Bath, and back again, *without a whip, or any substitute for one*, it has been agreed on, to start again in the course of the month of February, a week's notice to be given on each side; Capt. Smith asserting, that Sir Robert won the match, in consequence of some gentlemen who attended him, having several times struck his horses during the night, directly contrary to the original agreement; but Sir Robert denying this, the umpires have decided the match to be again drove. The wager is for 500 guineas, p. p. who performs the distance in the shortest time.

On the former occasion, Captain Smith performed the journey as follows: — He started from Hyde-Park turnpike, at two o'clock in the morning of the 8th of January, and arrived at Maidenhead, at twenty-eight minutes after five; remained there till five minutes before seven, started, and arrived at Theal, at thirty-six minutes past nine; started at twelve, arrived at Spleenhill at twenty-five minutes past one; started at three, arrived at Malborough at eighteen minutes past five; started at nine, arrived at Chippenham at eleven minutes past twelve. On the morning of the ninth, started at three, arrived at Pickwick, Bath, precisely at forty minutes past four; remained there till twelve, started, and arrived at

Calne at twenty-three minutes past three; started at seven, arrived at Hungerford at fourteen minutes past eleven; remained there till six in the morning of the tenth, started, and arrived at Thatcham at fifty minutes past seven; remained till a quarter past ten, arrived at Reading at twenty-three minutes past twelve, started at four, arrived at Salthill, at fifty-seven minutes past five; remained till half past six, started and arrived at Hounslow, at five minutes past eight; started at half past nine, and arrived at Hyde-Park turnpike at ten minutes past eight: going the distance 214 miles in seventy-three hours and ten minutes, stoppings included.

Sir Robert Murray, performed the same journey on the 17th, 18th, and 19th, in rather more than sixty-eight hours, with great ease. The expedition of these gentlemen is not extraordinary, but the want of the whip was severely felt by both of them, particularly during the night, and where the roads were deep. Much money is depending on the event of the next match.

YORK OATLANDS, 1804.

SATURDAY before the next August Meeting.—Handicap Sweepstakes of Fifty Guineas each, half forfeit.—Three miles.

	st	lb
Pipator	8	7
Saxoni	8	6
Doncaster	8	5
Macmanus	8	4
Walnut, Bourdeaux	8	4
Maltonian	8	4
King Fergus, Rosamond	8	3
Ducat	8	3
Ormond, Driver's dam	8	2
Susan	8	2
Brother to Stamford	8	2
Allan	8	2
Transit	8	1
Adam	8	0
Starling	8	0
Little Joey	8	0
Theophania	8	0
Star Colt, Pontac	7	13
Sir Harry Dimsdale	7	13
Cockspinner	7	13
Rebecca	7	13
Discussor	7	12
Handmaid	7	10

The acceptance of the above to be delivered to Mr. E. W. Rhodes, at York, on or before the 20th of January 1804.—No acceptance no forfeit.

SATURDAY in the next August Meeting. — A Handicap Sweepstakes of Fifty Guineas each, half forfeit.—Four miles.

	st	lb
Cockfighter	8	10
Haphazard	8	10
Chance	8	10
Marcia	8	8
Quiz	8	6
Alonzo	8	4
Lenox	8	4
Thornville Royal	8	3
Stockton	8	3
Duxbury	8	3
Bagsman	8	2
Orville	8	2
Walton	8	1
Dapple	8	0
Fieldfare	8	0
Primrose	7	12
Alexander, Fairy	7	10
Tooee	7	10
Blue Devil	7	10
Cinnamon	7	9
Traveller, Faith	7	8
Pipylin	7	6
Spitfire	7	6
Brandon	7	6
Beningbrough, G. Lock's	7	5
Sparrowhawk	7	4
Liquorice	7	4
Walnut, dam by Javelin	7	2

The acceptance of the above to be delivered to Mr. E. W. Rhodes, at York, on or before the 20th of January, 1804.—No acceptance no forfeit.

NEWMARKET.

NEWMARKET.

OATLANDS' STAKES, 1804.

A SWEEPSTAKES of 50gs. each h. ft. if declared on or before thr 31st inst. To be run for on Tuesday, in the Newmarket Craven Meeting, 1804, D. I. If there should be sixteen subscribers or more, after the 10gs. forfeits are declared, the stakes are to be divided, and two classes formed to run on Tuesday and Wednesday in the same meeting; and if twenty-four subscribers, or more, after the 10gs. forfeits are declared, the stakes are to be divided, and three classes formed; the first to run on Monday, the second on Tuesday, and the third on Wednesday, in the same meeting.

	st	lb
Driver	9	4
Quiz	9	3
Penelope	9	1
Highland Fling	9	1
Lignum Vitæ	8	12
Anniseed	8	12
Revenge	8	12
Giles	8	12
Slap-bang	8	10
Allegranti	8	10
Surprise	8	10
Trombone	8	10
Maidstone	8	10
Walton	8	10
Brighton	8	7
Orlando	8	7
Clifton	8	5
Chippenham	8	5
Whirligig	8	5
Informer	8	3
Young Eclipse	8	3
Enchanter, by Potso's	8	3
Strathspey	8	0
Flambeau	7	11
Harefoot	7	10
Gulliver	7	10
Parasol	7	10
Mr. D. Radcliffe's b. c. by John Bull, out of Trumpetor	7	9
Malta	7	8
Macmanus	7	5
Ld F. G. Osborne's c. by Sir Peter, out of Betsey	6	12
Tulipson	6	12
Blemished Boy	6	12
Buss, by John Bull, out of Kiss my Lady	6	12
Cesario	6	9
Little John	6	4
Mr. Warrington's b. c. by a Brother to Repeater	6	12

A COMPLETE LIST
OF
THE WINNING HORSES
IN
Great Britain, in the Year 1803, with their Sires, Dams, &c.

GOT BY ABBA THULE, SON OF YOUNG MARSK.

MR. MELLISH's ches. gelding, six years old, won the Hunters' stakes of 70gs at Richmond.

2. Clifton, late Grinder, six yrs. old, Mr. Adams's, won 90gs at Warwick, L.82: 10s. at Shrewsbury, and 85gs at Oswestry.

BY ACASIA, SON OF TURF.

1. Lismahago, late Le Superb, four years old, Mr. Clifton's, and sold to the Hon. Mr. Coventry, won two fifties at Ludlow, two fifties at Worcester, two fifties at Hereford, one fifty at Tewkesbury, and two fifties at Leicester.

BY ALEXANDER, SON OF ECLIPSE.

1. Bay horse, five years old, Sir W. W. Wynn's, won 60gs at Preston, and a silver cup value L.50 at Oswestry.

2. Fair Forester, five years old, Mr. Ackers's, won L.[illegible] at Chester.

[illegible]

3. Pyrrhus, five years old, Mr. Kellermann's, won L.50 at Bibury.

BY APOLLO, SON OF ECLIPSE.

1. Apollo, six years old, Mr. Douglas's, won 115gs, the gold cup value 100gs, with 80gs added, and a forfeit of 12½gs, at Kingscote.

BY ASPARAGUS, SON OF POT8O'S

1. Two Shoes, two years old, General Grosvenor's, won 50gs at Newmarket.

BY BENINGBROUGH, SON OF KING PERGUS.

1. Ashton, four years old, Sir W. W. Wynn's, won 100gs at Manchester, 50gs at Bibury, 110gs, 80gs, and L.50 at Knutsford; likewise L.102:10s at Richmond.

2. Bay filly, four years old, Mr. H. Pierse's, won L.50 at Catterick-Bridge.

3. Bay filly, three years old, Lord Belhaven's, won L.50 at Carlisle, L.50 at Lamberton, and L.50 at Penrith.

4. Brandon, four years old, Lord Belhaven's, won the King's plate at Carlisle, also the King's plate and two fifties at Edinburgh, and two fifties at Kelso.

5. Cantata, three years old, Mr. Stevenson's, won 60gs at South Shields.

6. Earl of Chester, four years old, Mr. Graham's, won L.50 at Newcastle-under-Lyne, L.50 at Knighton, and a 10gs premium at Walsall.

7. Flocton, three years old, Mr. C. Norton's, won 100gs, and 20gs, at Newmarket.

8. Grey filly, three years old, Mr. Watson's, received 50gs at Newmarket.

9. Harefoot, four years old, Mr. Wardell's, the first class of the Oatlands' stakes of 400gs, and twice 100gs, at Newmarket.

10. Maidstone, late Peter, four years old, Mr. Durand's, the King's plates at Guildford and Lewes, alalso 120gs and the King's plate at Canterbury.

11. Orville, four years old, Lord Fitzwilliam's, won the L.100 plate at Doncaster.

12. Skyblue, three years old, Mr. St. Quintin's, won L.50 at Richmond.

13. Strap, three years old, Mr. W. Lee's, won 120gs at Beverley, and 120gs at Pontefract.

14. Transit, three years old, Sir H. Williamson's, won L.50 at Newcastle.

15. Twizzleber, four years old, Sir T. Gascoigne's, won a piece of plate value L.50, at Chester, and 900gs at York.

BY BUZZARD, SON OF WOODPECKER.

1. Bos, two years old, Mr. Howorth's, won twice 25gs at Newmarket.

2. Brainworm, two years old, Mr. F. Neale's, won 180gs at Newmarket.

3. Bustard, two years old, Mr. Ladbroke's, won 770gs at Brighton.

4. Dick, three years old, Mr. C. Wilson's, won the gold cup, value 100gs, at Boroughbridge.

5. Dollolla, alias Miss Bailey, three years old, Sir John Lawson's, and sold to Mr. Howorth, won 190gs at York, 220gs at Doncaster, and 25gs at Newmaaket.

6. Dotterel, five years old, Mr. Scrope's, won 50gs at Maddington, 60gs at Stockbridge, and L.50 at Blandford.

7. Dreadnough, three years old, Mr. Watson's, won 50gs at Newmarket.

8. Gift, three years old, Lord Sondes's, won L.50 at Canterbury.

9. Jack

9. Jack of the Green, three years old, Mr. Wrixon's, won 200gs at Cardiff, and L.50 at Carmarthen.

10. Lingcropper, first called Fawkes, five years old, Mr. Atkinson's, won L.50 at Chesterfield.

11. Malta, five years old, Mr. Howorth's, won 100gs, 25gs, and 50gs, at Newmarket.

12. Merryman, two years old, Mr. C. Wilson's, won 50gs, 50gs, L.50, 25gs, and 50gs, at Newmarket.

13. Peggy, two years old, Mr. C. Wilson's, won 25gs and 50gs at Newmarket.

14. Pet, seven years old, Mr. W. Chippendale's, won 50gs at Doncaster.

15. Quiz, five years old, Mr. Dawson's, won a match of 1000gs, the second class of the Oatlands' stakes of 450gs, L.50, 50gs, and 80gs, at Newmarket; also the gold cup value 100gs, with 50gs added, at Brocket-Hall.

16. Ringtail, two years old, Lord Stawell's, won the July stakes of 410gs at Newmarket, a forfeit of 50gs at Brighton, and won 275gs at Egham.

17. Rosebud, three years old, Mr. Lamb's, won 50gs, 80gs, and L.50, at Brocket-Hall.

18. Sparrowhawk, four years old, Lord Fitzwilliam's, won 80gs at Malton.

19. Surprise, six years old, Mr. C. Wilson's, won 80gs, 100gs, 50gs, and 100gs, at Newmarket.

20. Tango, four years old, Col. Kingscote's, won 25gs at Bibury, two fifty pounds at Swansea, and two fifty pounds at Haverfordwest.

21. Tooee, four years old, Sir T. Gascoigne's, won two fifty pounds at Chester, L.50 at York Spring Meeting, L.50 at York August Meeting, and the King's plate, called the Hambleton Guineas, for five year old mares, at Richmond.

BY CALOMEL, SON OF MERCURY.

1. Little John, three years old, Mr. Abbey's, won L.82:10s at Abingdon.

BY CAVENDISH, SON OF YOUNG MORWICK.

1. Peter, Mr. Mellish's, won 200gs at York.

BY CITIZEN, SON OF PACOLET.

1. Citizen, six years old, Mr. Smith's, won L.50 at Manchester.

2. Dapple, seven years old, Mr. Smith's, won the King's plate at Nottingham.

3. Manchester, five years old, Mr. Smith's, won 60gs at Manchester, and L.50 at Newton.

BY COMET, SON OF PHÆNOMENON.

1. Collier, six years old, Sir W. Gerard's, won L.50 at Preston.

2. Grey Mare, Mr. Baillie's, won L.50 at Kelso.

BY CONSTITUTION, SON OF DRONE.

1. Adam, three years old, Mr. T. Hutchinson's, won L.50 at Durham.

BY CORIANDER, SON OF POTSO'S.

1. Cinnamon, six years old, Hon. L. Saville's, received the stakes of 30gs for the second-best horse for the L.70. plate at Doncaster.

2. Little Joey, three years old, Mr. Mellish's, won 100gs at York, L.70, and L.50 at Doncaster.

3. Macmanus, three years old, Mr. Dawson's, won 130gs at York.

4. Martin, six years old, Mr. Garforth's, won the King's plate for mares, at Newmarket, the Ladies' plate

plate at York, the Doncaster stakes of 150gs at Doncaster, and the King's plate, given to the Caledonian-Hunt at Kelso.

5. Spice, five years old, Mr. Villebois's, won 25gs at Maddington.

BY DELPINI, SON OF HIGH-FLYER.

1. Confessor, seven years old, Mr. Trotter's, won 55gs at Richmond.

2. Knutsford, five years old, Sir W. W. Wynn's, won the two Annual plates at Farndon.

3. Lenox, five years old, Sir T. Gascoigne's, won the stakes of 100gs for all ages, and the Stand plate of L.50 at York spring meeting.

4. Scotia, four years old, Mr. Wastell's, received 30gs forfeit at Newmarket.

5. Saxoni, three years old, Mr. G. Hutton's, won a stakes of 140gs, and the L.50 plate at Preston, also a stakes of 120gs, and the gold cup, value 100gs, with 30gs added, at Richmond.

6. Theophania, three years old, Sir T. Gascoigne's, won the Oaks' stakes of 875gs at Epsom.

BY DIOMED, SON OF FLORIZEL.

1. Little Robin Redbreast, six years old, Mr. Benton's, won the Hunters' stakes of 95gs at Northampton.

BY DRAGON, SON OF WOODPECKER.

1. Creeper, four years old, Mr. Howard's, won 200gs, 85gs, and L.50 at Newmarket.

2. Moses, seven years old, Col. Acklom's, afterwards Lord Home's, walked over for 60gs at Beverley, and won 50 guineas at Lamberton, also 50gs at Edinburgh.

3. Jenny Spinner, six years old, Mr. Coventry's, won twice 100gs at Worcester, and L.50 at Hereford.

(To be continued.)

COURSING MEETING.

ASHDOWN PARK—Nov. 14, 1803.

For the Cup and Couples.

MR. CORCELLIS'S Celerity, beat Mr. Dundas's Dulce.

Mr. Thornhill's Rosemary, beat Mr. Pickering's Charm, 2 c. 1 und.

Mr. Bacon's Port, beat Mr. G. Wyld's Wousky, 2 c. 1 und.

Mr. Kennet's Fly, beat Mr. Bullock's y. Plunder.

Col. Stead's Cestus, beat Mr. Hallett's Pilgrim.

Mr. Wroughton's Tacker, beat Mr. Goodlake's Gawkey, 2 c. 1 und.

Mr. Woolrych's William, beat Lord Rivers's Pizarro, 2 c. 1 und.

Mr. Noble's Portia, beat Sir J. Throckmorton's Nettle.

Winners Matched again.

Mr. Noble's Portia, beat Mr. Kennet's Fly.

Mr. Wroughton's Tacker, beat Mr. Bacon's Port.

Mr. Woolrych's William, beat Mr. Corcelli's Celerity.

Mr. Thornhill's Rosemary, beat Col. Stead's Cestus.

Winners Matched again.

Mr. Noble's Portia won by a toss, against Mr. Thornhill's Rosemary, 1 c. und.

Mr. Woolrych's William, beat Mr. Wroughton's Tacker.

Portia won the cup, and William the couples, after two courses, one undecided.

N. B. Those dogs whose names begin with P. belonged to Lord Rivers, although nominated by other members; those beginning with C. to Mr. Corcellis; those with W. to Mr. Woolrych—No matches were run.

CHIFNEY's

CHIFNEY'S PROPOSED WORK,

OF

GENIUS GENUINE.

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

YOU stand highly entitled to the thanks of your sporting friends, for the concise and candid communication of "Samuel Chifney and his book;" and although you did not presume to anticipate what he might have to offer in his proposed publication, I shall with your permission, as some gratification to the expectancies of the sporting world at large, enter upon a critical analization of the sublime and singular advertisement so confidentially announced; as well as a most impartial anticipation of the theoretic embryo of "Genius Genuine," which has to all present appearance suffered by abortion, without any chance of the cause being hereafter brought to light. Previous to which investigation, it becomes directly applicable to observe, the avowed author of this intended, or pretended work, was initiated from his infancy in all the arts and secrets of the turf, so as to attain the greatest celebrity, and finally to become the racing confident and jockey of the most exalted subject in the kingdom. And it is fresh in the memory of every experienced sportsman, that on Thursday the 20th of October, 1791, he rode Escape at Newmarket, with the odds two to one in his favour, against Coriander, Skylark, and Pipator, and was not only last of the four, but to the eye of every amateur seemed completely beaten. In a state of repentant surprise, and anxious ambiguity, remained those who had largely lost their money, until the day following; when starting for the subscription, and carrying nine pounds more weight than the day preceding, with the odds of four and five to one against him, he went off at score, and beat easy, Chanticleer, Skylark, Grey Diomed, Harpator, and Alderman, to the inexpressible astonishment of the oldest and most distinguished members of the turf. The suggestions, suspicions, rumours, reports, and opinions, upon causes and effects, were echoed and re-echoed from one end of the sporting world to the other; and murmuring accusations were obliquely reverberated for a great length of time, before the flame of discontent was even in a moderate degree extinguished. And as the matter has hitherto remained in an imaginary state of secrecy, nothing certain has transpired upon the subject to constitute general satisfaction; but that one of the shrewd stable-lads at Newmarket, famous for getting into family secrets, will not relinquish his idea, that the horse accidentally brought his mouth into contact with a bottle of liquid laudanum, kept in the stable for occasional emergencies, in the night preceding the first day of running; from whence proceeded a temporary debility and bodily lassitude, which afterwards proved to be so speedily shaken off and obliterated. In addition to this ray of retrospection, may be introduced another; which is, that some few years since, a similar publication, to what has been now promised, was exultingly announced on the same subject, but never appeared; whether its temporary suppression was the effect of pecuniary injunction, or legal interposition, may probably never be publicly ascertained, nor is it at this distance of time much to the purpose.

Returning to the "Genuine Genius" of Samuel Chifney, according to

to the prospectus held out, "containing a fine part in riding a race, known only to the author." There can be but little doubt from his long experience, he has obtained an unsullied proficiency, in every art necessary to preserve the dignity, honour, purity, and liberality of the turf; yet, this acquisition of fine parts, amidst all the former splendour, and the very zenith of his celebrity, has not been sufficient to shield him from sublunary vicissitudes; and he may probably at the present moment feelingly experience the personal mortification, that "thousands of myriads wait upon the summer's sun, which shrink and vanish with a wintry blast." In this refined effusion of genius, he has also promised the reason, "why the turf horses degenerate;" whether he means to elucidate this degeneracy, by scientific disquisition upon the animal economy, its secretions and evacuations; or to treat the subject metaphorically, by an allusion to the gradational degeneracy of their riders, the publication upon its appearance can only ascertain.

"Twelve years ago—he emphatically observes—the author would not have given the aggregate of information to any one person about horses, for one thousand guineas;" it may be so, but most probably, if so curious and so important a publication was to appear, it is a matter of doubt, whether a sufficient number of two pound purchasers would appear, to compensate the author for the long list of sporting secrets, and accumulation of anecdotes replete with turf integrity, he may have to lay before the Public. But, gentlemen, you know as well as I, that the press is occasionally, if not frequently, rendered the means of * * * *
* * * * * * * * *
* * * * * * * * *

Not wishing to obtrude more upon your room, or your time, I shall only beg permission, to trouble you again with some of my secrets upon this subject, should it ever again be brought before the Public; being, with true respect,

Your obedient servant,
NO GENIUS.

Nov. 20, 1802.

LOQUACITY;

OR,

An Old Woman's Lamentations for the loss of her Poultry.

(Continued from Page 61.)

"INDEED, Goody Cubate," said Miss Trippet, "I detest a heap of *parramble* and ceremony as much as any body can do, and I am vastly willing and ready to oblige: but you know the huntsman is for ever in the company of so many fine and learned gentlemen, and is always used to hear such fine *lingur*, that, indeed, I am half afraid to write a letter to him; for I shall never word it properly nor elegantly enough. Was it to a farmer or shopkeeper, I should not mind it a pin's point; for they do not many of them know more than myself."

"Dear me heart," said Goody, "now Miss, you *astound* me quite and clean, to hear you say so much, when it is well known what a *redication* you have had, and now to be afraid of writing a letter to a huntsman!"

"Why, yes, Goody," answered Miss Trippet, "I have been pretty well *redicated*, I cannot deny it; for I can read and write; work plain work and flower; and I can dance and jig too a little. But what

what does all that signify? when I sit down to write, I shall do it in the same *lingur* and fashion that I always hear from my mamma, and our maid Betty; and I am not such a fool, Goody, but I know as how their *lingur* is quite contrary to what I heard at boarding school, where I might have learned a fine *parlite lingur* myself, had I been there long enough; but as I was there only six months, and was at home twice for more than a fortnight out of the time, I could not learn much, you know."

"Very true," said Goody, "spoken like a wise and sensible young lady, as I have many a thousad times said you are. You was not, indeed, long enough at boarding school to learn much, nor to unlearn much; therefore you could be but little the wiser for going."

"You are right, Goody," replied Miss Trippet, "for I forgot at Brook-farm in a month, all that I learned at boarding-school in six bits of months."

"I know it," said Goody; "I know what belong to a boarding-school, and a *parlite redication* as well as some of my betters, though I say it, who should not say it. Learning, and wisdom, and all sorts of learning, must come drop by drop; for if they are poured on by heaps, they only run off again, like a hasty shower."

"Dear me," said Miss Trippet, "who would ever have thought you knew so much, Goody. For my part, I am quite astonished to hear your hard words, and how you explain your meaning by them."

"Oh, dear me!" replied Goody; "now, Miss, you are pleased to flatter and compliment me, as rich folks say, but no good can come of flattery and much speaking: I know but little Miss; yet I hope I do know something, or else I have mispent my time sadly; for I have had fine *hoppurtunities*, as ever woman had, to learn something. I do not know, Miss, whether you have ever heard me say as much; but I lived three years and nine months with the most wisest and learnedest man upon the face of this earth. Many times and oft I have heard him say, that he had a *vershall redication*; which you must know, Miss, was as much as to say, that he had been learned and taught all that can be learned and taught in the *vershall* world. And indeed, Miss, so he must, or he could never have known what he did. He knew every thing. He had a name for every star and *plant* in the whole heavens. He knew to a moment when one would set, and another rise: he knew all their motions, *rangles* and *tyrangles*, *revulshions* and *clipses*; and he would talk about summer and winter *solucies*, *caper corn*, *spears*, and *noxshal* points. I have heard him talk by the hour together about the stars, and the *contellations*. As to the earth, there is not a hole or a corner about it, but he knew where it was, and how it was *siterated*; he would tell you the length and breadth, and *sarket* of the earth to an inch; he knew hot or cold, how long or short, the days and nights are every where; what they grow at this place and the other; how different people live; whether they walked upon their legs, as we do, or go upon all-four, like beasts; he could tell where the lions and and tygers roar, where wolves howl, where monkies frisk, where parrots chatter, where serpents hiss, and where there are snakes big enough to swallow down a large ox at one single mouthful. In short, Miss, my master was a great *scholard*; he had a *poweration* of wisdom and learning; he was the greatest *gobgrapher* and *natterition* on earth—and yet, for all that, he lost himself

one night only half a mile from his own door. I could hardly keep from laughing, to think that a man who knew both earth and heaven so well, should be lost in his own parish. 'I mist my path,' said he, 'and turned into the old lay, and got among the trees and bushes; and *probrobly*,' said he, 'I should have wandered there till morning; but, fortunately for me, there was a poor man pilfering some wood, who put me into my path! 'Well, Sir, said I, 'I am heartily glad you are come home safe, and without any *miscastelty*. But I am quite *stounded*,' said I again, 'to think that you should lose yourself, seeing you know all parts of the earth so well. Surely, Sir,' said I, 'your *ridears* were gone abroad.' With that he laughed heartily, which did him good, after his fright, for he was *sartanly* frighted. 'Why,' said he, 'you do not think much amiss; for I was *dillituting* in my mind where the source of the Nile should be; which important consideration brought the *longgitude* to my imagination—a matter of the greatest moment to *nabbrigation*, and indeed to all the world: I never thought about my path, till I found myself entangled amongst the bushes and briars, and that brought me to my *collection*."

"Well, Goody," said Miss Trippet, "I do wonder how it is you remember so much, and so many hard names: I should never think of one quarter of it."

"Why," answered Goody, "the truth is, I have a head of my own, with some brains in it, I thank Heaven, and did not live three years and nine months with the most wisest and learnedest man for nothing. I warrant you, Miss, I shall be the better for it to my dying day. But had I made a good use of my time, as I would was it to do again, I might have learnt, and known, and remembered, a vast deal, more than ever I can know now. Why, he would run over a list of hard names, and some of them as long as my stick, I verily think and believe."

"Why, surely, Goody," said Miss Trippet, "you could never know the meaning of such long words."

"I never desired it, Miss," replied Goody; "the sound was enough for me; and I was *parridiously* delighted to hear them."

"Well, for my part, Goody," said Miss Trippet, "I can never take pleasure to hear words that I do not know the meaning of, and can never think how you could be delighted to hear them."

"I will explain the matter" said Goody, "to you, Miss, in such *purspeckerous* terms, that you may *comperhend* it in a minute. Pray now, Miss, mind what I shall say. Is not every body pleased, charmed, and delighted, to hear the pretty birds sing in spring? yet nobody understand the meaning of their notes. Then, how is it that every body is delighted and charmed to hear them? Why, Miss, it is because their notes are so sweet, so musical, and so *harmorous*; that is the cause, and the reason too. It is the same with long and hard words; for when they are rightly and properly spoken and *parnounct*, they are so sweet, so musical, so mellow, and so charming, that every body is pleased, and charmed, and delighted to hear them. But we jabber away the time, Miss, and do nothing.—Pray let us begin."

"Whenever you please, Goody," said Miss Trippet, "I am ready. But, pray, do not put in any of your hard words into your letter; for I shall never spell them right; and then the huntsman, and every body will laugh at it. Besides, you know he hears fine words enough amongst

amongst the gentlemen, and will not want to find any in his letter."

"Very true, Miss," said Goody, "I grant you that he hears fine words a plenty; but then they are the fine words of other people, and none of his own; but when he has the letter that I shall send him, then he will have fine words of his own, and may carry them about in his pocket; for I am fully resolved and bent upon it, to send a letter worth his notice, and on that he may *perhaps* be the wiser for all the days of his life. So let me see," said she, taking a pinch of snuff to refresh her memory, and quicken her understanding—"Let me see how we shall begin; for, 'to begin well is half finished;' my wise and learned master used to say, 'never be in a hurry at first,' said he, 'but think a while first about the matter, then you will *prorobly* go on well, and end as you ought.' Let me *carlect* myself a minute, and see whether I can *carlect* any thing from his *maxins* and *apostrings* to suit my needful purpose. Yes, thank Heaven, I can; for I do now *carlect*, that he used to say, 'Be familiar, for *familirality* is the life and soul of *sosiriety*.' So, Miss, we will be as familiar as is consistent with poor folks; yet we will be careful, and not be capable of boldness and *termerety*."

"I must beg, Goody," said Miss Trippet, "that you put no such hard words into the letter; for I tell you that I shall never write them as they should be."

"Miss Trippet," replied Goody, "you have too many fears and doubts, and quandaries, which you must endeavour to surmount, or you will never get married."

"Never get married!" exclaimed Miss Trippet. "For Heaven's sake, Goody, do not prophecy evil; for I cannot bear the thought of dying an old maid, it is such a scandal."

"I verily believe you, Miss," said Goody. "Howsomever, Miss, an old maid is no scandal, unless, indeed, she prove such through her own *perversions*; because, for why, Miss, a woman is never to begin a courtship, nor to throw out any enticing allurements; she is only to make herself agreeable, to be clean, and modest, and decent, and to make herself as charming and tempting as she can; and then she must wait as patiently as she is able, till her time comes, as the saying is. But an old batchelor is a shame and a disgrace to the earth, and ought to be banished from the face of it; because it is his own fault—his own free choice—for he has the *liberality* of picking and chusing where, and when he likes: if one will not, why another will; if one is coy, another is kind, and willing, and ready; so that there is not an old batchelor upon the face of the earth, but who is so by his own choice; and that makes it a scandal, a shame, and a disgrace to all the world. So, Miss, we will leave fusty old batchelors to the enjoyment of that disgrace and scandal they deserve. As to you, my sweet creature, you have no cause to fear or despair about either sweethearts, or a husband. I can see as well as another, and know and perceive, that there are several nice young gentlemen ready to die, and to hang themselves for you. And if you should receive any love letters—as I dare to say you will soon—and if you should be at a stand how to answer them, only step down to me Miss, and I'll put you in a way how to do it *fecturally*. So, now, I'll put my considering cap on again, and think one minute more before we begin."

'Always consult the wise and learned in all *arggent* matters.'

"Ay, that is right," said Goody to herself, "and if the wise and learned are not at hand, then *carlect* what they

they have said, and would again say, upon this or that *casion*. Now, my wise and learned master used to say, 'whoever writes, should write as he would speak to a friend, if they mean to write well, agreeably, and to the *purport*. But all men,' said he, 'many times, love a little genteel flattery, and think it their due; therefore, writers should always be very civil in their letters on all occasions.' Well, Miss," said she, "I have thought how we must begin. The huntsman is no gentleman; yet he will be pleased and flattered by being *drest* as though he was such: therefore, we will begin with—'Dear Sir'—Now, Miss, pray observe, and mind, when I have conceived and brought forth a *senterance*, to put it in plain and lively characters; and I will carefully lead your pretty hand, and when you have done one *senterance*, I will then supply you with another. By so doing, we shall get through this *arderant* undertaking in time: so presently we will begin for good and all.

MR. LAYTON.

A FEW days since was married at St. Margaret's, Westminster, Lieutenant-colonel Rainey, of the 60th regiment of foot, to Miss Layton, youngest daughter of Mr. Layton, veterinary surgeon to the Prince of Wales. Little as it is the custom, to enlarge upon the merits, or singularities of individuals, until they have "passed that bourn from whence no traveller returns," we cannot resist the temptation, of communicating a few facts respecting this gentleman, Mr. Layton, during his enjoyment of high health, and unsullied hilarity. He is the father of seven children, the last of whom is now married: he is likewise the grandfather of twenty-four; some of whom are fourteen and fifteen years of age. He has never rode less, but frequently much more than fifty miles a day, in every day of the last seven-and-twenty years: and in addition to his professional concerns, is, at the present moment, one of the Surry Yeomanry Cavalry; where his attendance is as punctual, and his exertions as great, as the most zealous and energetic member of that loyal and respectable corps. Thus it may seem to invalids and valetudinarians, that air, temperance, and exercise, are the grand preservers of health; in general it may be so, but, as according to the long standing maxim, "There is no rule without an exception," so it has been with Mr. Layton: he has never been a slave to time, the dupe of deception, or a wretched dependant upon abstinence; rules for the preservation of health he has had none; to bed he has gone at all hours; and is so constitutionally a Philanthropist, that he never leaves good company till the last.

His present health and spirits, brings to memory, a remarkable occurrence, during the life of the late Lord Mansfield, in the court of King's Bench, where one John Elm gave evidence; whose age was eighty-six, with every appearance of health, and free from infirmity. Upon a question from the court, he said, "his life had been a scene of tranquil regularity; he lived chiefly upon milk diet, drank no tea, or spirituous liquors, always went to bed early, and rose with the sun." His Lordship addressing himself to the junior barristers said, "There, gentlemen, is an example of health and long life for you; it is an admirable lesson, and I hope you will follow it." The very next witness called in the cause, proved to be James Elm, the

the brother of, and a much more healthy and venerable looking man than the former; after having given his evidence, his Lordship, with a handsome apology, requested to know, "if he was brother to the preceding witness?" Upon answering in the affirmative, his Lordship was induced to ask his age; "Ninety, my Lord." "Indeed! that's a great age Mr. Elm. You have had your health well, I presume! "Never was ill a day, or took a dose of physic in my life, my Lord." "Astonishing! But you live regular, mostly upon milk diet, and go to bed early I suppose?" "Never live by any rule, my Lord; eat and drink whatever comes in my way, except milk, which I cannot bear." "In short, then, although you indulge your appetite in this way, I conclude you never drink to excess?" Why, to tell your Lordship the truth, I do not very well comprehend the meaning of drinking to excess, but I have not been to bed sober any one night this forty years." Upon which, one of the young barristers jumping up, exultingly asked his Lordship, "what he had to say to that?" "Say," replied his Lordship, "why, that Elm, wet or dry will last for ever."

VETERINARY CRITICISM.

A NEW SYSTEM OF FARRIERY, including a Systematic Arrangement of the External Structure of the Horse, illustrated with Copper-plates, representing the exact proportions of a Blood Horse; with a description of all the defects that tend to impede velocity. Likewise, directions for ascertaining with exactness the age of a Horse, from his being foaled, till fourteen years old. To which are added, the improved mode of treatment, and prescriptions, recommended by the Veterinary College, in every disease of difficult management. Interspersed with occasional references to the dangerous practice of country Farriers, Grooms, &c. And the method of curing the principal Epidemic Diseases, to which Cows, Sheep, &c. are subject. By John Feron, Veterinary Surgeon to his Majesty's 13th Regiment of Light Dragoons, &c. *Johnson*, 1803.—L.1:1s.

Anxious to do justice to the Public, our indispensible duty; and at the same time to give due encouragement to individuals, who stand forth to serve in this very useful department, we have too frequently been plunged into a very painful dilemma; in which, we must either betray our trust, or in the faithful execution of it, necessarily give a harsh and discouraging verdict. On the arrival of a French Veterinarian in this country, some years since—a man, doubtless of good practical talents, as far as his stock of knowledge extended—and on the establishment of a Veterinary College, we were taught to expect considerable improvement, in the general medical, and surgical treatment of our domestic animals. As far as we have been really benefited, in those respects, to that degree shall our acknowledgments extend. But for our parts, we must own we expected, and indeed had a right to expect, more real practice and less pretension; improvement and invention, where those were necessary; and where beaten track ran in the direction of reason, experience, and common sense, an honest and sedulous adherence thereto. Instead of which, what do we hear of but the insufficiency, and even gross ignorance of those veterinary writers, on whose principles and practise

practice long experience has taught us safely to rely: of great and wonderful discoveries made and making every day, and of the contentation of all veterinary knowledge, within certain walls, or within the pages of certain writers, who have been taught to pronounce the *Shiboleth* of authority.

Mr. Feron has learned to pronounce the word without hesitation; and he brings up the rear of we know not how many writers—for they have not dwelled long, on either their own, or the public recollection—who have, each and all of them, jointly and severally, published new systems, and new discoveries in farriery; at the same time, all agreeing, following, and bepraising each other; none first, none last, but all originals; and all vouching for the infallibility of the College!

We give the grand and *filling* whole-length of Mr. F's title page, as affording matter of curious analysis; and all must allow us adepts in critical investigation, since, in our labour, we begin with the beginning; and since, allowing that we skim lightly over the lighter parts of his light, airy, and elegant pages, we purpose to finish with the end, viz.

"A new system of Farriery"—in plain English, and real truth. This *new* system is essentially the same with that introduced by St. Bel; with a few convenient variations, gradually made ready to Mr. F's hand, by *authority*, for the necessary purpose of originality.

"External structure of the Horse"—This is certainly *new*—published upon new paper, and elegant, and graced with a new name: it is, nevertheless, plates and all, pretty faithfully copied from St. Bel; in so much, that if poor St. Bel pop his head out of its mansion of clay, he might very safely swear to the identical figure of his own horse."

"Directions for ascertaining the age of a horse"—These are also entirely new, upon the plan already laid down; and have been so often repeated, and by so many writers, French and English, within the last forty years, that could the rules be reduced to ten, it would conduce to their novelty, to style them the ten commandments, relating to a horse's mouth.

"The improved treatment and prescriptions, recommended by the Veterinary College."—All this *improvement*, for the additions are too trifling and insignificant for a note, may be found in the French writers; chiefly in Bourgelet, and St. Bel: much of it founded on justly exploded hypotheses, and a practise ill calculated for the use of this country, and far inferior to that already established on the best English authority. The reason for *frenchifying* us, in this particular, lies on the surface. But of far more real and universal use, would it have been, to have followed our own established writers, in this particular also—to have adopted from the French school, such practice as demonstrated real improvement, and have rejected that part, which was neither congruous with our reason, nor our habits. Take the following example: Osman, our veterinary surgeon—living about half a century past, in the premises now occupied by Mr. Moorcroft, in Oxford street—an excellent *practical* judge of horses, availed himself of the celebrated theory of *La Fosse*; and, accommodating it to English practical utility, through the medium of his own real experience, laid down a set of rules for shoeing; on the principles of which, horses of all descriptions, may go with ease, and safety; and which is to this moment, the foundation of our best practise.

"Interspersed

"Interspersed with occasional references to the dangerous practise of country farriers, grooms, &c." Wonderful and new, in the time of Flying Childers—1722—and repeated verbatim, by eighty-nine *original* writers, and five-and-fifty commentators since.

The book is handsomely dedicated to the Lieut Colonel of the author's regiment; and in the preface, reference is very properly made to the works of Bourgelat, and St. Bel; although Mr. F. certainly does not gain much by affecting to complain of the confused idea they give, of the anatomical, geometrical, and mechanical action of the muscles, whilst he, in the present work, has been very particular in observing the exact proportions of horses. Every reader conversant on the subject, is at once well satisfied, that he has truly been *particular*—to select just so much, and no more, from the above cited authors, than he judged would suit his purpose. We willingly accept the author's apology, as a foreigner; and assure him, we have no desire to take the smallest advantage of any literary slips he may have made; finding his English to be throughout, sufficiently intelligible, and in many parts entitled to commendation.

The introduction of the closet theories of the French writers, on the proportions of the horse, have led the present auther into that unfortunate blunder, committed by many of our veterinary gentlemen; namely, that of pretending to give instructions on race horses and the turf, instead of navigation, or plane trigonometry, which they might have understood, for any thing to the contrary appearing in their works. Thus, also, Mr. Richard Lawrence of Birmingham, the identical gentleman who advertised to inform the stupid world, could not subdue the common strong desire to share amongst the knowing ones of the course; as a proof of it, sagely advising the keepers of race horses, to train and race them, without pulling at the bridle, lest the pressure of the bit should spoil their mouths.

Mr. Feron reasons with an equal degree of practical knowledge; when he tells us in a note, page 34, that 'there are some judges of horses, who conceive the turning of the feet outwards, to be a good quality in a well bred horse, for no other reason, than comparing them to the structure of a colt!!!' The quotation and reasoning upon such an absurdity, at once ascertains the depth of the author's knowledge of the subject.

Page 49. "That pernicious and whimsical idea of giving three doses of physic." Alas! the author has no better success here. Before a writer attempts a subject, it behoves him to know what has been previously written upon it. Mr. F. ought to have known, that the subject of purging horses, has been practically and scientifically duscussed, its utility proved, and its abuses decried.

Page 59. "The second, St. Bel, has erroneously represented the proportions of the famous Eclipse, in the shape of a strong double hunter." *Bon Dieu!* a double hunter—where, in England, could the author possibly pick up such a tayloring phrase? St. Bel represented Eclipse exactly as he was, and as the writer of this has often seen him; a horse of vast substance, but that substance advantageously placed for action.—This is a point, on which uninformed persons are usually at a loss, supposing that a race horse must necessarily be a slim animal, than which nothing can be more absurd. Some of our largest and most bulky horses, have been amongst the most speedy; for example, Childers, Sampson,

Eclipse, Fireaway—upwards of 17 hands high—Boudrow, &c.

Page 63. We will excuse the author for telling us, in so serious a way, "that breeding is a subject of palpable importance"—since he has joined a piece of most philosophical and useful advice, relative to feeding the brood mare. Nothing can be more absurd, surely, than the pretended economy of keeping, or rather starving animals on straw, under circumstances of such bodily exhaustion, as those of "generatiag flesh, blood, and bone." Pity but the author, like a prudent man at play, had stopped here, while he was well; he would have ensured him the commendations of the informed, and spared him their smiles. His general rule, page 66, is far from being so infallible as he supposes.

The pages on shoeing, contain nothing new, merely transcriptory from the French practice, adopted by our Veterinary College, and to be found much more at large, in various other publications. The plan recommended page 95, to prevent a horse from over-reaching, is particularly absurd and useless; calculated merely to destroy the horse's fore feet, to no manner of purpose. The same may generally be said of the methods—those not new—which are recommended to prevent cutting. A veterinary surgeon, two or three years since, published a pamphlet, now forgotten, on this subject; wherein he detailed all the French methods of prevention in this case. These writers seem not aware, that it is nine times out of ten a natural defect, and that such horses would actually cut with the hoof, supposing them ridden unshod; in consequence, that a leathern guard on the leg, is the only remedy worth attention. Mr. F. seems not aware of the distinction between *knocking* and *cutting*; the latter term being more usually and properly applied to the speedy cut. Like his brethren from college, he is perfectly unaware of the *natural* thrush in the frog of the horse's foot; and of those cases, multitudinous as they are, in which no possible means of shoeing or habit, will enable the horse to go with his frogs exposed to the pressure, or rather abrasion of the hard roads.

Page 101. The author has again hazarded ridicule, by adopting the fashionable affectation of "strains, as they are called," and "cordials as they call them." Dr. Cullen formerly determined the animal body should have no pores. Drs. Darwin, Beddoes, & Co. pursuing the consequence, have *nem. con.* come to a resolution, that it is not only extreme nonsense, but impossible to catch cold! In proof of which, Dr. Beddoes adduced the convincing example, of a horse suddenly turned out of a hot stable into the fields in winter, without any perceptive difference in his health. A medical party among us, as well as in France, have adopted the *Hallerian* hypothesis of the inirritability of tendons, in direct opposition to both common feeling, and common sense; which, as has been proved repeatedly, throughout every generation, for two thousand years past, have nothing at all to do with the far greater number of medical and physiological hypotheses. Viewing this, respecting the tendons, in the light of an ephemeral hypothesis, it is only ridiculous, like the rest; but as adopted by men who are intrusted with the care of animals, in a state of lameness in their limbs, from excessive exertion, it is a most serious business, in regard both of humanity and pecuniary interest: for they who can comprehend *no strain or lameness, beyond the mere concomitant and symptomatic tension and*

and inflammation, are very ill qualified to prescribe in such a case. The arguments used in support of this notion, of the inelasticity, or absolute torpidity of tendons, and tendinous fibres, serve to no other conviction, than that the argumentators have but very superficially considered their subject; and such tenets, in a country of overstraining and hard riding, have done our college no credit. What a climax of postulate and corollary. No pores, no suppressed perspiration; therefore, no colds. No sensibility, irritability, or mobility, in tendons, so called, from *tendo*, to stretch; therefore, no possibility of strains. No cordials; therefore, we ought to presume, no faintness, nervous debility, or syncope !!! But the elasticity of tendons has been so amply proved, in a late veterinary treatise, that it is curious, we should have again heard the contrary asserted so roundly, unaccompanied with any new arguments or proofs.

Page 116. Mr. Coleman, it seems, "was the first who formed a just opinion of this disease in the feet of horses." *Inflammation of the sensible frog and laminæ.—Anglice*—the first, perhaps, who described it in those precise terms. As to the error of St. Bel, in prescribing cold and astringent applications, in the case of inflamed and foundered feet, it was first noticed in the treatise of Mr. John Lawrence.

Page 172. The advice in inflammatory cholic, "to take away five quarts of blood at once," indeed, till the horse is disposed to reel, is a pregnant instance of that temerarious practice, lately received amongst us, as orthodox; and equals any thing attributed to the hardy sons of Vulcan in that way.

Page 197. "Causes of the mange, so obscurely understood." By whom? Not surely by medical men. If so, Mr. Feron should have included himself, since nothing of novelty has escaped him.

On the subject of the Farcy, page 205, we are enabled to shew Mr. F. to great advantage indeed, as a courtier and a panegyrist. To those who desire a good lesson in this way, we warmly recommend the following. "The students of the veterinary art, and even the country at large, are quietly indebted to the worthy Mr. Coleman; particularly for his judicious discoveries in physiology and the *materia medica*. I beg leave to observe, that I have had the opportunity, of seeing several veterinary schools, in different parts of Europe, for thirty years past; and in consequence of the observations I have been able to make on the subject, I sincerely believe, that he has made greater progress, in the eight years which he has professed this science, than any other professor in similar schools, for nearly a century, that they have been introduced."

As to our author's cure for the Glanders, we have few remarks to make—we have rather to speak in notes of admiration!!! Granting the patient could possibly survive the debility usually concomitant with that disease, he would hardly escape the Herculean vigour of Mr. Feron's prescriptions. Aloes, calomel, arsenic, hemlock, blistering, phlebotomy to the extent of —merciful heaven—a gallon and a quarter at once, or two gallons in two or three days, in a disease of debility and consumption!!!

Page 228. On the *lampas*, and the *haw* in the eye, we have a specimen of that miserable sophistry, which has been echoed from one writer to another, by way of puffing the Veterinary College. Even Newspapers, and the British Critic, have lately joined—Critique on Ryding—this redoubtable squadron of panegyrists. The truth is, all

our writers of reputation previously to the establishment of the college, have written just as rationally, but somewhat more practically, on these subjects, than the disciples of the foundation. We ourselves, without vying with Mr. F. in his "many thousands of instances!!!" have often seen, both an inflamed palate in young horses, reduced and amended by a slight cauterization; and an enlargement of the conjunctive membrane of the eye, beneficially reduced by the scissars.

On the various diseases of oxen, cows, and sheep, we feelingly lament, with other purchasers of the author's book, that his five-and-twenty years experience, has produced nothing beyond a tale, one hundred times told.

We shall conclude with two observations, addressed not to this writer alone; namely, that in new books, it is by no means unreasonable, in the public, to expect somewhat new, at least necessary repetition; and that the continental veterinary practice is but partially applicable to the circumstances of this country.

A SKETCH
OF
MASTER PETER PETULANT;
OR,
ANY THING FOR THE SAKE OF PEACE.

MASTER PETER was the fruit of an interested match between his father Paul Petulant, and his mother Fadlanidia Fondle; of this happy couple Peter was the third son. At an early age he began to display an inclination of subduing every thing to his own will, which by his fond mother was indulged to an excess that well might be spared. It would sometimes happen the youth claimed indulgences, however, that even she would not consent to gratify, but instead of refusing with the authoritative and resolute air that becomes a parent, regarding its child's welfare, Mrs. Petulant continually found some falsehood to shift his importunities; at one moment the cat had ran away with the object of the young gentleman's pursuit, at another an old man had taken it up the chimney: and what at first astonished, afterwards served as an introduction to the art of lying. As Peter was the youngest, it was sometimes his fate to be left at home when his elder brothers went abroad. In that case he was told they were only going to school, though in fact it was a party of pleasure. This was a fresh lesson of falsehood to the elder youths; and on their return, sure to communicate it to Peter, who then learnt the first rudiments of fabricating. "Any thing for the sake of peace," was the motto of the fond mother; and as to the father, he was suffered to have no share in the education of his children, but under her direction, and "implicit obedience," was his motto. As the youth grew up, he broke windows, overset services of china, and played innumerable pranks, without either correction or reproof; these exploits were attributed by the fond mother to the effects of childhood, and the sure presage of a lively genius; and for the *sake of peace*, a lie, or an excuse in close alliance with a lie, was always in readiness; "besides," argued the matron with me, on a visit I annually made, "he is but a child, and when he grows older he will know better." However, as the son increased in years, the father increased in infirmities, and the education of Peter, which had before been laughed at as the follies of

of youth, now became a confirmed system of art and knavery. The young man was then twenty years of age, and I for the last time visited the family; "Well, Peter," said I, "how is your father;" "Oh, Sir," replied the lad, "he is rather fretful, but we manage him very well, for I can make him believe any thing. I slept out the other night; and the old man, having looked in my chamber and seeing my bed not in the least disturbed, was in a great rage, and determined to detect me in my return, for which purpose he placed himself at the door, I discovered him at a distance, and I procured an arch wag to direct his attention, while I stole by to my chamber: having equipped myself as if newly risen, down I came to the astonishment of the old boy, whom I assured he was mistaken, for that I was hid under the bed clothes: the stupid old fellow believed it, and it was all well—*any thing for the sake of peace*, as my mother used to say.

BOXING.

HOPPING NED AND DONNOVAN.

MONDAY November 28th, being the day appointed for the decision of several prize-battles, which have been for some time pending, the heroes of the fist, their seconds, and a numerous cavalcade of amateurs, set off at an early hour for Wimbledon Common, the place designed for the scene of action. At half past one o'clock, the ring being formed, the first two champions that entered the list, were Hopping Ned and A. Donnovan, from Kingston. These two combatants excited great interest among the fighting men, having fought together some time ago, for a considerable wager, when victory was declared in favour of Hopping Ned. On this occasion, the contest was only for twenty guineas. At a quarter before two o'clock, the combatants set to, each appearing confident of success. Hopping Ned placed the first blow on his antagonist's side, which staggered him; then following him up with his left hand, made a successful hit at Donnovan's forehead; he, however did not fall. On Donnovan's recovering himself, some sharp hitting took place on both sides; they closed, and, on falling, Hopping Ned was uppermost.

Second Round—A great deal of hard-fighting; no stopping, nor display of science. Donnovan fought shy, and endeavoured to avoid his opponent's blows; he was hit, in his retreat, on the neck, with Hopping Ned's left hand, which sent him among the people keeping the ring. Odds, two to one in Hopping Ned's favour.

Third Round—Very short; closed at starting. Hopping Ned gave Donnovan a cross buttock.

Fourth Round—Round hitting on both sides; notwithstanding many hard blows told, as neither had dexterity to stop them. On closing, Donnovan fell under.

Fifth Round—Some sharp hitting. Hopping Ned, in rallying, made a slip, and could not recover himself; in falling he received a severe hit from his opponent. Even betting.

Sixth, Seventh, and Eighth Rounds—No dangerous blows struck on either side. Hopping Ned kept the advantage, by being able to throw Donnovan. Both appeared weak.

Ninth Round—The most severe of any. Several straight blows struck by Hopping Ned, but did not tell, as Donnovan would not stand up. They closed, and a hard struggle ensued for the cross buttock, which ended, as usual, in Ned's favour.

Tenth,

Tenth, Eleventh, and Twelfth Rounds—Very little change in the odds, or style of fighting, except that Donnovan stood up closer; but when he made a severe hit, he generally fell from his own blow.

Thirteenth Round—Very sharp fought on both sides. Ned seemed the strongest; on rallying, Donnovan was hit over the left eye, which made him fall. Before he came to the ground he was hit again by Hopping Ned, when a general cry of foul! foul! was vociferated. The objection was over-ruled, and they again proceeded.

Fourteenth Round—Hopping Ned at starting, gave his opponent a complete knock-down blow.

Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Rounds—Continued even betting; Donnovan having thrown Hopping Ned twice, the only times during the whole battle.

Eighteenth, Nineteenth, and Twentieth Rounds—Hopping Ned appeared a good deal distressed, having undergone most fatigue in the battle, by following his opponent round the ring to put in his blows; many of which he failed in from the manner of Donnovan's retreating.

Twenty-first, Twenty-second, and Twenty-third Rounds—No odds in the battle. Nothing remarkable occurred except in the last round. In trying for a cross buttock, the one rolled over the other.

Twenty-fourth Round—Was hard fought on both sides. After some severe hitting, each made good his blow on his opponent's forehead, which occasioned them both to fall with violence on their backs, at some distance from each other.

Twenty fifth, Twenty-sixth, and Twenty-seventh Rounds—Were better contested than the preceding ones, particularly on the part of Donnovan, who now began to fight with greater confidence of success. He cut Hopping Ned severely over the face, which bled freely, and brought the odds in his favour for the first time.

Twenty-eighth Round—Was desperately fought. Hopping Ned seemed determined to gain the ground he had lost. He put in several body blows with great judgment, and threw his opponent at the end of the round.

For the *six* following rounds, both fought with determined bravery; but neither could make much impression on the other, from the exhausted state they were in. Hopping Ned continued to fight the most manly, never giving way but from the blows of his opponent; whilst Donnovan would frequently fall from his own blow; but whether from weakness or design, it was a matter of great doubt.

Thirty-fifth Round—Hopping Ned gave Donnovan a complete knock-down blow on setting to.

Thirty-sixth Round—Severe hitting. Both combatants seemed to have gathered strength, and shewed good bottom. Donnovan made a successful hit at Hopping Ned's body, which was returned by a blow from his opponent's left hand, which knocked him down.

Thirty-seventh Round—Donnovan struck several hard blows at Hopping Ned's left side, from the last of which he fell, without having received a blow in return. Here a cry of foul! foul! was called out by Hopping Ned's friends, who insisted that it was against the laws of pugilism to fall without a blow. It was urged on the other side, that it was not done intentionally, but proceeded from weakness. As Hopping Ned was still considered to have the best of it, he was persuaded, much against his will, to resume the contest.

Thirty-eight Round—They closed on meeting, and fell together.

Thirty-ninth

Thirty-ninth Round — Hopping Ned insisted he had won the money they had fought for, in consequence of the foul play shewn by Donnovan; and therefore considered it was unnecessary for him to proceed.

On Hopping Ned's endeavourvouring to make his way out of the ring, he was followed by Donnovan, who inquired if he had given in? when the other replied, No! On which Donnovan putting himself in a fighting position, to attack him. Hopping Ned opposed him. The round finished with Donnovan having knocked down Hopping Ned for the first time. Here the battle finished. Hopping Ned would pursue the contest no longer, nor would he acknowledge the money lost. Having been told after he had put on his clothes, that the reason he quitted the ring was, that he was afraid of being beat, he offered to fight Donnovan again; but his friends would not suffer him to engage a second time, saying, that Hopping Ned had lost the money the moment he quitted the ring.

The first battle lasted one hour all but one minute.

SECOND FIGHT.

BETWEEN

LANCASTER AND PLOUGHMAN,

Two lads from Kensington. The great skill and science they were known to possess in boxing, induced the amateurs to take uncommon pains to get them to fight a pitched battle, which they at length effected. On setting to, the amateurs could not help expressing their astonishment at the superior style in which they fought. They seemed to have acquired, considering their years, every requisite for the character of pugilists. Their manner of hitting was sharp and straight forward, and they were not only able to strike severe blows, but to bear them. These *promising youths* fought fifty-five rounds in about one hour and a quarter; during which neither of them ever once seemed to relax in vigour, or in style of fighting. What may also appear surprising, the lads were not much bruised in the contest. This entirely arose from their dexterity and skill in stopping the blows, which were only felt on their arms. At the expiration of the time mentioned, it was thought proper to separate them, as the wager for which they fought was not great, to make room for two other heroes of the fist, of great eminence in the *fighting world*.

THIRD FIGHT.

CUFF AND COWAN.

It was nearly dark, and the ring having been broken in, another was immediately made at some distance, when Joseph Cuff, of Putney, a celebrated pugilist, and Levy Cowan, from Lincolnshire, a noted fighting man, entered it. The sum for which they were to fight was not considerable; their grand object was to settle a dispute which had taken place between them, and to prove which was the best man. On stripping, Cuff seemed to have greatly the advantage in size, being at least two stone heavier than his opponent. Cowan placed great dependance in his superior skill, and set to with indifference, if not contempt, for his opponent. After thirteen rounds of hard fighting, however, Cowan gave in.

It was now quite dark, which prevented other battles from taking place. Nearly all the pugilists of note in the country were present. The Game Chicken from Bristol was there, and is expected to get matched before he leaves London.

IRISH

IRISH SPECTACLES.

THE late General B—— going post to Ireland, on some extraordinary business that would not permit the incumbrance of a retinue, stopped to dine at an inn on the Chester road, and ordered a pair of ducks which he saw ready at the kitchen fire, up to his table. The General's desire had been just complied with, when some country bucks came in hungry as hawks, after a morning's sport. They eagerly inquired what could be had to eat? Like a true Boniface, the landlord enumerated what he had not, to apologize for what he had; and among other things mentioned the ducks, which had been only a minute before served up for the Irish gentleman's dinner. "*Irish Jontleman*!" gibingly exclaimed one of the chagrined groupe. "D—n me! I'll lay fifty to five, the fellow does not know B from a bull's foot. Here, waiter, take my watch up to the *Jontleman*, and present my compliments to him, and request him to tell me what o'clock it is." The General heard the message, took the watch, and with great temper, returned his respects, with an assurance, that as soon as he had dined, he would endeavour to satisfy the inquiry. The bucks who were chuckling at the embarrassment they imagined the ignorant Irishman was led into, sat down to regale themselves on whatever they could get; but their jollity was presently disturbed by the entrance of a military figure, who with that politeness which is the peculiar characteristic of the army, advanced towards the table where they were all seated, and presented the watch. "Gentlemen" said he, "I wish to know its owner, as from a message sent me a little while ago, I presume he is *short sighted*, and have brought him *this* pair of spectacles —pointing to a case of large pistols he held under his arm—to remedy his defect." Joke was gone, the bucks were silent. The General deliberately put the watch into his fob, with a declaration that secured it to him for ever: "Gentlemen, I am sorry for intruding, as I find the *owner* is not among you; whenever he claims it he shall have it, but never, by G—d, *without a trial of the spectacles.*

LAW.

ACTION FOR AN ASSAULT, ON ACCOUNT OF A WAGER.

Court of King's Bench, December 3.

EDBROOKE *v.* BARRETT.

THIS was an action for an assault. A wager had been lost for five pounds; and Mr. Lambert, a coach maker, Mr. Largent, a cork-cutter, Mr. Collet, a distiller, and several other persons went to Mr Johnson's public-house, at Edmonton, to be merry on the occasion of spending this money; and, to make the day out, in the morning they took the amusement of sporting on the manor of Sir W. Curtis. If these gentlemen did not agree quite so well at the table as in the field, it appears that at the former they did more execution. In an affray which took place after the bottle had pretty freely circulated, the plaintiff in this action was knocked down, a contusion near the temple was the consequence, and by the evidence of the surgeon, it seemed there was a rupture of the tendons of his "large toe," to use the words of this pharmaceutic professor.

Mr. Garrow for the plaintiff, contended

contended that he had suffered very serious injury; that he was confined ten days or a fortnight, and that he had not yet recovered from the effects of the violence.

Mr. Erskine, for the defendant, represented that it was a mere drunken frolic, that it was obvious the plaintiff had given great provocation, and that the moderation and justice of the jury would dispose them to assign the smallest damages.

Lord Ellenborough, Chief Justice.—The assault being proved, the question before you is merely the quantum of damages. The act of interposing even to prevent others from committing reciprocal violence, by pulling the one, is an assault for which a man may be convicted, unless he justifies himself for such interference. The defendant in this case has not so justified.—Verdict for the plaintiff, damages forty shillings.

Court of Common Pleas. Dec. 5.

Sittings before Lord Alvanley, and a Special Jury.

CRIM. CON.

SHEE, *v.* MALCOLM.

THIS was an action to recover a compensation in damages, for criminal conversation with the plaintiff's wife.

The case was opened by Mr. Sergeant Shepherd. He stated that the plaintiff was an officer of rank in the army, and who had been serving his country abroad with the utmost honour and credit to himself, and adding to the glories already acquired by the British arms, The Learned Sergeant entered at some length into the principles of such actions, and observed that it was highly necessary, while honourable and brave men were fighting the battles of their country, that they should be protected by the laws of that country, against any invasion which might be made on their domestic happiness, through the seductive arts of any unprincipled libertine. He then detailed the evidence which he meant to adduce to support the charge he had to make against the defendant, who had seduced the plaintiff's wife; and concluded with expressing his hope, that when he should have made out his case, the jury would teach such persons, that the laws of civil society, and all that was dear in it, was not to be trampled upon.

The first witness called, was Capt. George Losack, who stated, that he knew Col. Shee, the plaintiff, who at present is serving under Mr. Pitt, in the Cinque Port Volunteers. They sailed together for India in the year 1796. The plaintiff was in the William Pitt East-Indiaman, which the witness had under his convoy. They stopped at the Cape of Good Hope, where the Colonel was married to Miss St. Charles, the subject of the present action, who at that time was about 15 years old. The witness was married there at the same time. On his cross-examination he said, they were married at a Mr. Strumble's. Sir Chas Mitchell, General Doyle, Capt. Waller, and himself, were present. The Chaplain of the witness's ship performed the ceremony. The Lady went out to India under protection of the Captain of the ship.

John Birch, Esq. stated, that Mrs. Shee was the reputed daughter of a first cousin of the witness, and was born at Quebec, in America. She was, previous to her

departure from England for India, under the protection of his relations, and was sent out to their relations in that quarter of the globe—Messrs. J. and R. Birch—who held high official situations at Bengal. She remained about two years in India, when she returned home, as she stated, on account of ill health. She brought no letter of credit from her husband, no supplies with her, or had any resources, but was left entirely on the bounty of her relations. When she left England she was a mere child, carrying dolls with her for her amusement. She remained in England two years, until an opportunity offered to send her back. Col. Shee at that time was in Bengal, and was at the capture of Seringapatam. She returned to India under the care of Captain Churchill, who had married a sister of her father's, since dead. On his cross-examination he stated, that she was sent back to India at the family expence, no accounts or supplies of cash, or other intelligence, having been received from her husband. The family was much surprised at her marriage, which they did not expect to hear of, and were much displeased at it.

A letter, which had been previously sworn to as of the defendant's hand-writing, was read. It was merely a polite request to Colonel and Mrs. Shee, to take their passage home in the defendant's ship to England.

Major Samuel Hogg, of the India service, stated, that he returned to England in the defendant's ship, the Victorious man of War, of 74 guns. The plaintiff and his wife came on board the latter end of December, 1801, and took their passage for England. The back part of the great cabin was divided into two for their accommodation; this was separated by a passage on the left-hand side. In this cabin were two couches and a swing-cot. There were many passengers on board, some dined in the ward-room, and the witness, with the plaintiff and his wife, dined in the great cabin. On the 5th of February the witness was awoke out of his sleep at midnight by the plaintiff, who, with great vehemence, desired him to rise, as he wanted to shew him something. As soon as he got up, the latter seized him by the hand, hurried him through the passage which divided the cabins to the stern gallery, where he saw the defendant standing at the door of his cabin in his shirt. The plaintiff informed the witness, that he had caught his wife and the defendant in a very improper situation, and which, from his statement, left no doubt as to the adulterous intercourse. The plaintiff upbraided the defendant with his conduct, and charged him with the crime, which he did not attempt to deny, though he said Mrs. Shee was not there.

After some search, the plaintiff found his wife concealed in his own cabin, he pulled her out violently, and throwing her towards the defendant, said, "There, take your strumpet, and a pretty bargain you have of her." The plaintiff was violently agitated, and used many bitter accusations against the defendant, and asked if he had anything to say for himself in excuse, to which he replied, "I have not," but intreated the plaintiff to spare his reproaches, as they would be of no avail. The following morning the defendant left the ship, and went on board the Sybille, another of his Majesty's ships under his command, in which he returned to England.

On his cross-examination nothing material came out, farther than that he described the conduct of the plaintiff

plaintiff to his wife as exceedingly distant and reserved at all times, and what appeared to him more than she deserved, as he thought there was no provocation on her part for such conduct. The witness said, that a Mr. Somerville and the Colonel were conversing together after the discovery, and the former observed, "you have made a remark which does you great honour as a man of sentiment and feeling. You said you were very sorry such a circumstance should occur to a man of Capt. Malcolm's character." The Colonel then observed, that she was a foolish, depraved, and vicious ——, and he was happy he had got rid of such a burthen; that she had a long time been throwing herself away, but that it was the greatest good fortune that could have happened to him, for he was thereby deprived of the irksome burthen of her.

This witness, in reply to a question from one of the jury, said that the conduct of Mrs. Shee was very bad in public; she was fawning to men in general, although never so in the presence of her husband.

William Somerville, Esq. Garrison Surgeon at the Cape of Good Hope, also a passenger in the Victorious to England, confirmed the former witness's testimony, as to being sent for by the plaintiff on the discovery of his wife's infidelity. He stated the conversation that passed nearly in the same terms as the former witness. Mrs. Shee had, as the plaintiff told him, expressed more than usual anxiety on that night, with respect to shutting some window shutters at the head of his bed; this caused him to suspect her; he pretended to be asleep, and after some time found she had quitted the room and gone to the defendant's cabin; and, *to make sure of his bird*, he followed, and found them in bed together. The witness then described the conversation that passed. On his cross-examination, he stated, that he had attended Mrs. Shee several times in hysteric fits: once in particular, she told him her illness was owing to the plaintiff's conduct. There was in her general conduct a great deal of levity.

It was endeavoured to be established by the defendant's counsel, that the marriage was not solemnized according to the rules and orders of the Dutch Commissary Consistorial Court at the Cape. This objection was over-ruled by the Learned Judge.

Mr. Sergeant Cockell then addressed the Jury in behalf of the defendant. He admitted a verdict must go against his client, though the damages, he trusted, would be merely nominal, as he should prove, by some letters written by the plaintiff to his wife, that he could not complain of the loss of her society, for these letters were expressive of the unhappy differences which existed between them.

The letters were then put in and proved. After which, Mr. Sergeant Shepherd replied, and Lord Alvanley summed up. His Lordship thought the plaintiff had not used due diligence to prevent his wife, whom it appeared had the most vicious tendencies, from throwing herself into the arms of the defendant. Under these circumstances, it would be for the Jury to say, what damages he could have a right to expect. He adverted to the circumstance of the correction used by the plaintiff to reclaim her from the vicious mode which she had adopted, and observed, that he wished British husbands to know that they were not justified in recurring to such measures.

The Jury retired a short time, and found a verdict for the plaintiff —Damages *Forty Shillings*.

Sheriff's Court, Nov. 26.

CRIM. CON.

DAVIS *v.* SMITH.

MR. GURNEY stated to the jury, that they were called upon to assess the damages in an action brought by the plaintiff against the defendant, for criminal conversation with his wife. The plaintiff was a clerk or book-keeper at one of the principal coffee-houses of this metropolis, and the defendant the proprietor of one of the short stages near town. The Learned Counsel expatiated on the dreadful injury a man sustained in being robbed of the affection and society of a woman with whom he was happily married; and observed, it was impossible for a jury to give any adequate satisfaction in damages for the violation of his domestic happiness and comfort.

The circumstances of the case were these: It had at first been supposed that the plaintiff's wife and the defendant became acquainted with each other, in consequence of her frequently coming to town in his coach; but, although it now appeared their intimacy had subsisted prior to such opportunities of intercourse, yet so secretly had they carried on their correspondence, that no suspicion was entertained of their criminality. In the month of February last, the plaintiff was afflicted with a fit of sickness, which confined him so long that he lost the situation he had before enjoyed. On his recovery, he went on a visit to a relation, and when he returned, retired to a watering place for the benefit of his health, and took his wife with him. In the month of May he received an anonymous letter, informing him his wife had been unfaithful to his bed during his illness. Not believing the imputation on her chastity, and wishing to discover who had slandered her, he wrote to a confidential friend to make inquiry into the truth of the report. The result of the inquiry was such, as to induce him to come to town with his wife, in whose virtue he still reposed so much confidence, that he resisted the impression of evidence of her guilt, which would have convinced any one not so partially disposed; but his doubts were at length removed by the discovery of a letter from his wife to the adulterer, which shewed that a criminal connection had long subsisted between them; and that while he was absent, the defendant had every day visited his wife, and slept with her three or four times. His distraction at the assurance of her inconstancy was more easy to be imagined than described.

The Learned Counsel urged to the jury, that the pecuniary damage sustained by a person in the plaintiff's situation, was far greater in proportion, than when such an injury was offered to a man of rank and fortune. He remarked, that the conduct of the plaintiff to his wife had ever been most kind and affectionate. The plaintiff had two children, the offspring of his union with his wife, and he had indulged the hope that they would have been pledges for the continuance of their mutual felicity and affection; but it was no small aggravation of the father's misery, that this infatuated and unhappy woman was far advanced in pregnancy, under circumstances which justified the strongest suspicion, that the adulterer was the parent of the infant she was on the eve of bringing into the world. The Learned Counsel concluded, by trusting, that a case

so

so calamitous as that of the plaintiff, would justify the jury in giving very exemplary damages.

The brother-in-law of the plaintiff proved the marriage in 1797; the husband was then twenty-four years of age, and the wife seventeen; it was a match of affection, with the consent of their parents and friends; they always appeared to live happily. The plaintiff was a man of an excellent disposition, pleasing manners, attentive to his wife, and remarkably fond of his children. Upon the receipt of the first intelligence of his wife's infidelity, he was agitated to such a degree that the witness thought he would have lost his senses.

A person at whose house the plaintiff and his wife lodged, and her servant, proved that the defendant was in the habit of calling almost every day upon Mrs. Davis, always choosing those hours at which it was certain the plaintiff's duty would exclude the possibility of his being at home. They also proved, that while the plaintiff was altogether absent, the defendant slept several nights with his wife. These witnesses described the plaintiff as a kind indulgent husband, never out of temper, and spending all his time with his wife and children, except when he was engaged in business.

Several other witnesses confirmed the character given of the plaintiff, with respect to his affectionate regard for his wife.

The defendant offered nothing n extenuation of his offence, either by counsel or otherwise.

The Sheriff summed up the evidence with impartiality, leaving the question of damages to the consideration of the jury, under all the circumstances of the case.

The jury retired about ten minutes, and returned a verdict for the plaintiff—Damages L.100.

DISAPPOINTED LOVE,

Instanced in a Trial, at the Court-house, Salford.

D—— *v.* K——

THIS was an action in trover, brought by the plaintiff, to recover a gold ring, and two silver table-spoons, which the plaintiff had presented to the defendant's wife, when that lady was in a state of widowhood, on condition of her giving her hand to the plaintiff. It appeared that the commencement of Mr. D's courtship to the widow, —then Mrs. B—was nine weeks after the decease of her first husband, when the parties were on a friendly journey together in a gig to Liverpool, in the last bathing season. That he succeeded so well in his suit before he reached Liverpool, as to procure her consent to have the *Gordian knot* tied in that town: the little golden magic circle was bought, and a couple of silver spoons, which attracted the lady's fancy, as preparatory to house-keeping. Upon inquiry, it appeared that the canon law precluded an immediate marriage, a certain time of residence being necessary on the part of the bridegroom: it was then proposed and agreed to, that the happy junction of hands should take place at Rochdale, and that Mr. D. should previously reside there one month: this was done; and Mr. D. flew on the wings of affection to fetch his beloved from B——, for the purpose; where, from a feeling of delicacy, the lady would not be wed so early after the demise of her dear departed husband. On his entering the vicinity of B——, his ears were struck with the dulcet tones of the church bells; not knowing the cause, he thought perhaps Bonaparte

parte had been defeated, or some other great political blow had been struck; he was soon informed it was for a wedding: here Mr. D's heart danced in joyful union with the merry bells, anticipating the blissful moment of his own union; but, alas, "Frailty, thy name is woman!" Too soon did he learn that the marriage which the bells proclaimed, was no other than that of the very lady, for whose amiable person he had been performing a month's quarantine at Rochdale, to a Mr. K. a gentleman of B——, some years younger than Mr. D. This was the plaintiff's case; and he brought his action for the recovery of the ring and spoons. The defence set up was, that those articles were given as mere tokens of friendship, platonic symbols, distinct from any promise or condition of marriage whatever. The jury gave a verdict for Mr. D. to the full amount of the ring and spoons. The case was very ably argued by Mr. Hobrow, for Mr. D. and not less ably by Mr. Cross, for Mr. K.

Court of King's Bench, Guildhall.

RESTIVE HORSES — YORKSHIRE JOHN.

DAWSON *v.* THOMAS.

THIS was an action brought to recover the sum of 130 guineas, paid by the plaintiff for a pair of horses, warranted sound, and quiet in harness.

The plaintiff's coachman, Yorkshire John, as Mr. Garrow called him, stated, that shortly after the horses were purchased, he drove them to Windsor; they went very well, and manifested no other symptom of vicious dispositions, than throwing out or kicking when any thing passed them; but this he attributed to their youth and high blood, and thought it a fault which time and experience would correct. They continued to give satisfaction during a few days, but at length their untoward spirits broke forth—they refused to touch collar, jibbed, kicked, reared up, and instead of advancing with the carriage, they uniformly performed retrograde motions. Besides these indications of their bad dispositions, they would not suffer John, on any account to ride them. Whenever he attempted to use them as saddle-horses, they resisted every application of the whip and spur, and neither gentle words nor hard blows had any effect upon them. One of them, the youngest, threw John, and fell upon him, to the great danger of his life. In short, from the account he gave of them, two such untameable and wicked brutes never were put in harness. Such was John's description of the animals, and it was corroborated by several of his fellow servants. It appeared, that, upon the purchase, John had been presented with five pounds; but although the horses had been sent back, he had not thought proper to return the money. It was not, he said, customary for a Yorkshireman to return money if he could help it. On the part of the defendant, the picture was reversed. It was proved, that the horses had been regularly and properly broken in, and were as steady, tractable, and quiet creatures, as any man would wish to drive. They had been in the service of several persons of quality; and, among others, of Lord Henry Petty, Sir Henry Stratchey, Mrs. Baker, &c. consequently they had been much in the habit of attending theatres, the opera-house, concerts, routs, and a variety of places of public amusement. Upon all these occasions, they

they conducted themselves like well disposed horses; and although these were situations likely to excite the irritability of young horses, they never exhibited any of the bad qualities Yorkshire John had imputed to them. It was stated by one witness, an experienced whip, who happened to be at Kensington, where John baited, on the way to Windsor, that he observed the curb, gag, and other harness of the head, were too tight, and he told John it was impossible for them to get on, unless they were altered. At the request of John he did alter them, and the horses went off in as quiet and good a style as possible. It was also proved, that at the time they ran backwards with the carriage, they were buckled up in the same improper way; and further, that when John was riding them, he injudiciously used the whip and spur, a practise of all others most likely to irritate young horses. Lord Henry Petty, who sat upon the bench during the trial, declared, that the horses were uncommonly gentle, and carried him in perfect safety. The result of the examination of a great number of witnesses was, that the Yorkshire automaton was either deficient in point of ability or honesty, for it was clear that the horses, if properly harnessed, would have gone well: and consequently the plain inference was, that John did not know how to harness them, or he wished his master to return them and buy others; in which case, another *douceur* of five pounds would probably have fallen to his share.

Lord Ellenborough, in summing up the evidence, observed, that it was very extraordinary, as these horses had such a good character, that the plaintiff should not have tried them with another coachman.

The jury, without hesitation, returned a verdict for the defendant.

A PIG HUNT.

BERESFORD *v.* DARLEY.

THIS action was brought by Mrs. Ann Beresford, a widow, who had six children—five daughters and a son—and six pigs, and it was to recover damages for setting on a bull dog to worry one of the latter.

It appeared that the defendant, who was an opposite neighbour of Mrs. Beresford, at Barkingside, was continually at variance with her and her family, and took every opportunity of doing them unkind offices. His resentment was equally vented against the pigs, who, if ever they trespassed on his premises, were sure to smart severely for their temerity. One day they had strayed into his kitchen garden, and were busily employed in helping themselves to what it afforded, when the defendant, who had watched their motions, surprised them. He let them all out but one, and, calling his large yard dog, encouraged him to seize the poor victim. The dog did not require much invitation, but instantly caught it by the throat. The plaintiff's son described the scene: he said he had observed the defendant turn the pigs out of his garden, and at first supposed he had released them all, but in a few moments he heard the pig squeak in a dreadful manner; he ran towards the defendant's garden, where he beheld him clapping the dog on the back, and the pig pleading in vain for mercy. The witness got the animal away, took him home to his sty, and placed him in a clean bed of straw, where he was properly attended, and medical assistance provided. The pig languished during ten days, at the expiration of which period he died. The facts being clearly proved, the jury, by their verdict, pronounced the dog guilty

guilty of the wilful murder of the pig; and awarded damages against the defendant, as accessary before the fact, to the amount of forty-five shillings.

The verdict entitles the plaintiff to her costs; consequently it will be well for the defendant if he has not to pay more than fifty pounds for his pig hunt.

DASHING DECORATIONS;

OR,

PAPER HANGING IN PROFUSION.

TRICKER AND HENDERSON *v.* BOGLE FRENCH, ESQ.

THE plaintiffs are upholsterers, and have a warehouse in New Bond-street. The defendant is a merchant of eminence in the city. The latter had built a villa of considerable splendour and beauty in the vicinity of Dulwich, and was disposed to revive the magnificence of the Luculli of ancient times, or of the Racamiers of modern story. His lady was endowed with extraordinary taste, and two apartments in this mansion were to be decorated under her immediate and exclusive orders. The style of ornament which her inventive imagination had proposed, seemed more suited to the fairy fingers of poetic fiction, than to the clumsy productions of human effort. It will scarcely be credited, that the expence of the papering of one room, and small cabinet, which modern affectation has called a Boudoir, amounted to one hundred and sixty-three pounds. All the embellishments of art and science were introduced into these apartments; pilasters in style of the Grecian architecture, with capitals glowing with gold, supported the roof; festoons of flowers sustained by vine leaves waved in the upper regions of the apartment; and pendent branches that seemed to be supplied by nature herself invited the hand, and disappointed the grasp of the observer: even the doors of the apartments successfully practised the same deception. The votary having entered this Temple of the Muses, all possibility of exit appeared to be denied; the artifices of the lovely Calypso were successfully imitated, and the son of Ithaca could no way escape. It seems, that the ingenuity of taste and parade of magnificence displayed on this occasion, were a little animated by the fever of ambition. The elegance of the apartments of Mrs. Shawe, in this neighbourhood, had attracted general admiration; and the mortification could not be endured, that the beauty of her residence should exceed that of the present candidate for public applause and private envy. All the artists were in consequence directed to leave no question on comparative merit. The embellishments of Mrs. Shawe's apartments were not to be mentioned in the same day with those of Mrs. French. It would be a cruel situation to leave all the pleasures of the descriptive with which this lady has furnished us, for the clamour of lawyers, and the quibbles of logic; and from this we are relieved by the nature of the question. Mr. Erskine did what he could to shew the charge to be enormous; he was, however, unsuccessful; and the merchant, his opulent client, was obliged to pay for the delight of this Elysium, which the creative fancy of his fair Juno had prepared for his reception. Mr. Garrow for the plaintiff proved the work performed, and the felicity of taste and execution in its completion, when the Jury, under the direction of Lord Ellenborough, gave their verdict for the plaintiff.

DISPUTED

DISPUTED PAYMENT FOR CARRIAGES.

HATCHETT AND CO. *v.* RUTHERFORD, ESQ.

THIS action was brought by Mr. Hatchett and his Partners, who are eminent coach-makers in Long Acre, to recover L.255, 16s. which was due to them from Lieut. Colonel Rutherford, for carriages.

Colonel Rutherford being, in the year 1801, about to set out as surveyor-general to the island of Trinidad, in the West Indies, ordered two carriages of the plaintiffs, which were to be paid for in ready money. When the carriages were ready, they sent in their bill, upon the back of which Colonel Rutherford wrote an order, directed to Turnbull, Forbes, and Co. desiring them to pay the within as usual. This was on the 15th of September, 1801. When the plaintiffs' agent called on Messrs. Turnbull and Co. they told him they had not then any money in their hands of Colonel Rutherford's, and desired him to call again after Christmas. When he called after Christmas, he received no satisfactory answer.

This business went on till the month of July, when the plaintiffs obtained of Messrs. Turnbull and Co. a bill of two months for their demands; but unfortunately, before that bill became due, Messrs. Turnbull and Co. became insolvent; and the question was, whether the plaintiffs were entitled to recover this money of Colonel Rutherford; or whether, by giving Turnbull and Co. so much indulgence, so much time to pay this demand, the plaintiffs had not taken them for their paymasters?

As to the order given by Col. Rutherford, as it was neither a banker's check, nor a note payable on demand, it ought to have had a stamp to make it evidence; and as it had no stamp it could not be read. But it appeared from the evidence of Mr. Turnbull, that if they had been urged for the money by the plaintiffs, they would certainly have paid them before July. They had paid every other order of Col. Rutherford but that; and they had then a warrant from Government, on account of Col. Rutherford, for L.10,000, which they afterwards received.

Lord Ellenborough observed, that he was most clearly of opinion, the defendant was entitled to a verdict. When Col. Rutherford gave the plaintiffs an order on Turnbull and Co. the plaintiffs gave him a receipt for the money as if it had been paid; and then they gave Turnbull and Co six months farther time; and Mr. Turnbull had sworn, if they had urged them for money, by telling them they would either apply to the Treasury, or to Col. Rutherford himself, they would certainly have been paid.

The Jury found a verdict for the defendant.

HORSE BOUGHT BY PRIVATE CONTRACT.

HELYAR, *v.* HON. MARTIN HAWKE.

THIS action was brought by the plaintiff against the defendant, a gentleman of fortune, grandson of Lord Hawke, to recover the

"You have taken me in; the horse is glandered; give me back my money:" to which Edwards answered, looking at the horse standing at the door—"Lord! how the horse runs at the nose; it is not mine; it belongs to a friend; and I did say when you bought it, if you did not approve of it in a fortnight, I would take it again." The horse was therefore delivered, but the money was not returned, the defendant not having so much cash; but promised to restore the same shortly. Failing, however, to do so, Solomons and Harris the attorney were enraged to find themselves duped by a brace of green Yorkshire horse-dealers, therefore were determined to bring the law on their backs; and, after the necessary steps had been taken to indict them for a conspiracy, they were taken into custody on the 29th of July.

The court were of opinion, after the above facts had been proved, that the defendants did not come under the indictment, an agreement having been entered into to return the money if the horse was not approved of; which the prosecutor could have recovered by bringing the parties into a civil court of justice. The Jury therefore were directed to acquit them.

PHILOSOPHICAL STRICTURES ON CARD PLAYING.

MR. EDITOR,

IT is my opinion, but I do not expect all your readers to subscribe to it, that mankind, especially in Europe, are grown more gentle, more social, less wicked, and less unhappy, than they were before card playing became their favourite amusement; and therefore I cannot help attributing this reformation in their manners to the natural tendency and influence of this kind of diversion.

Before the epoch of cards, there was less union between the sexes; I mean, they were less together, less in society or company. The men were more so: the meetings in clubs and taverns were more in vogue; convivial drinking formed more connections, more friendship; the heaviness of time, which is one of the most powerful causes of the unfolding of human perfectability, excited men to cultivate their talents, to apply themselves to study, to labour at the arts, to cabal, to project conspiracies. Politics were the subject of the conversations which leisure, and a kind of necessity of passing away the time, produced; they censured the government; they complained of it, they conspired against it; and there were, on such occasions, friends to be found who might be trusted: the great virtues and the great vices were more common. Then again—the men in those days, not having, by means of the talisman of cards, the opportunity of satiating their eyes with the charms of women, in full counterview to them over the green carpet—friendship and love were passions. But, at present, thanks to those same cards, there is little more left than gallantry: there may be found plenty of acquaintances and not a single friend; a number of mistresses, and not one beloved.

I would not, however, be supposed not aware of the ill which the rage of play has done with regard to both sexes. I readily allow, that much ill has been done by the rage of play; and I will also allow, that while card playing has freed us from the principal vices of our

our forefathers, it has also stripped us of some of their greater virtues: but there have, I think, resulted, upon the whole, from the universal prevalence of this amusement, advantages which may balance the mischief, and even, upon the whole, preponderate.

The sedentary life to which this eternal amusement reduces the two sexes, enervates the body; whence, both in the natural and moral state of man, there results a new system of manners, temper, and constitution. The magic of card playing, forms the common point of concourse of almost all the passions in miniature. They all, as one may say, find in it their nourishment. Every thing, indeed, is microscopical, and more illusive than the common illusion. A confused idea of good and bad luck presents itself: vanity finds its account in it; play seems to establish a false shew of equality among the players; it is the call that assembles in society the most discordant, the most incongruous individuals: avarice and ambition are its movements; the universal taste for pleasure flatters itself with procuring its satisfaction by this amusement: the ladies being of the party, that love, of which gallantry takes the name to no purpose, must be so too; the sphere of our passions becomes contracted, concentrated, and confined to a petty orbit; all the passions put themselves in chains, or evaporate and exhaust themselves far from their spring head, and wide of their mark.

Time heavily oppressing, leisure, laziness, avarice, and ambition, devour, together, in common, a light unsubstantial food, which enervates their force and activity; and as it is from the fermentation of the great passions that there commonly results more of evil than of good, human kind has gained more than it has lost. There are no longer great virtues; but then we do not see so many great crimes as formerly. Assassinations, poison, and all the horrors of a civil war, are incompatible with the state of a nation, in which the men and women lose a very great part of their time at cards. I am, Sir, your's, &c.

J—— K——.

Lincoln's Inn, Nov. 7th.

PAVEMENT LAW.

MR. EDITOR,

WHEN riding, I find the law of the road generally understood, and am seldom annoyed by any one's attempting to pass me on my left. I much wish to enjoy the same convenience in walking, and am at a loss to tell why the regulation of the metropolis should not be adopted in country towns.

Pray inform your readers, that it is the fashion of London, for all pedestrians, male or female, when their right shoulders are to the wall, to take that side, or, as your country friends may erroneously call it, to take the upper hand; and when they know this, I hope none of them will be so unpolite as to deviate from the fashion. The full establishment of this regulation will not only be accommodating to the sons of industry, in pursuit of their object; but it will prevent many ridiculous rencontres among loungers, in shifting from side to side of the pavement, and butting half a dozen times against each other, before they can choose on which side to pass. Your's, &c.

AMBULATOR.

RUSSIAN

RUSSIAN RACES.

AT St. Petersburg, on Wednesday, June 1, 1803, a sweepstakes of 100 roubles each, for all ages, 8st.

Mr. Vernon's chesnut mare, Rebecca — —	1
Mr. Fanizon's br. gelding	2
Mr. Moneshare's ch. mare, rode by Black George —	3
Mr. Parlin's bay mare —	4

On Wednesday, June 8, a sweepstakes of 50 roubles each, 8st. Two heats in three.

Mr. Parlin's bay mare —	1 1
Mr. Fanizon's brown gelding	2 2
Mr. Kirby's grey crop —	3 dr

Same day, a sweepstakes of 100 roubles each, 7st. 7lb.

Mr. Parlin's bay mare —	1
Mr. Fanizon's grey mare —	2
Mr. Vernon's grey mare —	3

On Wednesday, June 15, Mr. Kirby's grey crop, rode by James Cook, beat Mr. Fanizon's brown gelding, 8st. each, 500 roubles each. Even betting.

On Wednesday, June 29, Mr. Kirby's grey crop, rode by James Cook, beat Mr. Parlin's bay mare, 7st. 7lb. each, 100 roubles each. Even betting.

On Wednesday, July 7, Mr. Kirby's bay mare, rode by James Cook, beat Mr. Vernon's chesnut mare Rebecca, 8st. each, 500 roubles each. 5 to 4 on Rebecca.

On Wednesday, July 21, Mr. Regall's bay mare beat Mr. Moneshare's chesnut mare, rode by Black George, 8st. each, for 200 roubles each. Even betting.

STRIKING OUTLINES OF CHARACTER.

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

HAVING had the pleasure of contributing, as a sporting correspondent and constant subscriber, to the successful circulation of your very interesting Miscellany, from the moment of its appearance, I lay claim to the privilege of troubling you with a few remarks, under the appellation of Vicissitudes, or, the "Ups and Downs of Life," which diurnally meet the eye, in the routine of equestrian or pedestrian observation. Whether every thing is or is not right, I do not at the present moment, mean to investigate; but positively and indisputably certain it is, that I constantly see those who were stigmatized as "strumpets," by the acts of adultery, proved in the different courts, confirmed by the subsequent sentence of divorce, now restored to their virtue, or their virtue restored to them, by the absolutionary repetition of the ceremony of marriage with the original adulterer. "O, shame, where is thy blush!" And when I see those who were the most notorious demireps, now riding in the blazoned vehicles of the great and opulent, decorated with the legal appellation of "wives," I almost involuntarily exclaim—"O dignity, where is thy degradation!" and drop a tear upon the sensual weakness of human nature. Not, however, being at this moment the least disposed to religious animadversion, I shall postpone the analization of such contrarieties to a future discussion, and only give you a delineation of a few living characters, remarkable

remarkable for the effect of Folly—Fortune—Industry—Frugality—or Impudence and False Consequence.

Argus—metaphors, Gentlemen, are allowable upon all necessary occasions—was within my memory journeyman to a cheesemonger: he is now the perfect master of L.20,000; and, what is more extraordinary, he acquired it in a little paltry country town within fifteen miles of London; and, to render it matter of greater admiration, this was done in a house and shop where three predecessors had neither industry nor economy to keep it open. He acted upon these excellent principles—He never let another do that for him which he could do for himself: he never let that alone till to-morrow which he could do to-day: and he never let five guineas lay at rest that could be prudently brought into use; it was always ready for a fat hog or a lean cow. This gentleman has long since retired from trade, and is a most worthy recluse member of society; and recommends it to his friends never to give dinners nor suppers, because they are expensive, and keep families up late. N. B. He always wipes the dust from his hat with a pocket handkerchief, very sagaciously observing, "a brush wears it out."

Fortunatus keeps two four-wheeled carriages, and I frequently meet him upon a hackney; but he is invariably alone. Five-and-thirty years since, I used to see him at all the races, on foot, and covered with dust. This I have thought the more extraordinary, as I am but ill qualified for speculation.

Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, were bankers some months since in different conspicuous streets of the metropolis; at present I do not know where to find them, and if I did, it might probably prove to very little purpose; as they would most likely not be prepared to "pay the bearer."

At the very moment of commencing my history of Vicissitudes, *alias* Contrarieties, I observe in the "Racing Calendar," Sam Chifney, of turf celebrity, has announced a Two Pound publication, intituled, "Genius Genuine;" when I have taken a peep into which, you shall hear more at large, in continuation of the "Ups and Downs," from

Your constant reader,

Oct. 18, 1803. SENEX.

CURIOUS AMUSEMENTS AT MALTA.

AMONG the many festivals observed by the Maltese in honour of their saints; none is celebrated with such gaiety as the anniversary of St. Paul, on the 29th of June. Early on the morning of that day, all the inhabitants of Malta who can possibly go, repair to Citta Vecchia to offer homage to the Saint, the patron and protector of that island: and visit the grotto in which he resided for three months after his shipwreck on their shore. The nobility and gentry ride in carriages, each of which carries four persons, and is drawn by a mule. There are between two and three hundred of these vehicles in Malta, clumsily built, but well calculated for the steep and uneven roads of the country. The peasantry, both men and women, either walk or ride on mules, or asses. The country lasses are dressed out in their gayest attire, which they conceal beneath a black silk petticoat from the waist downwards, and by a similar petticoat, with which they cover the head,

head, and upper part of the body, leaving only the face to be seen. This curious dress is not peculiar to the lower order alone: every description of women at Malta who appear in public, are habited in the same manner; except on some very particular occasions, when the ladies adopt either the French or English fashions. On this day the swains vie with the fair ones in the neatness of their apparel, which consists of a satin jacket, of whatever colour fancy dictates, ornamented with silver buttons, which hang pendulous on the garment. A white pair of trowsers neatly fringed at the bottom, a cloth cap of a conical form worn on either side of the head, fancy-coloured shoes calculated for dancing, the upper parts of which are covered with large silver buckles, that reach from the instep to the toes. By six, all the people are assembled in the old city, and a grand procession commences, composed of the bishop and the clergy, with all the insignia of the Holy Order. The procession being over, prayers are read in the different chapels: but divine service is performed in a superior style at St. Paul's cathedral. The bishop, decorated in his robes, and crowned with the valuable mitre, preaches a sermon in the Italian language, adapted to the occasion. The music and singing is so enchanting, that it inspires every heart with devotion. After having offered up their prayers, and invoked their saint and patron to pour down his benign influence on them, the people then proceed, about eleven o'clock, in crowds to a beautiful valley, which is situated in the centre of the island, and is called Bosquetto, from the number of orange trees, fig trees, &c. with which it is shaded. Thither each peasant family previously sends an excellent dinner, made up of such delicacies as the country affords. On their arrival, each little party forms a circle under the shade of a fig or orange tree; where they feast on those luxuries which their honest industry allows them to indulge in once a year. Here the simple and innocent fair ones, divesting themselves of those sable coverings with which they were hitherto enveloped, display all their finery and charms. The fluctuating fashions of the great have no influence on the mode of their dress, which has been handed down unaltered for many generations, from the mothers to their daughters. A very long waist, with a stomacher ornamented with embroidery and tinsel, is the most striking part of it. The hair is combed smoothly back from the forehead, which makes their countenances appear open and ingenuous.

While the people are regaling themselves, the avenues which intersect this delightful grove are crowded with the nobility and gentry who go here on that day to enjoy the shady bowers of Bosquetto, and witness the happiness that reigns on every countenance. The sound of music is now heard in different directions. Round each performer a crowd assembles, where four young men dance in active movements, to the sprightly Maltese airs. The girls do not join in this amusement: they look on and give frequent nods of approbation to their lovers. When one of the party becomes fatigued, he is relieved by another; and thus the dance is continued for hours: but the tunes are often varied. It is curious to observe how these sports contribute to expand the heart, and excite the liberality of those who partake of them. The spectator, as well as the dancer, in the enthusiasm of his pleasure, will frequently run up to the musician,

sician, and interrupt his performance, by slipping a small piece of money into his hand. While some amuse themselves by dancing, or by looking at the dancers, the attention of others are arrested by poetic swains, who, like those described in one of Virgil's eclogues, are singing the praises of their mistresses in alternate verses. Of the merit of the poetry, an Englishman can form no judgment, being totally ignorant of the language in which it is delivered; and which is that corrupt species of Arabic spoken by all the common people. The music to which the verses are sung, is wild, original, and inharmonious. The manner of their performance is this:—Two rustics, standing at a distance from each other, place their hands behind their ears: one begins, and sings his verse, which is answered by the other: it becomes a contest for pre-eminence; he whose fund of verses is first exhausted, loses the victory: his competitor is then crowned with flowers and orange branches, amidst the acclamations of the enraptured multitude. Now and then a young man is seen walking through the throng, who stops suddenly, and bursts into a loud, unmeaning fit of laughter, the cause of which the writer of these remarks could not learn.

The fashionable part of this assembly having passed an hour or two in contemplating this happy scene of rural felicity, return to Citta Vecchia, where they spend the remainder of the day with the parties they have formed.

The curious observer who sits on an impending rock, and views the prospect below him, thinks he sees one of those charming fairy scenes, so elegantly painted in romances, realised. A Maltese female is so partial to the amusements of Bosquetto, that, before she gives her hand to her lover, he must solemnly promise to take her thither every year on the return of this festival.

The day being nearly spent in this innocent manner, free from those acts of riot and drunkenness, so common in other countries at public meetings, the people come back to the old city, where races of asses, mules, and horses, close the scene. This, by way of a farce, is the most laughable part: a road leading from the country to the city forms the race course, which is lined with crowds of females. On a balcony near the winning post are placed staffs with silken colours flying: these are presented by the bishop to the victors, of which they make a dress for the ensuing anniversary. The ass race first begins: this animal is of an uncommon size and peculiar beauty at Malta. As many competitors may enter the lists as have asses: at a signal given they start nearly a mile from the winning post, and when they arrive at about an hundred yards from the goal, the crowd on the road is so great, that they cannot advance a step farther. The friends of each ass gather round him; some pull him forward by the ears, others push him behind; some try to carry him to the winning post, while others of the opposite party endeavour to oppose his progress. At length some fortunate party, amidst opposition, shouting, bustle, and confusion, carries off the prize, to the no small amusement of every one present. The second ass gets a prize of an inferior quality. The mule and horse races are conducted after the same manner. Night by this time comes on a-pace, and every one returns home, well pleased with the amusements of the day, which affords a topic of conversation for a week after.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

BEING a constant reader and subscriber to your popular publication, the Sporting Magazine, and observing you occasionally admit of anecdotical matter, perhaps you may have no objection to the insertion of the following Anecdote of the late David Garrick, Esq.

When this celebrated actor was performing a capital character in tragedy, in which Mr. Thomas Hurst—who was a brandy merchant—took a part, Mr. Garrick, conceiving Hurst too tame to support him, reproved him publicly on the stage, in the following manner:—"Mr. Hurst, if you will put MORE *British spirit* into your *acting*, and LESS in your *brandy*, you may send me *two gallons* to-morrow morning." Whether the brandy merchant was offended or not, I cannot presume to say; but he did not, however, forget the order, which he sent the following day; writing at the bottom of the bill of parcels—"As per your order last night, on the stage of Drury Lane Theatre."

That this then modern Roscius had his attachments and friendships, notwithstanding his seeming illiberality towards Hurst, is at this time evinced by a living witness, whom he set up in a snuff shop some years ago, and recommended—on the stage—that article, universally known by the name of No. 37, in such a manner, that it became the fashionable snuff of the day, and even continues to be so at this time; by which means the fabricator was enabled to get rid of all his difficulties, and retire with an ample fortune, which he now enjoys in ease and comfort, to the benefit of all his neighbours, as well rich as poor, to the latter of which he is a great friend and encourager.

It may not, perhaps, in this place, be amiss to say, that though he allows no neighbours to encroach or shoot on his manor, yet such is his veneration for a "citizen of London," he admits all of that description to partake of the game that may be found there, and of which your friend has more than once been a party. I am, Sir, your humble servant,

ANECDOTUS.

ANECDOTE

OF THE

LATE JOHN ELLIS, ESQ.

THIS gentleman, who was, perhaps, better known by the name of Jack Ellis, had been educated with a view to the polite arts, and had studied under an eminent painter; but not finding this sedentary profession suit his volatile talents, he had left it, and for some time pursued a desultory course of life. Necessity probably forced him to take up his pen; and having, by his political writings, attracted some notice, and, by being what was then termed "a violent party man," much more, he was employed as agent in an election, which was not only strongly contested on the spot, but the proceedings were, on the ground of some irregularity, brought by petition before the whole House of Commons.

To the bar of the House Jack Ellis was brought, on the part of the petitioning candidate, where he underwent a cross-examination, of which

which the following is the substance:—

"We understand, Mr. Ellis, that a very considerable sum was expended in this election, and that great part of it was directed to the purpose of corrupting the voters. Do you know of any such application of money, or of any bribes being actually accepted on the part of the electors?"

"Indeed, Sir, I do: as agent, I know that *our party* bribed all that we could get to accept our money!"

At this acknowledgment, a pause of astonishment seemed to pervade the House; a murmur succeeded, which only subsided upon a member's saying to the witness—"Your party did not carry the election?"

"No," returned Ellis, with great composure, "we did not."

"Well, but Mr. Ellis," said the first querist, "is it not extraordinary, as you say you bribed all that would take your money, that you did not return your member?"

"Not in the least," said Ellis.

"No: why, how do you account for it?"

"Easily!" replied Ellis: "the opposite party *out-bribed* us."

At this there was an universal burst of laughter.

"I shall not ask you any more questions, Mr. Ellis," said the interrogator, with great indignation.

ELFI BEY'S STATE CARRIAGE.

THE Mameluke Chief, some time since, expressed a wish to have a carriage built to take with him to his own country, and the taste of the Prince of Wales was consulted with respect to the construction. The plans proposed were agreed upon, and Messrs. Stoddart and Benwell, of South Audley Street, received the order. When the carriage was completed, and submitted to public inspection, South Audley Street was, during the whole of that day, crowded with carriages. All the fashionables in town have been to see it: among the most distinguished, were the Duchess of Leeds and her very accomplished nieces, the Misses Anguish; the Earl and Countess of Cardigan, Lord and Lady George Cavendish, and the Earl of Aylesford. The Duke of York also went with a party of gentlemen.

Elfi Bey, when he gave the order, desired that the carriage might be built as light as possible, and in the eastern taste. To comply with this order, the original plan was altered, from a close carriage to an open one. It now nearly resembles a curricle with a canopy head.

The body is painted a fine sky blue, with the arms of his Excellency beautifully painted on the quarter pannels, with a superb mantle introducing the various trophies of war, elegantly designed and emblazoned. Above the arms is a Mameluke mounted on a charger, fully accoutred, and in proper costume. On the hind pannel is a Mameluke also mounted, but on a larger scale, with the trophies of war underneath. On the foot-board is an emblematical design of the sun at the meridian, encircled with the trophies of war. Round the whole of the carriage is a rich gold border, executed with uncommon elegance; the whole is very highly varnished. The lining is at once elegant and superb; it is a very rich purple velvet, trimmed with broad silk lace. The canopy is supported by a rich frame, ornamented

mented by gold and silver, the roof of which is lined with an elegant crimson and white cut velvet, ornamented with festoons of yellow silk, with purple silk fringe. The carriage is painted dark blue, picked out with colours to correspond, and elegantly ornamented with gold; patent axle-trees.

ELECTION OF TWO KNIGHTS OF THE GARTER.

ON Friday, November 25th, about a quarter before one, his Majesty arrived at St. James's Palace from the Queen's House, for the purpose of holding a Chapter for this election, and disposing of two Garters and Ribbons, vacant by the deaths of the Duke of Beaufort and the Marquis of Stafford.

At one o'clock, the time appointed for holding the Chapter, his Majesty, with his usual punctuality to time, inquired if the Knights were ready? but the necessary arrangements were not made, nor was there a sufficient number of Knights assembled.

About two o'clock, it was announced, that all was in readiness to proceed to hold the Chapter, and his Majesty entered the Great Council Chamber. On his entrance, the Knights assembled and the proper officers bowed to his Majesty; and his Majesty, as head of the Order, took his seat in a most superb chair before the throne, at the head of a long table covered with crimson velvet; the Duke of Norfolk, as Hereditary Marshal of England, with his Gold Staff of Office, took his official situation, and stood on the left side of the King; his Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester took his seat at the table on the right side; the Dukes of York, Kent, and Cambridge, followed on the same side: his Royal Highness the Duke of Clarence took his seat on the left side of his Majesty, and was followed by the Duke of Richmond, Earl Westmoreland, Earl Chatham; and the other Knights present took their seats in the following order, according to their seniority—

Marquis of Salisbury, Duke of Portland, Earl Spencer, Earl Camden, and the Duke of Roxburgh.

After the usual forms were gone through, of opening the Chapter, by the Bishop of Winchester, as the Prelate, the Bishop of Salisbury, as Chancellor of the Order, and Sir Isaac Heard, Garter Principal King at Arms, the Knights proceeded, according to ancient custom, to deliver in the list of those they approved to fill the two vacancies, on slips of paper; and, on examination, his Grace the Duke of Rutland, and the Earl of Hardwicke, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, appeared to be the noble personages approved as members of the Noble Order; when the Earl Camden and the Duke of Roxburgh retired, and introduced his Grace the Duke of Rutland, who was waiting in an adjoining room. The Dukes of Gloucester and York then rose, and taking his Grace by the hands, conducted him to his Majesty; when his Grace, kneeling on a stool covered with crimson velvet, his Majesty waved a sword over his head, with the usual form and ceremony. His Grace rose and bowed, and then kneeling, with his right knee upon the stool their Royal Highnesses the Dukes of York and Gloucester put the garter on his left knee, and his Majesty fastened it. His Grace then rose, and while bowing, his Majesty put the blue ribbon over his

his Grace's head, and placed it on his left shoulder; his Grace then bowed again.

The Noble Duke was dressed in regimentals of the Leicester Militia, of which his Grace is Commander.

Sir Isaac Heard then called over the list of all the members of the Noble Order; and those present answered to their names; which finished the ceremony.

The spectacle was very grand; all the Royal and Noble Members wore their collars.

None were admitted but in full Court dresses.

AN OVER-RODE HOBBY.

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

A THOUSAND apologies for the liberty of obtruding myself upon you, without the pleasure of being personally known; but I trust I shall stand in a certain degree exculpated from the accusation of presumption, when I have stated the serious cause of my domestic disquietude. Most men are observed to have a *hobby horse* of some kind or other, but it is a most serious mortification to be eternally forced upon him, when neither mind nor body are disposed to ride. Hospitality, conviviality, and an insatiable anxiety to entertain my friends and make them happy, have been the predominant passions and practice of my life; the spare bed; the vacant stall, and the welcome bottle, have constituted, for five-and-thirty years past, the cement by which my society has been adhesively formed. No one man, who had worth to recommend him, ever found difficulty in procuring a seat at my table, or a place in my affections; so that you will conclude, amidst the deceptions to which we sooner or later are mostly destined to become dupes, I have seldom or ever been long free from fashionable depredators of gormandizing description. So much has this easy mode of access enlarged my circle of acquaintance, in attracting my friend's friend, or rather my list of hangers on, that there is hardly a single hour in any day of the week, that my habitation is free from these harpies of visiting voracity; and on a Sunday, the unlimited and unexpected influx of motley obtruders, has given my house no ill similitude to the drinking booth of a country fair.

Formerly the number of my friends were within the limits of prudence and discretion, in proportion to my moderate income; but each of my originals has so "o'erstepped the bounds of modesty," in bringing one after another, that I have now no alternative but to put a period to this prostitution of pretended friendship, or to make my public procession to a prison, and finish my hospitality in a jail. That, in sporting language, the saddle may be put upon the right horse, I must confess, it is to a few limbs of the law, I consider myself principally indebted for so unforeseen an accumulation of truly disinterested friendship; for, although I could boast originally of only two of this description, they have by their own indefatigable industry and exertion, in bringing two or three at a time to dinner in a friendly way, rendered my habitation as familiar to two-thirds of the inhabitants of the different Inns of Court, as Garrick's Head in Bow-street, is to the frequenters of the theatres. In corroborative proof of this assertion, it is no more than three Sundays since, that sitting down

down to dinner with three of my own family, with an additional four present by invitation, no less than seven volunteers rotationally made their unexpected appearance, who also enjoyed their plates and partition. The cloth had but just been withdrawn, when three more were introduced, and took their wine in course, that the bottle might not be obstructed in its circulation. That I may not be suspected of exaggeration, I shall avoid descending to a minutia of extravagant confidence in the parties that would hardly be believed—in gratifying their voracious appetites in every way it is possible to conceive—to recite a circumstance that would have been an indelible disgrace even to the memory of Justice Guttle, that industrious magistrate of eating celebrity. A few days since, two equitable solicitors from the neighbourhood of Gray's Inn, called in accidentally just as dinner was coming upon table, and having neatly monopolized the greater part of a couple of fowls, with a few inferior collaterals, washed them down with a bottle each man, and intersected the whole with a profusion of fruit of every kind in season.—They thought they had not sufficiently honoured me and my family without a walk in the garden; where, totally unasked, they modestly condescended to put a dozen prime peaches and nectarines into each of their pockets.

As the younger of these is a constant reader of your very entertaining Magazine, I beg you will be so kind as let my representation meet his eye, through his favourite vehicle, in which it may probably give but little offence. Anxious to reduce all my visitors of this description, and likely to trouble you again upon the same subject, I beg to include myself amongst your friends. CLYTUS.

THEATRICALS.

HEARTS OF OAK.

Drury Lane.

THIS Comedy, written by Mr. Allingham, was brought out at this theatre, on Saturday November 19. The following are the

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Ardent	Mr. Dowton.
Dorland	Mr. Pope.
Ten per Cent	Mr. Bannister, jun.
Edward	Mr. De Camp.
Philip	Mr. Holland.
Joe	Mr. Collins.
Brien O'Braddeley	Mr. Johnstone.
Gerald	Mr. Cooke.
Eliza	Mrs. Powell.
Laura	Mrs. H. Johnston.
Fanny	Mrs. Harlowe.
Mrs. O'Braddeley,	Mrs. Sparks.

Brien O'Braddeley, an Irishman, residing in a cottage, has for seventeen years given protection to a lady, whom he found under circumstances of the greatest distress. O'Braddeley himself growing old, and reduced by misfortune, has just had a favourite lamb killed, to prevent Eliza, the lady he protects, from observing the deplorable state of his affairs. At the moment when O'Braddeley is lamenting over the lamb, Eliza arrives with a basket of provisions. O'Braddeley observing that she has parted with a miniature picture which she used to wear, he immediately leaves her, declaring he will have the picture again. Having traced the picture into the hands of Mr. Ardent, O'Braddeley goes to his house, and insists upon seeing him. Ardent, a passionate, but good-natured man, refuses O'Braddeley at first, but hearing him declare he will give all that he is possessed of in the world to recover the picture for the lady it belongs to,

to, he desires to be informed why he, O'Braddeley, is so interested about it, declaring it is a likeness of a friend of his. O'Braddeley tells Ardent that it belongs to a lady in his house. Ardent gives O'Braddeley the picture, and insists on going that moment to see the lady. Ardent discovers in Eliza the wife of his friend Dorland, and the mother of a girl whom he, Ardent, has, by the desire of Dorland, brought up as his own daughter. Dorland, after an absence of seventeen years, during which time he has been in India, arrives at the village in which the scene is, and goes to see his friend Ardent. Ardent, as soon as he recognises him, upbraids him with his inhuman conduct. Dorland is much agitated, and hints at the infidelity of his wife as the cause of his apparent cruelty. Ardent, however, contrives to bring Dorland and Eliza together, and then desires Eliza, who does not know Dorland, he being dressed in the eastern style, to relate the circumstances under which she lost her husband. Eliza complies, and, in the course of her narrative, thoroughly convinces Dorland that he has deserted her without a cause. He makes himself known to her, and claims her forgiveness; they are reconciled, and in course all parties made happy. This should rather be called the ground of the plot, which branches out in such a manner as to introduce various other characters, upon whom the interest and comic humour of the piece depend.

In the present drama the pathetic predominates, in which there was certainly much to admire, and nothing to which the most fastidious critic could object. The diction is elegant, the coloquy neat, and the character of Ardent is drawn with a bold and nervous pen. It was sustained throughout by Dowton with great feeling, energy, and effect. Mrs. Powell, in Eliza, a character strongly marked by deep distress, approaching to a fixed melancholy, exercised her talents in a manner that touched the master-strings of the heart; and Pope, in the part of Dorland, rendered the serious part of the play complete. The interest throughout was well preserved; the attention of the audience was quickly arrested, and the spectators participated in the distress of the scene, in a manner that augured well of the final success of the play. In the comic part, however, the juvenile mind of the author made some excursive and bold flights, on which the frown of sober criticism lowered. The part allotted to Bannister was not relished by the locusts of Duke's-place, who mistook the character of a ridiculous bargain-hunter for a monopolizer of good things, to the exclusion of the brotherhood; but the rich vein of humour, with which old Ten per Cent. was pourtrayed, soon triumphed over prejudice. Johnstone, the never-failing representative of an Hibernian, was admirable in Brien O'Braddeley; and if his feast of lamb was not so profuse, it would not have been relished less by the audience. His humour is always exquisite; and the happy idea, that old Ardent appeared to him to be "a good man turned inside out," was delivered with peculiar *naivette*, and consecrated as a good thing by the universal suffrage of the audience. Mrs. H. Johnston, in the interesting little part of Laura, was uncommonly felicitous; and Collins, in Joe, evinced that he was entitled to that public favour with which he was greeted on his entrance. Every performer shewed an honest zeal in support of the piece, and did every justice to the comedy which the author could have wished.

Bannister, on coming forward to give

give out the comedy for a second representation, was interrupted by some persons; but the liberal and judicious triumphed, and the piece was given out for a second representation on Monday night.

The prologue was well delivered by De Camp; and epilogue, which is an eloquent and patriotic effusion —for which see our poetical department—was delivered with great animation by Mrs. Ansell; and the curtain dropped, accompanied by the acclamations of the audience.

THE CARAVAN, AND THE DOG CARLO.

Drury Lane, December 5.

THIS entertainment of a novel description, attracted last night an uncommonly numerous audience. It comes from the fertile pen of Mr. Reynolds. So many various reports had been circulated respecting the feats to be performed by a dog, that much curiosity was excited, and a variety of opinions as to the execution of the canine performer kept the mind in a pleasing state of suspence. The following are the

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

The Marquis of Calatrava	Mr. H. Johnston.
Don Gomez	Mr. Dowton.
Count Navarro	Mr. Holland.
Blabbo	Mr. Bannister, jun.
Arabbo	Mr. Dignum.
Julio	Master West.
Roderigo	Mr. Fisher.
Pedro	Mr. Madocks.
Lopez	Mr. Webb.
Ferdinand	Mr. Male.
Guzman	Mr. Rhodes.
Officer	Mr. Evans.
Pirates	Mr. Burrows. Mr. Gibbons.
The Marchioness of Calatrava	Mrs. H. Johnston.
Rosa	Miss De Camp.

Scene, Barcelona, and the Country around.

The story on which this interesting exhibition is founded, consists of a caravan setting off from Madrid and arriving at Barcelona, with the Marquis of Calatrava, a state prisoner, whom the Governor is ordered to destroy in case he should not be starved before his arrival; but on the road he has been relieved by Blabbo, the driver of the caravan, who supplies him with the provision intended for himself and his dog Carlo. The Marchioness, whose personal charms have been the occasion of her husband's confinement, follows him with her son Julio, and her maid Rosa.—With the assistance of Blabbo, they effect the escape of the Marquis by a ladder of ropes; but, at the sea shore, he is again seized and conveyed on board a fire-ship, which at a given signal is to be blown up. The Marchioness is threatened, that if she will not submit to the desires of the Regent, her child shall be torn from her and thrown into the sea. She hesitates, but at last refuses. The explosion is heard, the Marchioness falls on the ground, and her child is precipitated from a rock into the foaming waves. At this momentuous crisis, when every bosom sympathizes with the pangs of maternal agony, the voice of the caravan driver is heard vociferating, "Carlo! Carlo!" A fine Newfoundland dog rushes forward, leaps from the rock, seizes the infant, and brings it safely to land! The Marquis has also been liberated previous to the blowing up of the fire-ship; and the piece concludes with the hope that, after the exploit of Carlo, the audience will not give either the driver of the caravan, or his dog, a bad name.

The caravan has been got up with the most laudable liberality.

The scenes are grand and picturesque; and the music is highly creditable

creditable to the taste and originality of Mr. Reeve.

Bannister performed the honest Driver in his very best manner; De Camp, as a Spanish girl, sung a dancing song, accompanied by castanets, so enchantingly as to command a universal encore; Dowton, in the Governor, was extremely comic. Mrs. H. Johnston, displayed her admirable talents with great effect; but when H. Johnston was discovered in the caravan, his voice and action strongly reminded us of Punch in the puppet-show.

There are two dogs in the performance, one of which is a mastiff, dressed up so as to resemble a Newfoundland, and belonging to Mr. Bannister, and another of the true species which takes the leap, but could never be brought to endure the blaze of an illuminated theatre; whereupon it was happily remarked, that though he was partial to *liver*, he had an antipathy to *lights*.

A very copious supply of water was produced from the reservoir, which, at the conclusion, trickled down the stage in so many rills, that the house was literally *overflowing*.

The Caravan will, we have no doubt, prove extremely profitable to the treasury. It was announced without a dissenting voice for the next evening, by Bannister, attended by his dog, and has continued in a repetition of representations ever since.

The piece has appeared in print, with a vignette exhibiting the trusty dog Carlo just in the act of darting after the child: and such has been the interchange of wit and humour in the public papers, by various writers, who have personated the dog and his opponents, that at present we have to regret the want of room for a specimen of them for the amusement of our readers.

THE ENGLISH FLEET.

A NEW OPERA.

Covent Garden.

ON Tuesday evening, December 13, was brought forward, a new Opera, called the English Fleet, in 1342. The characters were as follow:—

De Mountfort, Count of Britany	Mr. Hill.
John De Mountfort, his son	Master Benson.
Philip	Mr. Blanchard.
Valentine	Mr. Braham.
Capt. Fitzwater	Mr. Incledon.
Mainmast	Mr. Munden.
Charles, Count of Blois	Mr. Claremont.
Jane, Countess of Britany	Mrs. Glover.
Adela, Countess of Blois	Mrs. Humphries
Jeannetta, wife to Philip	Mrs. Davenport
Katharine, wife to Valentine	Signora Storace.
Isabel, daughter to Jeannetta	Mrs. Atkins.

Fable.—In the year 1341-2, a civil war broke out in France, on account of the disputes between Charles of Blois, and John De Mountfort, relative to the respective claims to the Province of Brittany; at this juncture, Jane of Flanders, Countess of Mountfort, the most extraordinary woman of the age she lived in, roused by the captivity of her husband, who was made prisoner by the French, interest, left those domestic cares to which she had hitherto limited her genius, and courageously undertook to support the falling fortunes of her family. She assembled her friends, and carrying her infant son with her, deplored to them the calamity of their sovereign; entreated them to make one effort against an usurper, who, being imposed on them by the arms of France, would, in return,

make a sacrifice to his protector, of the liberties of Brittany. She then shut herself up in the fortress of Hennebonne, where she was besieged by Charles of Blois, and defended herself with the utmost bravery, heading the sallies which were made, in person, until Charles, aided by French, Spaniards, and Genoese, had nearly forced her to sign a capitulation, which would have put an end to all her husband's claims; but, at the moment she was about to execute an agreement to cede to her enemy the whole Province of Brittany, an English fleet, long before expected, arrived in the harbour, in the year 1342, and forced the enemy to raise the siege. The second volume of Hume's England is more diffuse in the detail of particulars, from which the author has taken his outline. The characters which branch out from the original story, form the groundwork of the musical department of the opera.

The piece is from the pen of Mr. T. Dibdin, and the music, either composed or selected, by Mr. Braham. The scenery was very splendid and beautiful, particularly the concluding view of the sea, and "The English Fleet," which is one of the most striking exhibitions that the stage has ever presented. The opera, throughout, was well received by a crowded house.

Since the first performance, it has received several curtailments, and is become so great a favourite with the town, that the house is every night flocked to, and filled with the utmost avidity by all descriptions of persons.

Mr. Braham has sold the music, in the above opera, for 1000 guineas.

Several of the songs which have peculiar merit, are to be found among the poetry of the present number.

PEDESTRIAN WAGER.

ON Monday December 12, a match against time took place on the Greenwich road, for 100 guineas; and the bets depending exceeded L.300. A Mr. Mitchell, clerk to an attorney, undertook to walk four miles in thirty-five minutes. The parties concerned, met at the Elephant and Castle about half after ten o'clock in the morning, and at eleven Mr. Mitchell started, having first stripped off his coat and waistcoat. The first mile he performed within the given time with ease; but in the second he was obliged to exert himself; these two miles he walked in seventeen minutes and a half; the third in nine and a half; and the fourth in eight and a half. The time allowed being thirty-five minutes, he of course lost by half-a-minute. All bets depending on his head were consequently lost. Many knowing ones were taken in; but Mr. Bainton, of Shepherd's-market, netted about L.200. There were six umpires, four on foot, and two on horseback. Mr. Mitchell is about the middle size; he lost about three hundred guineas. After the match, a gentleman present offered to bet 100 guineas to 50, that he would walk the same distance in 30 minutes.

Belcher, Bourke, and many other pugilists were present. Some warm words arising between the two former, Belcher struck Bourke; the latter returned the blow, and they had then a regular set-to, when Belcher gave his opponent a knock-down blow. Bourke in consequence declined all further contest, declaring he did not come there to fight Belcher, but for the purpose of meeting the *Chicken*, with whom he had some business to settle. The parties afterwards dined together.

ACCOUNT

ACCOUNT
OF A
WONDERFUL EQUESTRIAN, AND WAR-HORSE.

Related by a Russian Nobleman.

I WAS at Count Przobossky's noble country-seat in Lithuania, and remained with the ladies at tea in the drawing-room, while the gentlemen were down in the yard, to see a young horse of blood, which was just arrived from the stud.

We suddenly heard a noise of distress. I hastened down stairs, and found the horse so unruly, that nobody durst approach or mount him. The most resolute horseman stood dismayed and aghast; despondency was expressed in every countenance; when, in one leap, I was on his back, took him by surprise, and worked him quite into gentleness and obedience, with the best display of horsemanship I was master of. Fully to shew this to the ladies, and to save them unnecessary trouble, I forced him to leap in at one of the windows of the tea-room, walked round several times, pace, trot, and gallop; and at last made him mount the tea-table, there to repeat his lessons in a pretty style of miniature, which was exceedingly pleasing to the ladies; for he performed them amazingly well, and did not break either cup or saucer. It placed me so high in their opinion, and so well in that of the noble lord, that with his usual politeness, he begged I would accept of this young horse, and ride him full career to conquest and honour, in the campaign against the Turks, which was soon to be opened, under the command of Count Munich.

I could not, indeed, have received a more agreeable present, nor a more ominous one at the opening of that campaign, in which I made my apprenticeship as a soldier.

We took the field, and had very hot work in the van of the army, when we drove the Turks into Oczakow. My spirited Lithuanian horse, had almost brought me into a scrape; I had an advanced forepost, and saw the enemy coming against me in a cloud of dust, which left me rather uncertain about their actual number and real intentions: to wrap myself up in a similar cloud was common prudence, but would not have much advanced my knowledge, or answered the end for which I had been sent out; therefore, I let my flankers on both wings spread to the right and left, and make what dust they could, and I myself led on straight upon the enemy, to have a nearer sight of them; in this I was gratified, for they stood and fought, till, for fear of my flankers, they began to move off rather disorderly. This was the moment to fall upon them with spirit; we broke them entirely, made a terrible havock amongst them, and drove them not only back to a walled town in their rear, but even through it, contrary to our sanguine expectation.

The swiftness of my Lithuanian horse, enabled me to be foremost in the pursuit; and seeing the enemy fairly flying through the opposite gate, I thought it would be prudent to stop in the market-place. I saw not one of my hussars about me! they are scouring the other streets, or what is become of them? They could not be far off, and must at all events, soon join me. In that state, I walked my panting Lithuanian to a spring in the market-place, and let him drink. He drank uncommonly, with an eagerness not to be satisfied, but natural enough; for when I looked round

for my men, what should I see gentlemen! the hind part of the poor creature's croup and legs were missing, as if he had been cut in two, and the water ran out as it came in, without refreshing him or doing him any good! How it could have happened was quite a mystery to me, till I returned with him to the town-gate. There I saw, that when I rushed in pell-mell with the flying enemy, they had dropped the portcullis, unperceived by me, which had totally cut off his hind parts, that still lay quivering on the outside of the gate. It would have been an irreparable loss, had not our farrier contrived to bring both parts together while hot. He sewed them up with young sprigs and shoots of laurel, that were at hand. The wound healed, and what could not have happened but to so glorious a horse, the sprigs took root in his body, grew up, and formed a bower over me; so that afterwards I could go upon many other expeditions in the shade of my own and my horse's laurels.

If any gentleman will say, he doubts the truth of the story, I will fine him a gallon of brandy, and make him drink it at one draught.

HORSE ON TRAVEL.

From a Design of Clifton Tomson, of Nottingham. Etched by Bell.

THIS Etching, is from a fancied design of the above-named Mr. Tomson; and is characteristic of a Running Horse, on his way to Newmarket races. There is a minutia in the body cloaths, &c. &c. worthy attention: and the whole conveys a truly accurate delineation of what is meant by the design and engraving.

MONASTIC SPORTSMEN, MUMMERY, &c.

THE following notice of the Monks of Erbach, appears in Render's Tour through Germany:—"I am inadequate to the task of describing as I could wish the life of poverty, as it is called, which the monks lead in this convent. It is the richest in all Germany; and the travellers who visit it are astonished at the princely and luxurious life of its inhabitants. They have an excellent pack of hounds, with a stable of fine hunters; apartments magnificently furnished; a dozen of beautiful singing girls; and their wine-cellar excites the utmost astonishment. A coach and four might easily drive round in the cellar, and turn in it with the greatest facility. The number of large full casks is really amazing, each being about seventeen or eighteen feet in height. They have six fine billiard tables, which are contained in three large rooms; and, besides all this, an excellent band of musicians. Their hospitality towards foreigners and strangers is surprising; and a traveller scarcely meets with such a reception in any other part of the globe. I call them fat monks, there being very few among them who do not weigh sixteen or eighteen stone, and several even exceed that. But it is at the same time equally surprising, how they keep the common people in ignorance. One instance shall suffice for the many which I saw. Before the dinner was served, to which we were invited by the Prelate, we had sufficient time to take a walk in an adjacent wood, where the monks pretend to work miracles, and to which thousands of the people of distant Roman Catholic countries make pilgrimages annually. The palace in the wood where these miracles

C

racles are wrought, is called *Hulfe Gotters*, i. e. "God's Help,"—it ought to be called a place for deception and blasphemy. According to the legend, a small wooden crucifix of the Saviour was carelessly stuck in a hollow tree, where it remained for a long time, crying, "God help me! God help me!" At length a friar came, and removed the cause of the piteous exclamation; since which, the crucifix has performed innumerable miracles. Every pilgrim who pays a visit to it is obliged to bestow some donation; as a compensation for which, he receives some picture or relique from the monks; by which means they accumulate a very large annual revenue. On our return, dinner was served. It consisted of two courses, each of about 32 covers; and a dessert, served up in a princely style. Every monk at Erbach, has four bottles of the best wine for his daily allowance to drink *ad libitum*. Before we set off for Geisenheim, the Prelate shewed us his private stables, magnificent carriages, and pack of hounds; it is not in my power to describe the luxurious life of these debauched hypocrites, suffice it to say, there are few princes able to vie with them."

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

HAVING been a constant reader of your Magazine since its commencement, I was much pleased with a collection, of what you termed, *The Chronicle of Eccentricities*, in one of your former volumes. To the Sporting Magazine, I have not only been in the habit of looking for a record of every singular and important decision in law, respecting gaming, gallantry, &c. but, in many other points of view, I have also found it, a pleasing and entertaining mirror of mirth, enterprize, and adventure. If my recollection does not fail me, your former Chronicle of Eccentricities took notice of such circumstances; which, though they did not strictly belong either to the Sporting Intelligence, or Feast of Wit, were nevertheless remarkable for some peculiarity, which rendered them striking or amusing. Upon that plan I have selected the following, from a variety of papers; and if you approve of the hint for their arrangement under the title I have adopted, I shall hope in future to see the article occasionally continued, in order that nothing may be lost to your numerous readers, among whom I subscribe myself, Yours, &c.

Dec. 10. *Collector.*

CHRONICLE OF ECCENTRICITIES.

A SINGULAR ESCAPE—About the middle of October last, at three o'clock in the morning, the following remarkable occurrence took place at Weldon-mill:—Two of Mr. Bolam's chaises returning from Morpeth, in Cumberland, where they had been late on the preceding evening, the foremost driver, water being scarce at home, took the head reins off his horses, and went into the river Coquet to water them. Not suspecting the river had been increased by the late heavy rains, he pushed forward, and with great difficulty gained the other side. The second driver being fast asleep in his chaise, the horses, which were left at liberty, followed the others into the stream; and the head reins not being taken off, the horses pushed on into deep water, in order to be enabled to drink; but the rapidity

rapidity of the stream completely overwhelmed them, and they were carried down the current with great impetuosity. The water rushing into the chaise, at length awakened the drowsy coachman, who, when he found the extent of his danger, vociferated with all his might for help. The preceding driver, who had never dreamt of such a disaster, immediately returned and awakened the neighbours, and they all ran down to the side of the river, to render what they conceived as hopeless assistance, from the rocky bottom and strength of the waters. To the great astonishment of every person, after they had proceeded full half-a-mile down the stream, the horses took the ground, and by wonderful exertion, and the fortunate circumstance of a watering-place for a neighbouring farmer's cattle being near the spot, they got to the edge of the bank, without either the man, horses, or chaise, receiving the least injury. What is additionally remarkable, had they proceeded only a few yards farther down the river, the steepness of the banks would have rendered every effort to save them abortive. Mr. Hanson, of Low Weldon, on whose farm the above incident occurred, and who had got up early on Wednesday morning, for the purpose of going to Morpeth market, on hearing a dreadful noise, and shouting of the people at the water-side, and seeing such an immense number of lights, immediately ran into the house and alarmed the family, assuring them that *the French had at length made good a landing!*

Uncommon Appetites.

The keelmen, mechanics, and manufacturers, of the north, are said to be our chief amateurs of Bakewellian mutton — the true sea-calf and porpus kind, such as has neither flesh nor bone, but good solid substantial grease only—a loin of which, weighing twenty-two pounds, netted as follows: 1½ lb. of bone, 1¼ lb. of lean meat, and the remainder hard fat! The celebrated Mr. Cully has given the following anecdote: the keelmen's wives of Newcastle have long had a practice of dropping quarters of lamb, or joints of mutton, into the keels or barges, from off the bridge, as the keel passes below. One of the keelmen seeing his wife at the usual stand, cried, "drop, drop, damn you, drop—what are you about?" The wife replied, "the de'el choke thee, for that is the seventh joint this week." A joint of fat mutton per day, is a pretty good allowance for a man.

The Mameluke Chief, at a dinner which he lately gave to a party of English officers, made some whimsical observations, through the medium of his interpreter, on many parts of our military dress. Among other customs, he expressed great surprise at one practised by our light dragoons—which was that of "cutting the hair off the tails of their horses, in order to fasten it on their own heads."

On the 2d ultimo, Mr. Richard Taylor, yeoman, was convicted before Thomas Bruges, Esq. at Melksham, Wilts, and paid the fourth penalty for an offence against the game laws; each of them having been committed within 13 months, on Corsham manor, belonging to P. C. Methuen, Esq.

The Lancaster Gazette states, that a plaice flook was taken a few days ago, by the line, at Blackpool, which weighed fifty-seven pounds, and measured four feet in length, and nearly three in breadth!!!

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN's HALL.

A CHESHIRE waggoner, who had got together a little estate, seems to have displayed as much magnanimity as any hero of antiquity. Finding himself very ill, he sent for a clergyman and an attorney, who both came in at the same time, and found all his family weeping round his bed. The man of law having prepared his pen and ink, desired to know how he would choose to leave his property? The sick man having mustered up sufficient strength for this last effort, spoke as follows:—"The house, and all the sticks in it, to Mary my wife, as long as she lives, and then divided among the rest on 'em; the waggons and horses to Tom; the ploughs and cows to Dick, with half o' the farm; the other half, and a hundred pound, to Will. Three hundred pound to Moll; the same to Bet. And now, *write* lawyer, *pray* parson, *cry* wife, and *bellow* children; for *by the Lord I'm dying!*"

BON MOT.—It being observed that it was rather singular that a Scotchman, Lord Cathcart, should be sent as Commander in Chief to Ireland, and an Irishman, Lord Moira, in the same situation to Scotland, it was said in reply, that there was nothing very remarkable in this circumstance; for that "the Doctor had only put the labels on the wrong bottles!"

A QUAKER being lately brought before a Justice of the Peace, on account of some religious scruple, the magistrate, with a voice raised several keys above its usual tone, cried, "Well, I understand thou art a Quaker!" "I am," replied the friend; "and what hast thou to say against that?" The Justice, with his wonted sagacity, and forgetting the extensive meaning of the word ALL, observed—"I have only to say, that if ALL men were Quakers, Bonaparte might come and slaughter us as soon as he pleased." "Nay," answered the man of peace, "thou'rt mistaken, friend; for if ALL men were Quakers, then would Bonaparte be one also; and if he were, I am sure he would kill no man!"

THE deceased Count Bibb, one night at the Cyder Cellar, told a friend that he intended to leave twenty pounds to be spent at his funeral, which induced the other to ask him, if the money was to be spent going or returning? Bibb good-humouredly replied, "*Going*, to be sure; for when you *return*, *I sha'nt be with you.*"

A PROVINCIAL actor, in speaking lately before a convivial company of his several casts of character, particularized one as that in which he most excelled, and in which

which he drew down "peals, peals, repeated peals!" A gentleman present, no less remarkable for his social powers than for his acuteness at a pun, dryly observed, "Orange-peels, I presume, Sir."

A KEEPER of wild beasts the other day, at Salford fair, Manchester, amused his company, by shewing an old lion, a dog, and a monkey, with somewhat like the following words:—"Walk in, ladies; walk in. This is a noble old lion; we call him John Bull. Come a little nearer, ladies; he wont hurt you; he is remarkably gentle in his nature, unless he is injured. You see that little dog there lies with him, and he folds him in his paws, because he is faithful. Come, John, get up—get up, Sir—come, Sir—come, Sir—up I say. What! you wont till you're prick'd, wont you!—oh, oh! —I'll rouse you. Stand on one side, ladies; I'll rouse him. Here's a little monkey in this pen will soon tease him: we call this little gentleman *Boney*. Come, *Boney*, skip in and prick the old boy. Now, ladies, you'll see him rouse. Come, John, Master *Boney*'s close at your heels. Aye, now you begin to growl. There, ladies; you see he has knocked little *Boney* down with one swing of his tail; and now that he shakes his shaggy mane, and puts on his terrible countenance, you see that little *Boney*'s soon off—back again, chattering to him at a distance."

CHARLES BANNISTER still retains that quickness of repartee which has so long endeared him to the circles of conviviality. Being lately challenged by an eminent *butcher* to play for a guinea at *put*—a game in which the *three* has a decided advantage—Charles jocosely answered, "What! play with you? No! no!—a *butcher* is never without his *tray*."

AN Irish colonel of a volunteer corps, who has long been a confirmed old *bachelor*, excites much pleasantry by haranguing his men: "Gentlemen, we are all assembled here this day to defend our *wives* and our *children!*"

A MAN, after catching a *hare*, and walking off with it, was asked, by a gentleman—"Is that your own hare?" "To be sure it is; d—e do you think I wear a wig!"

AN *ejectment* cause we understand is going on, called *Pitt* v. *Addington*, or *Thrustout* v. *Holdfast*.

A FELLOW who was lately hung, when measured for his coffin, told the undertaker not to look so *grave*. "Don't be alarmed, man," said he, "I shall never find fault with the *fitting*."

A DUBLIN paper of a late date has an advertisement in the following terms:—"A gentleman who wishes to devote his time to business *from twelve o'clock each day until ten o'clock each morning*, would engage with a merchant," &c.

IN the county of Norfolk, for the last week, an epidemical *sore throat* has been extremely prevalent, and fatal to some thousands, who have been thus carried off in the prime of life. Its effects have been chiefly confined to *turkies and other poultry*, who are extremely apt to be so affected, about this time of the year, in most parts of England.

SPORTING

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

A FEW days ago two greyhounds, in close pursuit of a hare, fell, together with the timid animal, down the lofty precipice of Offham chalk pit. One of the dogs was instantly killed by the fall, and the hare and the other greyhound were both stunned; but, after lying a second or two in that state, puss and her staunch pursuer, got up as if by agreement, and set off anew; but the hare having received more considerable injury than the hound, the renewed course proved a very short one, the dog catching her before she had well cleared the chalk pit.

A SEA EAGLE, the Falco Ossifragus of Linnæus, was lately shot near Eltringham, on the banks of the Tyne. It weighed 7¾lb. and measured in length, from the tip of the beak to the end of the tail, above a yard; and, from tip to tip of the wings, better than seven feet.

ANOTHER dreadful accident by a gun. Mr. John Groves, of Look Farm, near Bridport, was lately shooting rabbits, in company with Mr. Jonathan Luckham and a boy. Mr. L. had shot at one, and, in the act of searching for it, the gun of Mr. Groves accidentally went off, lodging the whole contents in Mr. Luckham's breast, who expired within an hour, on the spot. Nothing can exceed the distress of the unfortunate survivor, who is nearly related to the deceased, being both his uncle and brother-in-law, Mr. Luckham having lately married Mrs. Groves's sister, a Miss Kellaway. They resided together.

ON the 17th ult. near Douglas, Lanarkshire, as a lad about fifteen years of age, was going to shoot pigeons, a girl about nine threatened to inform against him; upon which he turned round, and the gun by some accident went off, and shot her dead on the spot.

AT Brighton, the military gentlemen have lately indulged in the diversion of pigeon-shooting. Out of six dozen of these birds exposed to the well directed fire of these sharp shooters, on Church Down, as they were severally permitted to escape from a cavity in the turf, hollowed for that purpose, but very few escaped with life. Lord Pelham, and others of rank, were present as spectators, and, but for the indiscriminate shots of the rabble, would have more highly enjoyed the amusement of the day. The sport at an end, the *gens de guerre*, who had partaken of it, among whom were the Hon. General Lennox, Major Sir Charles Burrell, the Hon. Capt. Capel, Captains Burrell, Mellish, Newberry, Philby, Adjutant Whicher, &c. repaired to the Old Ship, where an elegant dinner was provided.

A SHOOTING match, of rather a singular nature, was lately decided at Brighton. Ensign Burrows, of the Sussex Militia, betted with

Lieutenant Otto, of the same regiment, a guinea a shot, that he missed not striking a small apple, which he was to cast from his own hand, with his fowling-piece, before it reached the ground. He discharged twenty-four rounds, the number agreed upon, in the manner specified, of which three only failed in effect. The result was therefore a gain of eighteen guineas on the part of the Ensign.

On Wednesday the 7th instant, a gold medal, value fifty guineas, was shot for by a part of the Duke of Cumberland's Sharp Shooters. —This trial of skill took place at Chalk Farm, by about twenty of the members. The object was a man target, being a more difficult one to hit than a common target. Eleven fired, and every ball entered the object. The best shot was thrown in by Lieutenant Horton, but the prize was determined in favour of Mr. Allingham, of Berwick-street, Soho, who put in five shots out of the six he fired.—Mr. Spencer, of the Garrick's Head, Bow-street, gave the medal.

One night in the beginning of this month, the Earl of Carlisle's gamekeepers, with other assistants, being out watching the woods belonging to his Lordship, they heard some guns fired in a wood called Wathwood, about twelve o'clock, on which they immediately repaired to the place from whence they heard the reports, where they separated in different directions, with a view the more effectually to detect the poachers. When they approached the wood, J. Harrison, an under-keeper belonging to his Lordship, seeing two men fire at pheasants, he attempted to get over a hedge into the wood to detect them; and, during the time he was getting over the fence, one of the men, without speaking a word, fired a loaded gun at him, within the distance of ten yards. Fortunately, from his position, much of the contents of the gun went into his knee; notwithstanding which, many shot penetrated his body and thigh, and he cannot yet be pronounced out of danger. The offenders immediately fled; but being pursued by his Lordship's servants, one of them only, the night being thick and rather dark, was taken by John Jefferson, another of his Lordship's keepers, after a violent struggle and contest, of upwards of a quarter of an hour. The man detected, James Carr of Malton, proves to be the person who shot at Harrison, and he has made known his accomplices, viz. John Nicholson of Welburn, John Wait of Bulmer, and Joseph Wait of Slingsby; all of whom have been secured, and committed to York Castle, to take their trial at the ensuing Lent Assizes.

Pedestrian race.—A few days ago Lord Charles Somerset, of the 4th Dragoons, and Mr. Archibald Monro, of the North Hants Militia, ran a given distance on the Level, near Brighton, for L. 40, which was won by Lord Charles, owing principally to the exercise he had previously taken, the better to qualify himself for the exertion of the day.

Two persons, whose joint ages made up 133 years, lately ran a race of a hundred yards, which was won by the eldest, whose age is seventy-three years. This is not so great a wonder as people may think, when it is considered that "his race was nearly run," when his companion started.

A moment's consideration for card-players.

A gentleman having in his hand the ace, queen, and knave of trumps, and a small one, was desirous of knowing,

knowing, after the game was ended, which of the trumps he ought to have played first; and on appealing to the company, he received as many answers as he held cards, some preferring one of them, and some another. Being thus left as much in doubt as ever, he will feel himself obliged if any of your ingenious correspondents, to whom the subject is familiar, will have the goodness to decide the question for him.

THE Mamelukes, while here, amused themselves most part of the morning in playing Chess, a game in which they particularly excel.

THERE is a female Nimrod, of the name of Duffell, who constantly hunts with the King's staghounds; and, being the best *flying leaper* of the field, is generally in at the head of the yeomen prickers when the stag is taken.

IT is to the Marquis of Exeter that the Public are indebted for the singular discovery that swans preserve ponds free from weeds. At Burghley, there is a pond about a mile in length, which used to be so over-run with weeds, that three men were employed constantly for six months in every year to keep them under. About seven years ago the Marquis put two pair of swans on the water. They completely cleared away the weeds the first year, and none have since appeared, as the swans eat them before they rise to the surface. In the low countries, swans are kept for the same purpose.

WHEN Elfi Bey dined with the Prince of Wales, he was shown the armoury of his Royal Highness, and passed some time in examining its contents. He tried the weight of the more ancient European instruments, and endeavoured to estimate their degrees of utility. He was much gratified by the sight of the Asiatic weapons, especially the choice collection of scimitars. As he was viewing these, and had half drawn one from the scabbard, he suddenly threw it down, seemed to experience a strong emotion, and leaned on the arm of one of the company. When the cause was inquired into, it was found that this was the scimitar of his great patron, Mourad Bey. He knew it instantly on drawing it, for he had often had the care of it, when a boy. The Prince, in the most gracious manner, pressed him to accept it; but he refused the offer, saying, "very well, in cannot be in better hands."—On his visit to the Tower, Elfi Bey was shewn the manner of proving sabres, which is done by striking them as hard as possible, first on the two flat sides, upon a kind of table, and then with the edge and back on a block. He approved the method, but seemed to doubt the strength of the person employed. Being desired to prove a blade for his own use, he bared his muscular arm to the elbow, made a large circle for himself by signs, and struck it four several times, with a force which astonished most of the company.—He put it to more than the usual proof, by bringing the part nearest the hilt down upon the table and block. The second that was presented, perfectly satisfied him. In the first he discovered a slight flaw by his eye, and would not try it.—After passing through the whole armoury, he was entertained with a cold collation at the Governor's house.

IN consequence of an information laid before Mr. Bond, that a number of persons nightly assembled at a house in Liecester-street, for the purpose of playing at Hazard and other unlawful games, a war-

rant was issued by that magistrate to search the house, and on Monday the 19th instant, Donaldson, a constable, with a number of patrols, went there about twelve o'clock, and took into custody four persons whom they found in a room on the first floor, where there was a table for hazard, and another for *rouge et noir*, which the officers seized and brought away. Next day the parties were examined before Mr. Bond and Sir W. Parsons, at Bow-street, and ordered to find bail for their good behaviour.

In Bingley's Animal Biography, is the following extraordinary instance of memory in a mastiff, related by M. D'Obsonville:—This dog which he had brought up in India from two months old, accompanied himself and a friend from Pondicherry to Bangalore, a distance of more than 300 leagues. "Our journey, he continues, occupied near three weeks, and we had to traverse plains and mountains, and to ford rivers, and go along several bye-paths. The animal, which had certainly never been in that country before, lost us at Bangalore, and immediately returned to Pondicherry. He went directly to the house of Mr. Beylier, then commandant of artillery, my friend, and with whom I had generally lived. Now, the difficulty is not so much to know how the dog subsisted on the road, for he was very strong and able to procure himself food, but how he should have found his way after an interval of more than a month! This was an effort of memory greatly superior to that which the human race is capable of exerting."

Lord C——d, was lately called upon at Bow-street, to put in bail for his appearance at the Quarter Sessions, in consequence of some new *fracas*, in which the King's peace was set at defiance.—*Morning Herald.*

A discovery was a short time since made in Lincoln's-Inn, which is likely to excite much attention in Westminster Hall. A lady of distinction, it seems, either *forgetting herself*, or her way home, *strayed* with a learned gentleman into his chambers, and did not become sensible of her *mistake* until three o'clock the next morning. This curious affair has been referred for explanation to the neighbouring gentlemen of the long robe.—*Morning Herald.*

A few days ago, Mr. Hedgeland of Sommer's Town, brought before Mr. Justice Bond, at Bow-street, a jackass driver, for wantonly beating his ass in Holborn. The magistrate sent the man on board the tender, and thanked Mr. H. for his exertions in bringing the man before him.

The Earl and Countess of Hardwick, had a most providential escape on Sunday the 12th instant. Coming to Dublin in the morning from the Vice-regal Lodge in the Phœnix Park, in their coach and six, the first four horses took fright, plunged and leaped over a paling; but happily a breakage took place, which disengaged the unruly animals from the carriage; two of their children were with their Excellencies; they received no hurt.

Garnerin, in his thirty-fifth ascent from Moscow, saw, for the first time, an image of his balloon formed in the clouds, in very bright prismatic colours. When at the height of 12,000 feet, he galvanized himself, and observed flashes of light. While hovering over a wood he was fired at by a huntsman, who with the peasants on seeing him descend from the clouds, considered him as supernatural.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

EPILOGUE
TO
HEARTS OF OAK.

WHAT—Hearts of Oak—and not one word of War,
The British Soldier, and the British Tar?
I told our Bard his scheme would never do;
How just his answer I submit to you.
Need we the Drama's art—he said—to shew
What every bosom feeling, all must know;
That ev'ry Seaman's, Soldier's, Briton's heart
Now burns to take his King's and Country's part:
That, in our soil, as the Oak rooted fast,
Mocks the vain tumult of the angry blast;
Or, proudly on the Ocean launch'd, defies
The elemental war of waves and skies:
So ev'ry breast, by manly firmness steel'd,
Braves the dread tempest of the martial field;
Laughs at the haughty Foe's exulting boast,
And courts the onset of Invasion's Host!
While urg'd by ev'ry tie of social life,
By Parent's, Children, Sisters, Mistress, Wife:
Watchful o'er rights, by deathless Patriots won,
Through ages handed down from sire to son.
Fir'd in their monarch's cause—his cause their own,
Each arm his bulwark, and each heart his throne!
One only wish pervades this happy land,
Swells each indignant breast—nerves every hand—
That yon proud Despot would himself explore
Our guardian Ocean and embattled Shore.
Blood-stain'd Ambition then should find his grave,
Stretch'd on our plains, or whelm'd beneath the wave!
Then, whether now the new-wrought Drama here,
From tales domestic, drew the smile or tear;
Or Nature's fav'rite Pupil's scene unfold
Of warlike fields by Britons won of old!
Still be the cheering title of our play
In every Heart the Order of the Day.

SONGS
FROM
THE ENGLISH FLEET.

DUET—MR. BRAHAM AND MR. INCLEDON.

DESERTED by the waning moon,
When skies proclaim night's cheerless noon,
On tower, fort, or tented ground,
The sentry walks his nightly round;
And,

And, should a footstep haply stray,
Where caution marks the guarded way,
"Who goes there? Stranger, quickly tell."
"A friend," the word—"Good night, all's well."

Or sailing on the midnight deep,
While weary messmates soundly sleep,
The careful watch patroles the deck,
To guard the ship from foes or wreck;
And while his thoughts oft homeward veer,
Some well-known voice salutes his ear,
"What cheer ho! Brother quickly tell."
"Above — below — good night, all's well."

SONG.—Mr. Braham.

YOUNG Henry was as brave a youth
As ever grac'd a martial story,
And Jane was fair as lovely truth,
She sigh'd for love, and he for glory.

With her his faith he meant to plight,
And told her many a gallant story,
'Till war, their honest joys to blight,
Call'd him away from love to glory.

Brave Henry met the foe with pride,
Jane follow'd—fought—Ah, hapless story!
In man's attire, by Henry's side,
She died for love, and he for glory.

SONG
IN
THE CARAVAN.

ROSA.

OH! we merry little Spanish girls
Are ever free from woe;
We rattle and prattle wherever we go,
O'er the mountains so lofty,
Thro' the valleys so bright,
We trip it, and skip it,
From morning till night.

When we're courted by old men,
Our scorn we disclose,
But when lov'd by young and bold men,
"*C'est toute autre chose.*"
We've a happy knack,
With our tick-a-tack,
Ting ting,
A ring, a ring.

EPITAPH
ON
A FAVOURITE LAP-DOG.

UNDERNEATH this bending briar,
Interr'd by neither priest nor friar,
Here, honest Tim, you see
Wrapt up in everlasting sleep;
Melpomene, thou ne'er can'st weep
A worthier cur than he.

No sins had Tim of any sort;
His virtues might have grac'd a court;
He liv'd Matilda's pride:
And never fill'd with tears her eye,
Or caus'd her lovely breast to sigh,
Alas! but when he died,

SONNET,
TO
A DEAD JACK-ASS.

FAREWELL! thou amorous animal farewell!
Thy patience so much longer than thy ears,
None but a Yorick's tender pen could tell,
And call from Christian's eyes a flood of tears.

But what avail'd thy patience, or thine ears?
Of what the love-lorn notes thou once didst pour,
When as thy fav'rite pass'd, thou stood'st in gears,
Tied with a halter at my grannam's door?

O! as she pass'd how did'st thou raise thy tone,
And mighty proofs of love did'st thou reveal!
And sometimes thou would'st bray, and sometimes groan,
Expressive of the passion thou did'st feel!

Thou had'st more worth than Macedonia's King,
Than Julius Cæsar, or than Bonaparte:
The friend of man, and not his foe, I sing;
They drew a dagger, and you drew a cart.

Detested

Detested names! Oh, what a fatal three!
Thank Heaven, before thee two are gone to dust:
The other soon, I hope, will follow thee;
For follow thee assuredly he must!

Yes! he must die, tho' Frenchmen cry alas!
Thus falls the hero! and thus falls the ass!

For the Sporting Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,

THE magnanimity of those who have volunteered their services has been justly praised, and particular corps have had their own poets. I am sorry to observe, that the Corps of Lawyers, and those gentlemen whom the upper part of the profession has been pleased facetiously to call "the Rags of the Law," have not been celebrated as they ought to be. Now this is an injustice I do not approve. They are unquestionably deserving of a very high post; and I beg leave to pay the following humble tribute to their merits, in the shape of a Ballad, which I call

THE LAWYERS' DEFIANCE.

TO oppose Birds of Prey we take Birds of a Feather:
To meet French chicane, here's the Law altogether!
A more terrible band were ne'er muster'd before,
For the humourists style us "the Devil's own Corps."

If the French should "a latitat" choose when they land,
We have still our old trick of "a capias" at hand:
But should they more bold, take the country at large,
What troops in the world are like us—at "a charge?"

They tell us, for plunder they visit our coast;
We trust on that score they'll have little to boast;
For tho' in destruction they've always been steady,
English property's safe;—we 've secured it already.

The French are ill cloth'd, and may want our sheep's wool;
Leave the skin but for parchment—we'll soon be skinfull:
And our uniform boasts this advantage to boot,
E'en the wearers lament—there's no end of "our suit."

Threats of shedding our blood may affright us they think:
What are torrents of blood to—a bottle of ink?
Well arm'd as they are, we're as terrible still,
And one weapon we boast most tremendous—the quill.

Let us treat then these French like our clients—as sport,
And beg them to come, if they dare—into court;
The costs will be theirs: while our boast is and pride
That Englishmen still have the LAW on their side.

I. O. U.

THE EXTINGUISHER.

A DIALOGUE.

P——.

A LACKEY knocks—"Is Mr. Lee at home?"
"Yes, Sir."——His errand then he thus makes known—
"My mistress, Sir, is main afeard of fire,
So I comes running here by her desire.
To her—she says—for sixpence late you sold
A Snuffer, worth at least its weight in gold;
So hopes in her distress you wont relinquish her,
But send her as convenient—an Extinguisher.
She says, more toilsome sometimes it has been,
To put a candle out than put it in.
The little Farthing Rushlight's an example,
And, as a case in point, is full and ample.

The

The master, mistress, maid, all spent their wind;
Some puff'd before; some, they say, puff'd behind;
Nor did the taper small their puffs redoubt,
For all their puffing could not puff it out.
At length they call'd the watch, who set his foot on,
And hapless Rushy lay as dead as mutton.
But then the slaughter'd light, with tallow gore
Distain'd, O hateful sight! the polish'd floor.
Eager to steer clear from so dire mishap,
She craves you'll for her candle send a cap,
To wear o' nights, then take it off at morn;
No matter whether made of brass or horn."——
"Your lady," I reply'd, "delights in fun;
My best respects—the business shall be done."

S——.

"*Sapienti*, says the adage, *verbum sat*—
Shrewdly I guess at what you would be at.
With pen for flail once more I'll thrash my brain,
But fear you'll find much chaff and little grain.
Extinguishers of various sorts you'll find,
Amongst the motley group of human kind,
Renardo plays, but then he cogs the dice,
And ruins honest Playfair in a trice;
Himself in gaol, his fortune put to rout,
Renard's the Extinguisher that puts him out.
Calista, blest with more than mortal charms,
Inveigles gay Lothario to her arms;
Her husband—trick that practis'd is too common—
Just in the nick of time comes pop upon 'em;
He swears, he rants, his peace of mind's destroy'd;
The means the law admits must be employ'd.
Erskine, in flow'r of speech so energetic,
Depicts the crime in terms so sympathetic,
The jury join in one congenial groan,
—For each conceives the case may be his own—
With common voice they give Ten Thousand Pound—
Lothario sickens at the dreadful sound.
'Twill granted be, by all who are distinguishers,
Calista and her mate are both Extinguishers.

A party meet to sip their social tea,
Enjoy their chit chat, jest, and repartee;
Sir Dismal enters, fill'd with false alarms,
Croaking, in plaintiff note, ten thousand harms.
The game is up! the French are safely landed!
Our fleet, some sunk, some taken, and some stranded!
Expected in two hours they'll reach London!
The king, queen, prince, and all their subjects undone!
Down drops the tea cup from each female hand,
Not so the males—Let's save, they cry, the land!
Muster, they cry, impell'd by martial rage,
Muster each arm that's not unstrung by age!
While yet one Briton lives, no Frenchman vile,
Shall with impunity insult our Isle!
They all assemble, quick, at beat of drum—
Dismal was quizz'd—it all turns out a hum!
But should 'Squire Boney, with his num'rous host,
Obtain a footing on Britannia's coast,
He to his cost must very soon relinquish her:
Each Briton then would act as an Extinguisher.

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the

MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

FOR JANUARY, 1804.

CONTAINING

The Death; or, Death of the Fox · *Page* 167
The King's Buck Hounds 167
Mad Foxes 168
Grand Rowing Match 168
Coursing 169
Curious Horse Race 170
Veterinary Authorship 170
Singular Warfare in the Island of Sumatra 171
Jockeyship 172
Ramble to Cutherstone Lodge, Buncombe Covers, and Taunton Dean 173
Sporting Vanity 180
Answer to the Ghost of Glider 181
Fable for Twelfth-Day 182
Drawings on Twelfth-Night 183
Extraordinary Account of a Dog killed by swallowing a poisonous Serpent 184
Victim to the Gaming Table reclaimed 185
Singular Notice 190
Winning Horses, List of 191
Walking Barometers, &c 198
Curious Anecdote 199
Fracas of Billiard Players 200
Theatricals—Mrs. Jordan's first Appearance this Season 203
Cinderella; or, the Little Glass Slipper 204
The Opera 205
Dangerous Prescription in the Sporting Dictionary 205
Loquacity; or, an Old Woman's Lamentations for the loss of her Poultry 208
The Village Schoolmistress 211
Description of the Cassada Worm, or Fly-carrier 212
Conflict between a Sailor and a Shark 213
Boxing — Burke and the Game Chicken 214
Shooting 216
The Passions; or Sporting Sensibility Treble refined 217
Mrs. Haines; or, Crumpets easy of digestion 217
Observations on the late Mr. Spencer 218
Detection of a Goose Stealer 218
Feast of Wit 219
Sporting Intelligence 221

POETRY.

Hawking, a Ballad 225
Extempore Lines on the Execution of W. Hill, at Nottingham 225
Dreadful Catastrophe 226
Gamester's Recantation 226
Prologue to Cinderella 227
West Country Festival 228
Lines given to a Young Lady 228

Embellished with I. *The Death; or, Death of the Fox, an Engraving by Mr. Scott, from a Design of the Younger Sartorius.* II. *Shooting, an Etching, from the Design of a celebrated Artist.*

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

THE NEW PAPER AT LIVERPOOL.

We beg our readers to take notice, relative to the Hand-bill stitched in our present number, concerning the LIVERPOOL MERCANTILE ADVERTISER, that it is no longer published daily, but three times a week, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays; and which, from its increasing sale, and the liberal patronage it has experienced from commercial men, is found to answer the conveniences of trade much better than when it was a daily print.

A. B. and several other favours, are received, and shall appear in our next.

Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them, and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.

The Death.

Pub. Dec. 31 1806, by J. Walsh, Warwick Square.

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR JANUARY, 1804.

THE DEATH;

OR,

DEATH OF THE FOX.

An Engraving by Mr. Scott, from a Design of the Younger Sartorius.

THIS being the last of the set of Engravings on the subject of Fox-hunting, uniformly produced by the above-named artists, we have only, in conclusion, to observe that the plates, in their progress of publication, have been highly approved.

THE KING's BUCK HOUNDS.

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

BY the fertile fabrications in some of the daily prints, it would appear to your sporting friends that we have happily enjoyed good chases this season, with the stag hounds in Windsor Forest; but whether some ignorant and illiterate boobies, who are attendants to any part of the retinue, are in the pay of such papers, or whether from a disposition to the *cacoëthes scribendi*, it is to humbug the credulous of the metropolis (who affect to believe every paragraph in print a fact) I do not presume to decide; although I can with strict truth assure you we have not had a single chase since the commencement of the season, in respect to speed and distance, superior to the brilliancies of a common hare hunt. We have had, it is true, an uncommon display of views, heads, turns, doubles, baying, and soiling, but not a burst of sufficient duration to set even a half-bred horse a blowing; in fact, not a deer of the whole has been above two or three miles from the place of his turning out, and not more than one has been taken above five or six miles from home. So much for those dreadful "marchings and counter marchings," thus sportingly described in those literary delineators of exaggerated imagination, that very little reliance is to be made upon representations so unauthentically obtruded upon the public expectation. Whether the deer are sympathetically affected by the political state of the country, and are determined to wait for the much wished for (but not expected) arrival of the Corsican Tyrant, be-

fore they run, it is not possible to ascertain; but certain it is, if they do not display a greater desire to cross the country in the latter, than they have in the former part of the season, there will be but little to introduce in addition to the number of capital chases annually recorded in your most excellent miscellany. When we emerge from our present apathy, you shall certainly hear again from your friend,

FACT.

Starting Post, Ascot Heath, Queen's Birth Day.

MAD FOXES.

FROM Switzerland they write that the *Pays de Vaud* is infested with *renardes enrages*, mad foxes, that approach the houses of the inhabitants in open day, and attack both man and beast. One man only had been bitten when the last accounts were received, on the 21st ult. Some of these foxes being dissected, by order of the government, all the symptoms of the hydrophobia were observed; and, to obtain the most indubitable evidence of the state of these animals, two that were taken alive had some dogs and a pig confined with them. The result of this experiment, the animals being lacerated, seems to have left no doubt in the minds of the Council of Health, as to the real state of these animals, as an order, dated December 22, was immediately issued in the districts of Morsee and Coslany, where the greatest number of these foxes had made their appearance. The order enjoins the people not to eat any hares, from the probability of their being likewise affected. The innkeepers also are forbidden the furnishing of their tables with that dish.

GRAND ROWING MATCH.

IT has long been doubted, by the amateurs of rowing, whether the London or Gravesend watermen were the best men.—A few weeks ago, Major Warrington, having been rowed by a party of the latter from Gravesend to Sheerness in a very short space of time, had frequently mentioned the circumstance, and offered to match six of them against the same number of watermen, wherever they might be found. Captain Durand matched six of the London watermen against them, for two hundred guineas a side; and Tuesday the 24th instant was the day fixed for the decision. As it was supposed that the Gravesend men excelled in rough, and the London in smooth water, to equalize the matter, the distance was divided accordingly; and it was agreed that the parties should start at a boat moored off Captain Durand's wharf, near Rotherhithe, and row round the Nore Light, and back to the same place; a distance of not less than one hundred and four miles.

The six London watermen set off on Saturday the 21st to Gravesend, that they might have time to practise beforehand, in the water that they had not been accustomed to. They were conveyed thither in Captain Durand's yacht, on board of which were her owner, his son, and Major Warrington. It was then agreed that the wager should be deferred until the last day of the month, when the six London watermen should row against the same number of Gravesend men round the Nore Light and back to Cuckold's Point, for two hundred guineas; and each boat was to provide itself with a steersman.

A second wager was also made, that the same persons were to row the

the same distance over again without a steersman.

Whilst Captain Durand was at Gravesend, he matched his yacht to sail with the Fox Gravesend boat, from Ramsgate round the Isle of Wight and back, for two hundred guineas. No time is fixed for the performance of this wager.

ANOTHER ACCOUNT.

THE long-contested Rowing Match is to commence at eight o'clock on Tuesday morning the 31st instant, from off Tilbury Fort, to go round the Nore Light, and return to a boat anchored off Mr. Durand's wharf, at Rotherhithe. The following are the contending parties—

HECTOR, OF LONDON.

James Masterman, Coxswain.

James Howell,	Isaac Wood,
John Sheppard,	Charles Westwood,
Edward Brumwell,	Allen Griffin.

ECLIPSE BOAT, OF GRAVESEND.

Anthony Fothergill, Coxswain.

John Harrison,	Thomas Dye,
Abraham Thomas,	William Turner,
William Osborn,	James Wilkinson.

The match is to be for two hundred guineas, play or pay; but very large sums of money are besides depending. The bets are even, and the odds will be regulated totally by the state of the weather at the time of starting. Should it prove blowing weather, the odds will be in favour of the Gravesend men—if moderate, the London watermen will be the favourites. The parties are all stout and athletic picked men, and the contest is expected to be sharp and severe in the extreme. The London watermen are well known on the River below bridge, and have rowed repeatedly for prizes against each other. The Gravesend watermen have made a sure bargain, as they are to receive four guineas each man should they prove unsuccessful; but, if victorious, they trust to Major Warrington's liberality. The sporting gentlemen were apprehensive that the boats might be stopped below Gravesend by the Regulating Captain of that place, as usual, to examine them, and thereby cause an interruption to the race: to prevent any such circumstance taking place, Captain Durand has procured an order from the Custom-house to the Regulating Captain, requiring him to suffer the boats, on this occasion, to pass to the Nore without molestation. On Sunday morning, the London watermen will sail on board Captain Durand's yacht from Rotherhithe to Gravesend, where they will practise previous to the day of contest.

The above match not taking place until the last of the month, it will be impossible for us to give an account of the issue in our present number.

COURSING.

THE dispute about the intended Coursing Match, at Audley End, in Essex, which went off on a misunderstanding between the parties, respecting the fitness of the weather, on Tuesday the 3d inst. is referred to the Jockey Club. Captain Watkins produced his friend Mr. Durand's Surrey greyhounds on that day. Mr. J. Wright sent down his Essex dogs that day week, conceiving, if the sport should be prevented on the day named, by the frosty weather, that the next open Tuesday would of course be the day of meeting; and of

of this Captain Watkins is said to have been previously informed.—The frost beginning only to break on the Monday, no sportsman could have thought of running greyhounds in a champaign country on the next day. Mr. Wright has since proposed to run the matches on any future day, which has been declined by Captain Watkins, who, it is said, claims forfeit on all the matches, though upon what reasonable ground remains to be shown.

Mr. Shuckburgh's red bitch Romp, has beaten Mr. Durand's celebrated black bitch Needle. They ran three courses at Audley End, a few days since, and in the last, Romp went away from her opponent by the most decisive superiority of racing and bottom.

CURIOUS HORSE RACE.

A WAGER, betwixt Captains Prescott and Tucker, of the 5th Light Dragoons, was determined on Friday the 20th instant, by a single horse-race, which we learn is denominated *steeple hunting*. The race was run from Chapelhouses, on the west turnpike, to the Cow-gate, Newcastle; a distance of about three miles, in a direct line across the country, which Captain T. gained by near a quarter of a mile.

The mode of running such races is not to deviate more than fifteen yards from the direct line to the object in view, notwithstanding any impediments the riders may meet with, such as hedges, ditches, &c. the leading horse has the choice of road to the extent of the limits, and the other cannot go over the same ground; but, still preserving those limits, must chuse another road for himself.

VETERINARY AUTHORSHIP.

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

THE remarks in your last number, under the head "Veterinary Criticism," demand the thanks of your judicious and observant readers. There is certainly no practice prevalent standing more in need of exposure and reproach, than the fashionable obtrusion of old books with new titles, to the pecuniary repentance of numbers who become the dupes of their own credulity. There is most probably no subject which has afforded so many openings for this kind of literary depredation, as the boasted improvement of Farriery within a few years past only. For the rapid success of the original reformer having afforded him a progressive celebrity, that excited a spirit of emulation in the infinity of his imitators, they have almost all dwindled into obscurity, by attempting to ascend a summit, which they, from a certain degree of mental imbecility, have experimentally found it impossible to attain.

In these attempts to surprise the public with an excess of novelty, a superiority of science, and a profusion of professional jargon, without a particle of experimental practice, it can excite no admiration, that so many of these announced prodigies fell to the ground in a few hours after their birth, and are so very soon buried in an irretrievable oblivion. Of these a long list might be enumerated; but as a description could only tend to agitate and irritate the feelings of the unlucky and disappointed individuals, who lost their time in such fruitless compilations, which might have

have been dedicated to a much more useful and profitable purpose, it is only necessary to observe, it should seem, by the unprecedented increase of veterinary surgeons, veterinary druggists, and veterinary writers, copiests, and compilers, that an infectious *furor* has broken out, and been collaterally transmitted to every part of the kingdom. In fact, the veterinary *mania* has been so truly fertile in its communication, that with ability or without, veterinary writers and practitioners are to be found equal in number to the shadows of the half-starved sons of Galen, Hippocrates, and Esculapius, in every city, town, and village, from one extremity of the island to the other.

Gentlemen, you, as general observers, are adequate to the task of deciding, whether a good well-bred rustic, from the plough-tail of his father, can be so improved, so refined, and so sublimed, by the phosphoric flame of any College, as to become a directing constellation of literary magnitude, and that in less than twelve months after the day of initiation. There can be no doubt but a few months strict attention may acquire a tolerable conception of the anatomical structure of the frame, and the functions of its component parts; but it is not to be readily believed, that so great a proficiency in the properties of medicine, and their effects upon the animal economy, can be obtained in so short a time only as is bestowed upon the education of those who have for the last few years been vomited upon the world as veterinary prodigies of the most unprecedented perfection. And what is still more extraordinary, these are the very adventurers who, for want of practical knowledge, are even deficient in ability for the common practice of the profession, and yet, stimulated by an imaginary and deceptive notion of their own excellence, endeavour to acquire celebrity by commencing authorship. But the speculative idea of raising themselves upon the merits of those who have gone before them, is so frequently abortive, that the majority of such professional plagiarists, have progressively glided into oblivion with their own works.

Not wishing to obtrude too much upon either your room or your attention, it must suffice to remark, that your sporting province, as well as the veterinary science, seems to be attacked at all points by literary adventurers of every description. For many years we had no other sporting information than what was derived from the Sporting Magazine and Racing Calendar; since which we are loaded with Rural Sports, a Sporting Dictionary, and report promises a Sporting Tour, said to be now in the press, from the pen of a northern Colonel, of so much hawking, hunting, shooting, and coursing celebrity, that his name is unnecessary till it comes before the public upon the title-page of the work. Interim, I beg to be believed your invariable friend, and constant reader,

IMPARTIALIS.

Jan 20, 1804.

SINGULAR WARFARE IN THE ISLAND OF SUMATRA.

WE learn by a Danish ship, which arrived at the island of St. Helena early in September, and which left Batavia the latter end of June, that a very serious commotion

commotion had taken place in the interior of Sumatra, between two high Chiefs, whose pretensions to certain points were strenuously maintained by them both. The consequence has been, that a warfare of a singular nature has taken place, without any advantage on either side. Women, and children of a tolerable age, partake in this sanguinary conflict.

Their method of fighting is with arrows, of a dangerous nature; the handle is about three feet in length, and a long piece of iron wood, extremely sharp, is fixed in the top. This piece of iron wood is curiously barbed, like a hook, and being poisoned, the effects are almost immediate.

The dispute has arisen from one of their Pangerans dying, leaving dollars behind him to a very considerable amount, and several hundred head of buffaloes. This property is claimed by each of the above Chiefs, who seem determined to contend the point. Wherever they go, devastation marks their way.

It is said that our government may be effectual in restoring peace; but we have no authority to assume it.

JOCKEYSHIP.

ON Thursday the 29th ult. was run, over Epsom Downs, a match, the circumstances of which are at present the first subject of conversation among the sporting circles.

About three weeks before, one of these horses was distanced by the other, and at a dinner, in consequence thereof, the owner of the losing horse, a young foreigner of large fortune, well known in Lord Derby's hunt, having got a little mellow, expressed that his horse was still the best.

An eminent stable-keeper, in the neighbourhood of Croydon, proposed a match, of 80 to 70 guineas, to be run on Thursday, the 29th of December, two miles, each carrying twelve stone, to start precisely at one o'clock P. M. and then to fix the riders. The stable-keeper fixed on the servant of a gentleman present, who was attending his master. The foreign gentleman mentioned his own groom.

Things thus stood, till two days before the match was to be run, when the foreigner received notice that his adversary had changed his mind, and fixed on a regular well-bred jockey.

Totally at a loss what to do, and giving up his match as lost, he met accidentally, on Wednesday afternoon, the day preceding the race, between three and four o'clock, a Yorkshire gentleman, well known on the turf, to whom he represented his difficulties, who instantly advised him to drive down to Newmarket, and engage Mr. Buckle. Off they went; and the next day, the hour of starting arrived, when the winners of the former match were betting ten to one they would be equally successful at the present.

When the well-bred rider was mounted cap-a-pee, in colours of the brightest hue, to snatch, as they thought, by superior horsemanship, the palm of victory from an ignoramus groom, out jumped, from a post-chaise, Buckle, ready equipped, and weighed at Epsom, who leaped on his horse in an instant, and, by dint of skill, in a few minutes, brought in the distanced horse just half a length before his former conqueror!

CUTHERSTONE

CUTHERSTONE LODGE, BUNCOMBE COVERS, AND TAUNTON DEAN.

A Ramble to them, from Bridgewater—Account of the Grouse, or Heath-cock—Descent from the Quantic Hills, through the Villages, to Taunton—Description of that Town, its Police and Manufactures—Origin of the Name of Webb — Strictures on Party-spirit — First Copper Coins there—Eulogium on Taunton Ale, and on their Vauxhall, or Public Garden, called the Cottage—With a Climb to Cutherstone.

"Hail! liberal Town, on record standing high,
To arms you fled, when Monmouth was the cry.
Staunch to his cause, and rich in gen'rous blood,
For Liberty you strove, and public good.
Till Kirk, for biggot James, uprear'd the fatal tree,
And Tone, with native gore, flow'd crimson to the sea."

QUITTING my inn at Bridgewater, I resolved for a morning's ramble farther to the west: and learning from some sporting gentlemen over night, of the heights of Cutherstone, and the covers of Buncombe, I took my way through the villages that lead to Minehead, till these objects were full in sight before me Having obtained the summit of the highest of the Quantics, an aged peasant that seemed almost aborigine with the soil, was the only creature I could perceive fashioned for information. I made towards him, and we presently entered into conversation about the covers below, and what kind of game frequented them: among others, he told me of the grouse, or heath cock; and, that near the latter end of March, they came in numbers from the Welch side; that they were more easy to approach then, than at any other time; and if the season was open in the beginning of April, the cock-birds would plume themselves in the sun, and crow one against the other with all the familiarity of domestic fowls. At this time, he said, the hen-birds, invited by the crow of the cock, or impelled by the call of nature, mounted to these heights; remaining with the males, only till they were sufficiently impregnated, and then suddenly disappeared to lay their eggs, and incubate in places impervious to the foot of man: nor are they seen again, till the same necessity directs them to these heights and covers. The male birds now become exceedingly shy, and are but seldom seen; nor do they recover their flesh and sweetness of flavour, till about the middle of August; when the sportsmen who frequent these parts, find them in the best order. With that month, they entirely quit the place, and are sometimes to be found about the Welch hills, or on vast tracts of unfrequented common land; such as the sedgemoors, or the plains of Sarum, but never two together, except the hen-bird and her chicks; and these so very much upon the look out, that they are only to be come at by stratagem.

Thus much I drew from the old shepherd, and turning out of the high-way, went to visit the Lodge of Cutherstone, a circular building, rising from the centre of the highest of all the Quantic hills, appearing for more than twenty miles round, the most prominent feature in the face of this delightful country.

To what purpose Cutherstone Lodge was erected, is not even at this day clearly understood; but, the best informed assert, to remain a land-mark for those navigators, who seek the eastern shores of the Bristol Channel. Some affirm, the

proprietor of the land—a considerable sportsman, no doubt—raised the Lodge, merely as a shelter for such gentlemen as might frequent the hills in the sporting season: and this is by no means improbable, when we consider its distant situation from the villages; but ask in Taunton, and they will tell you, it was erected for no other purpose than to terminate a seven miles prospect from their main street, from whence it has a very pleasing effect. So much have I thought proper to communicate respecting this celebrated castle in the air, as it is called by many; and which, like the stone of Magnus, had power to draw me to its foundation. I found it without a door, and the time being midsummer, about a dozen horses and near fifty sheep, were sheltered from the beams of the mid-day sun: there was besides, hanging on wooden pegs, an old useless fowling piece, and near twenty pairs of bucks horns; but not the smallest appearance of its having been at any time a human habitation. The prospects however are charming, and I am sure no gentleman who travels for geographical information, or what is called a bird's eye view of nature, will think his time mispent, in a visit to Cutherstone.

From these delightful heights, I descended through Buncombe, Kingston, and Norton; and, passing the river Tone, entered the brilliant borough of Taunton Dean.

Taunton, so called, from the river Tone on which it stands, is a borough town of great beauty and antiquity, distant about 148 miles from the capital, and particularly lively on account of the great influx of travellers, from all parts of England and Ireland. The shops are in many places elegant, no where mean, and its manufactures inimitable; the people well-affected to strangers, generous, hospitable, humane, and polite.

Here is a market every Wednesday and Saturday, replete with all the comforts, and even luxuries of life; and these at a more moderate rate, than in any market I have examined in my western tour.—Mackrell I bought fresh from the sea at one penny each, pick where you please; and the finest Severn salmon, for four-pence the pound; flesh and fowl, every where, equally reasonable. To form the town of Taunton, are three principal or main streets, each a little on the curve, with their mid-way extremities approaching to one centre, yet leaving an ample space, where stands the Town Hall, or house for conducting the concerns of the market; respecting which I shall be particularly minute, because I believe its policy deserves to be imitated, by every great town in Britain. Before the north front of the hall, is a capacious area or open surface, surrounded with posts and chains; the pavement is so contrived, that immediately after a shower, no water can lodge to offend. On the proper day, the clerk of the market at the ringing of a bell, causes the shambles to be brought out of the house, and in twenty minutes to fashion in great uniformity, a commodious mart for the borough; the stalls or shambles before unfolded, have the appearance of chamber-screens, but when spread to their extent, they afford a foot-board, and an ample covering for the tradesman, besides every convenience to assist him in the display of his commodity; the whole together forming a little town, where the streets are at right angles. The butchers strive to outvie each other in cleanliness and in neatness, every one wearing a pair of blue sleeves to the shoulders, and a nice apron of the same, with a bib to the very chin.

chin. Taking this contrivance in any point of view, we behold a model of regularity, simplicity, and convenience. The poultry market is under the town-house, and here it is truly gratifying, to behold the farmers' daughters with their butter, eggs, and chickens, modestly recommending their dainties to the passing visitor. When I first stood to look on these young women, they put me in mind of a flock of goldfinches, busy about the harvest of full ripe thistles; or a bed of tulips, put in motion by the gentle breezes of the spring; such their beauty, neatness, and industry. What still deserves imitation, is the method the clerk takes to dissolve the market: at nine, a bell rings to give notice to pack up and retire; and those found to disobey, submit to a fine, so that the commodities unsold are presently removed, the stalls again folded and lodged in their proper place, the stones washed and swept perfectly clean, which the labourers are enabled to do by proper conduits fixed for the purpose; and before ten, there is less the appearance of a market, than of the court-yard belonging to a gentleman's mansion. Not a stain of filth is left, nothing offensive remains, the reverse of which you but too often find in your London markets; all is sweetness, cleanness, stillness, and sobriety, reflecting the highest credit on the magistracy of Taunton Dean, and the disposition of its inhabitants. However, one thing is wanting, and would add much to the conveniency of those frequenters from a far distance, I mean a good clock on the town-house, with three faces, one to front each of the great approaches to this charming place of traffic. On the east side the market place, is a noble street, built by Sir Benjamin Hammet, and called after that gentleman, Hammet-street; the post-office is here, and many other things worth notice. But the most to attract our admiration, is the church of St. Mary Magdalane, the projectural adornments of which, is of a different coloured stone to that of the flat part of the building; exhibiting, after a shower, so long as the humidity remains, an appearance of crimson, seemingly heightened by a brilliant varnish. This church terminates the street, standing in its very centre, and is also remarkable for its interior capacity and ornaments.

On the south side, stands the White-hart Inn, once infamous for harbouring the devil's two delegates, Colonel Kirk, and Judge Jefferies; for it was in a room in this inn, that accursed fiend Jefferies unfolded his cruel commission, to try those who were accused of having concern in the Duke of Monmouth's rebellion, against his uncle James. It was here that horrid creature Kirk, together with his *lambs*—for so he called his soldiers—prepared his numerous assassinations, to gratify the vilest regal monster, that ever disgraced the pages of human history. James! Kirk! and Jefferies! are names ever to be linked together; and as they float along the stream of time, to be held by the natives of Taunton in accumulating detestation. Granger has a testimony to strengthen this assertion. "I have seen," says he, "an old woman who kept a little ale-house, and whose mother was an eye-witness to the shocking barbarities of these times, kindle into rage, and melt into pity, upon relating the catastrophe of Monmouth, and the cruelties of Jefferies. And that the Countess of Pomfret, met with many insults from the populace as she passed through Taunton, only because she was the grand-daughter of this inhuman judge." The same

resentful spirit is yet manifest, as I have frequently noticed since I have been in this place. Here is a poor devil named Joshua Otway, great grandson of the common executioner in Kirk's time, the present finisher of the criminal law in Taunton Dean. Old Otway, it seems, used a singular method in the execution of his victims; they were frequently forced by Kirk's *lambs* in great numbers, to Pen Elm gallows, where Otway waited with his halters to receive them; seizing the unfortunate, he first made fast the cord to his neck, and then throwing the other end over the transom beam of the gibbet, instantly caught it and run up his man, uttering at the time in a grotesque and wanton way, "Wish!!!" a sound not unlike that used by a great cricketer, when he strikes in his most forcible way; having secured the rope's end, Otway took the next in turn, still making the same sort of sound, in the same wanton manner. From this conduct, he acquired the appellation of "Wish, Joshua," so long as he existed; and his descendant, for the office is hereditary, enjoys it at this moment. There is hardly an urchin school-boy to be found in Taunton, that upon meeting the hangman, does not run up to him, imitating with resentful gesticulations the drag of the rope, crying out, "Wish, Joshua." So accustomed to this is the poor fellow, that he takes it all without reply: and so impressed is every one with a remembrance of the Taunton tragedy, that not a being could be found to remedy the insult.

The principal manufactures of this town, are those of the loom; and the works of the shuttle, as they are formed here, are no where to be surpassed in all Europe. For this great good, the town of Taunton was indebted to the miseries of Zealand and Flanders, from whence a number of families were forced by inundation; and one of them, consisting of fifteen persons, on the 1st day of May, 1336, set up the first weaving machine of foreign construction. The foreman of this little band was so successful, that in a few years, he retired with an ample fortune to finish his thread of life at Fairfield, in Gloucestershire. In grateful consideration of the high services he had done the realm, King Edward III. caused him by Letters Patent, to take upon him the surname of Webb, wishing for ever to commemorate the excellent webb of his looms. This man and his progeny were the first of the name of Webb in the island of Great Britain: a family, by whose exertions, more riches and credit were brought to the country than by all its conquerors, from the landing of Julius Cæsar, to that of King William, of glorious memory; and, to which the vale of Taunton Dean owes a tribute beyond human gratitude. They have a custom here, of most singular advantage to the traders, worthy the imitation of every manufacturing town in the nation.—The manor of Taunton Dean is under a register, and the land is worth twenty-three years purchase, even though it be a copy-hold; and at any time, he who has L.100 *per annum*, in Taunton manor, may go to the castle, where are kept the records, and take up L.2000 upon his lands; and upon returning the money, with 5 *per cent.* for the usance, have his lands again. To this accommodation, is attributed the great prosperity of the borough, and its neighbourhood.

"O! happy Taunton Dean," says a very respectable writer, "What gentleman can do this with his free lands? they are not worth sixteen years purchase all England over; and if not put under register, may decline with rapidity."

Here

Here is an assise hall in the old castle, and near it a free grammar school; with many other noble endowments, worthy to be imitated by those who have acquired immensity in the ways of trade and commerce. But with all these advantages, I am sorry to say—

Party, that leads the vulgar to excess,
Makes foes of friends, and poisons happiness.

This party spirit has taken too deep a root in the town of Taunton. The tradesmen who used to meet in a neighbourly way at their boards of conviviality, are now divided by political sentiments. The one sort enlist under the banner of pretended loyalty, and the other are warmly influenced by a democratic spirit. A gentleman—the Rev. Mr. Toulman—the other day published a work on the importance of the Revolution effected by King William, in which are many bold allusions to present circumstances. The following is particularly reprobated by the loyalists, because tending, as they will have it, to add to the present measure of discontent—

"To the Revolution, this nation owes an hundred years of liberty and prosperity; and if we do not forget the Lord, who brought us out of the land of Egypt and the house of bondage, it may prolong the blessing to an hundred more."

The fermenting spirit took fire at this, and, assembling near Mr. Toulman's study, cast large stones upon his sky-light, while he was employed there, and this to his great injury and confusion. How such conduct can be called loyalty, I am at a loss to define. If breaking houses, heads, and windows, be loyalty, it is surely the loyalty of a banditti. True loyalty, if I conceive right, is keeping the king's peace, and being perfectly conformable to his laws and his government. All beyond this is an *ignus fatuus*, to lead fools to confinement, or to judgments of a more dangerous nature.

The public prints, in an ample measure, have been the cause of this disunity of sentiment. Since the commencement of the present war, the press, managed by hired persons only, has been the grand machine for all political movement. The liberty of the press has long been a popular idea for preserving the liberty of the subject: no wonder, then, from its monopoly or licentiousness, if the press should destroy that liberty which its virtue might preserve. The axe that builds the house is the best instrument to cut it down, and the flame that rises for our comfort, rages for our destruction.

Such is my respect for Taunton, that I wish to behold this party spirit evaporate speedily; for no good can be done to any cause, where the attempt is made by unlawful violence. Every convulsion that shakes the foundations of good order is perilous, and no exertion can be commendable that has not for its motive the general good of society. But let me forbear politics: my ways are the paths of peace; in them there is no tribulation; if fortune has not paved them with riches, contentment strews them with flowers that never decay.

A spirit not unlike that I have just mentioned, has lately operated here to the total neglect of a fine hospital on Mount Pleasant, a divine situation for the valetudinarian. The foundation of this Æsculapian temple was laid by Lord North, in 1772, and finished in 1774. Here the pen must cease to flow, and carry the history of so noble an institution to no greater length.

length. I wish I could record with truth, that its apartments were finished, and that its doors were open to afford relief for pain and sickness, for old age, and for misery. But, alas! I must take a contrary direction; for I was yesterday an eye-witness of its hasty dissolution: the labourers are pulling the house down, and, I am assured, selling the materials to the best bidder. Thus, when the poor man was about to drink of the cup of comfort, icy neglect, and cold indifference, dashed it with the dregs of disappointment for ever.

The river Tone lies at the foot of the town, northward. It is a fine winding water, but narrow; however, art and necessity have made it navigable, by the help of locks, to the Parret, near Boroughbridge, from whence these rivers make one, in a rapid flow, to the Bristol Channel. Dr. Thomas Amory, a poet of this place, says—

Here fat'ning Tone, in slow meander, moves,
Loath to forsake the happy land it loves:
Forc'd to the main by Nature's laws, it bears
Back floating vessels, fraught with richest wares;
And diff'rent products, from earth's diff'rent shores,
Gather'd by commerce, in abundance pours.

Camden, speaking of Taunton, calls it one of the eyes of Somersetshire. It is in itself so fertile, that the peasantry have this proverbial saying—"With the *zun* and the *zoil* alone, this *land* is so productive that it needs no manuring."

The high conceit of Somerset's pre-eminence over other counties, you will soon learn from this persuasion—ask but a native where he was born? he will instantly reply—"Where should I be born but in Taunton Dean?" as if it were a disparagement to be born any where else in the whole world. Taunton is likewise most famous for that best of human beverage, good ale; though the author I have before quoted thus mentions the attachment of the natives to it with some regret—

Hail Taunton! thou with cheerful plenty blest'd,
Of numerous lands and thriving trade possess'd,
Whose poor might live from biting want secure,
Did not resistless ALE their hearts allure.

At Taunton, the constables of the castle assumed the privilege of coining the first copper money. I have one of the pieces before me, the date 1651. It is stamped on one side with—"T. A. U. on a Ton," a rebus expressive of the town's name; the legend, "A Taunton Farthing." On the other side, an embattled castle; the legend, "By the Constables." Over the bridge is the parish of Norton. The inhabitants claim precedency of the borough in this way—

Old Norton was a market town,
When Taunton was a furzy down.

This little folly I thought proper to remark, to shew how local attachments may get the better of liberallity.

About a mile from Norton, is a pleasant retreat, called the Cottage, the Vauxhall of Taunton. It is far enough away from the bustle of business, and its accommodations particularly good. The gardens are well laid out, and full of select vegitation: the bowling-green the finest I ever saw. In an alcove on its margin I am now writing to you. The evening breezes are refreshing after a sultry day; and, to delight the eye, I have an open view to the southward of the town; and its two

two magnificent towers, as the picture terminates with a glorious setting sun, faintly throwing a dusky veil over the feet of the slow rising hills of Pickeridge. Farewell; I must to my quarters; for I have engaged with a party to go early to morrow to take with them what they call, "A Climb to Cutherstone." I shall keep my letter open to give you some account of my entertainment, which Dr. Smith assures me will be more gratifying than my Lord Mayor's shew, or a drunken bout after the consecration of military colours. Adieu.

A CLIMB TO CUTHERSTONE.

I AM just returned with a select party from an excursion our friend Bamfield has been pleased to designate a Climb to Cutherstone, because it is a slow but regular ascent for seven miles north-west of Taunton, commanding many fine prospects in South Wales, the rapid Severn, the Bristol Channel, and the fine vales of Somerset, so delighting that no description of mine can do justice to their brilliancy. One of our entertaining companions assured the rest, that an excursion to Cutherstone was a rural entertainment in high esteem with the Druids of old, who were great enemies to gross feeding and strong potations.

There were five couples of us, and we went up the mountain two and two, as the selected creatures did into the ark of Noah. We soon reached the summit, and seated ourselves on cushions of wild thyme and moss, finely wove by Nature, under the shade of a spreading oak, surrounded with the blooming furze of Buncombe. Around the body of our shelter twined a wild honeysuckle, sprinkled with its full ripe crimson berries, and an ample shew of delicious bloom. Our table was a wide flat stone, that grew full a foot out of the mountain, and our table-cloth the leaf of a prodigious large dock, of which there are many in the neighbourhood of mount Buncombe. One of our ladies measured it with her fair hand, and pronounced it to be nine fingers and a nail long, and near as much broad. Our dish was a mushroom, remarkably round, and divested of its crimson lining; for, like the Children in the Wood, we fed on blackberries. There was a charming spring at hand; and we drew lots who should be the cup-bearer to supply our rural repast; no easy task I can assure you: for had you been at a banquet given by Mab, queen of the fairies, you could not have met with any thing more whimsical; for our cup was no other than an acorn-shell, something bigger than a taylor's thimble. The fair Hebe who drew the lot was so constantly employed, that she frequently entreated the master of the ceremonies to let her resign her office in favour of a friend; a custom very rarely practised in courts, or in cities; but though this request was not complied with, the lady continued with great cheerfulness to purvey the liquid crystal. Dr. Smith assured us the water was a pure chalybeate: that his father had made an analytical revision of its component parts, and declared it a fine analeptic in all nervous affections, if not taken in too large quantities; for which purpose, he had recommended so circumscribed a draught as the contents of an acorn shell. You will perceive by our prudence, that intoxication was not likely to take place. We had music also, and in good time; for two redbreasts perched near at hand,

hand, and contended as eagerly for the mastery as two Welch minstrels for the silver harp at the Cambrian Stethway. A bullfinch flirted in, and gave a short air; when, like Madam Mara, full of conceit and consequence, he as soon flirted out again. This called up the following sonnet from the Hebe of our banquet, whose study was only to please, and to be pleased.

SONNET *.

PALE Twilight! wrapp'd in melancholy grey,
Thee I adore, and all thy shad'wy train;
Thy tears that tremble on each blossom'd spray,
Thy breezy breath, that skims along the plain,
Fanning the bosom of the weary swain,
As home he saunters at the close of day,
While the hills echo with his thoughtless strain
Of ditty old, or merry roundelay!
Where splendour gilds deceit, let pride controul—
Mine be the low-roof'd cot, and tranquil mind,
Where truth unvarnish'd, calm, and unconfin'd,
Shrinks not to scrutinize the conscious soul!
Let insects in meridian lustre shine;
The cool, the pensive hour of mental bliss be mine!

A few roving butterflies came unbidden to our table; but as we meant it a feast of reason, we drove away the companions of folly. After being as busy about our uncontaminating meal, as bees on a bed of thyme; after surveying the adjacent countries, the many winding rivers, and sporting with the precious western breezes that came to kiss our cheeks; after thus feasting, thus drinking to the sweetest minstrelsey, we as cheerfully descended: and the whole expence of our Climb to Cutherstone was only the gentle and natural exercise of our pliant limbs.

This kind of rural pastime has nothing to introduce it to polished society; but if it is without what you call taste and splendour, it has innocence, health, and peaceful simplicity to recommend it—and so farewell. T. N.

P. S. I go to Tiverton, or to Exeter; from one place or the other, you may expect to hear from me.

SPORTING VANITY.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

NOTWITHSTANDING good sense and decorum have raised very high barriers against the vanity of self-commendation, yet we frequently see a dashing fellow who will easily top 'em all. Among those who clear the fences with the greatest ease, some eminent sportsmen of the day are conspicuous enough, and have long enjoyed their proud pre-eminence. These panegyrists of their dogs and horses, no one has taken the trouble to contradict; and indeed the matter is, comparatively speaking, of so little consequence, that animadversion might easily be spared. Of what moment to the public is the information, that a celebrated fox-hound was NOT sold

* This sonnet was written by the late celebrated Mrs. Robinson, and addressed to the lady who sung it on mount Cutherstone.

for

for several hundreds? and that, when "report says," a renowned son of a most renowned greyhound was purchased at the price of fifty guineas, report was completely mistaken? The present possessor is, no doubt, happy in having a dog of such value, if of such value he be; but will never assert he gave sixpence for him.

Puffing articles appearing continually in the newspapers, and so frequently from the same quarter, have at length called forth this notice; and it is my wish that these lines may tend to reduce some sporting paragraphs within decent bounds. The excessive vanity sometimes exhibited, is indeed most laughable. Who can refrain from smiling, when he sees the three-guinea leaps of a greyhound advertised in a provincial paper, an hundred and fifty miles distant from his kennel?

You must give me room, Mr. Editor, for another remark. Where an account of any sporting transaction is volunteered, the writer should not give an *ex parte* statement. When the public is told, that the Warwickshire and Derbyshire gentlemen ran six brace of greyhounds against the Malton Club, it should have been as plainly stated, that the latter lost the odd match.

When stated, that the Club made a challenge which was refused; it would with more propriety have been said, that the challenge was readily accepted—provided the Malton members would fix any half-way place of meeting.

Let the cock crow on his own dunghill, if he chuses; but, if afraid to venture into the pit, he would have been wise in not sounding the defying clarion.

I remain, &c.

Dec. 10, 1803. W——.

ANSWER
TO
THE GHOST OF GLIDER.

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

Rest, rest, perturbed spirit! SHAKES.

GENTLEMEN,

PERMIT me, through the channel of your usual impartiality, to appease "the Ghost of Glider," whose effervescence of excessive irritability is so perceptibly productive of his own disquietude; or why should a literal description of the "Royal Chase," uniformly introduced in a Sporting Dictionary, as matter of information or entertainment to the sporting world, operate so forcibly upon his dormant faculties, as to rouse him from the peaceful "silence of the grave," to vent, through your entertaining miscellany, his splenetic ebullitions against the writer, for having presumed to promulgate his own opinion upon the merits of stag hunting, without servilely condescending to submit to the *ipse dixit* of any other sportsman in the kingdom. To the eye of impartiality, it will be found, upon investigation, that, in the Dictionary upon which your new correspondent has condescended to bestow his sarcastic remarks, may be seen a large and comparative description of each distinct kind of chase; in which the difference is defined, and inferences drawn, for the superior excellence of either Hare, Fox, or Stag Hunting, as most attracting, or most applicable to the different ages, constitutions, and dispositions of those by whom they are enjoyed.

Then why should "the Ghost of

Glider" display so profuse a portion of acrimony against those who do not so implicitly become sole converts to the pleasures of his master? particularly when, from so reverend an instructor, he might have derived the applicable information, that there is "much to be said on both sides," with the fabulous inculcation of this truth also, that "vain is his attempt who strives to please ye all." It should seem, from the petulance of the Ghost's preamble, that he is affected with sympathetic sensations for the dignity of his master's literary reputation, as well as the celebrity of his "Rural Sports," or why effect his own resurrection to tell the "wondering world," his reverend master "was not in Orders when he kept his fox hounds;" or that "they were equal, if not superior, to packs upon far more extensive establishments; and such was the abundance of game, that a blank day never occurred." I feel no small concern in having been roused from a long literary apathy, to sport a few remarks upon so weak and abortive an attack; and can only presume to conceive, that, could Alexander sit once more upon the literary seat of judgment, he would again exclaim—"Burning envy, by the Gods!"

CLYTUS.

FABLE FOR TWELFTH-DAY.

ONCE, upon a high and solemn occasion, all the great Fasts and Festivals in the year presented themselves before Apollo, God of Days. Each brought an offering in his hand, as is the custom all over the East, that no man shall appear before the presence of the King empty-handed.

Shrove Tuesday was there with his pan cakes, and Ash Wednesday with his oblation of fish. Good Friday brought the mystical bun. Christmas Day came bending underneath an intolerable load of turkies and mince-pies, his snow-white temples shaded with holly and the sacred misletoe, and singing a carrol as he advanced. Next came the Thirtieth of January, bearing a calf's head in a charger; but Apollo no sooner understood the emblematical meaning of the offering, than the stomach of the God turned sick, and, with visible indignation and abhorrence, he ordered the unfortunate day out of his presence. The contrite day returned in a little time, bearing in his hands a whig—a sort of cake well tempered and delicious:—the God, with smiles, accepted the atonement, and the happy day understood that his peace was made, he promising that he should not bring such a dish into the presence of a God again. Then came the august Fourth of June, crowned with such a crown as British Monarchs commonly wear, leading into presence the venerable Nineteenth of May. Apollo welcomed the royal pair, and placed them nearest himself; and welcomed their noble progeny, their eldest born, the accomplished Twelfth of August, with all his brave brothers and handsome sisters: only the merry First of April, who is retained in the court of Apollo as king's jester, made some mirth, by his reverend inquiries after the health of the Eighteenth of January, who, being a kept mistress, had not been deemed a proper personage to be introduced into such an assembly. Apollo, laughing, rebuked the petulance

tulance of his wit; so all was mirth and good humour at the palace: only the sorrowful Epiphany stood silent and abashed. He was poor, and had come before the king without an oblation The God of Days perceived his confusion, and turning to the Muses, who are nine, and to the Graces, his handmaids, who are three in number, he beckoned them, and gave to them in charge to prepare a cake, of the richest and most precious ingredients. They obeyed, tempering with their sweet and delicate fingers, the spices of the East, the bread-flour of the West, with the fruits of the South, pouring over all the ices of the North. The God himself crowned the whole with talismanic figures, which contained this wondrous virtue, that whosoever ate of the cake should forthwith become Kings and Queens. Lastly, by his heralds, he invested the trembling and thankful Epiphany with the privilege of presenting this cake before the King, upon an annual festival, for ever. Now this cake is called Twelfth Cake upon earth, after the number of the virgins who fashioned the same, being nine and three.

DRAWINGS ON TWELFTH NIGHT.

AT the palace of St. Cloud, Bonaparte drew chagrin and disappointment; and, in Paris, Tallien drew to a large amount on the gambling houses, to wink at their frauds for the night

At Calais and Boulogne the people drew several of their crazy invading craft on shore.

At Berlin, a certain Great Character drew forth a heavy sigh, for the impolitic part which he has acted since the French Revolution; and in Germany, several unfortunate Princes, and others, drew the heavy chains forged for them by the Corsican Usurper.

At Felbrig, Mr. Windham drew an eccentric and incoherent picture of the Volunteer system, while his Right Honourable Friend Colonel Pitt drew a cork, to drink to the health of the Volunteers, and a speedy swamping to the French flotilla

In Doctor's Commons, Dr. Lawrence drew a parallel between Colonel Crauford and Alexander the Great, whose sonorous tones drew forth the consonant strains of a passing hurdy-gurdy.

At the gambling houses at the west end of the town, numberless plucked pigeons drew on their bankers, while Sir William Pulteney, in his library, was drawing numberless receipts for his Christmas rents.

In going to Windsor, their Majesties viewed the Pimlico Corps, and drew a flattering inference to their Royalty. Afterwards, the Colonel drew the corps up in a line.

At Woburn, the Duke and Duchess of Bedford drew a happy picture of domestic felicity, while his Grace's tenantry, enjoying their tankard of brown stout, drew close to the fire.

In various churches throughout the country, several new married men drew a blank, while in the city several notorious impostors drew prizes from the pockets of benevolent passengers.

In several taverns many jovial Irishmen drew a number of corks, and at Drury Lane Theatre, Cinderella drew a very full house.

EXTRAORDINARY ACCOUNT
OF A
Dog killed by swallowing a poisonous Serpent.

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

THE merciful man is merciful to his beast; and true mercy consists in rendering our domestic and affectionate animals as happy as their situation admits.

The faithful canine race merit the sportsman's and gentleman's humane attention. On this principle, I beg leave to communicate an extraordinary instance of the death of a beautiful and affectionate young spaniel, a species of dog I have always kept, and who have always rewarded my attention by their distinguished sagacity, attachment, and fidelity.

CASE.—In the latter end of last October, 1803, and before that period, a canine disease raged, and indisposed many dogs, and some died in consequence. Many, however, were cured, by two grains of tartar emetic, dissolved in four table spoonfuls of water, giving a teaspoonful more or less, according to the age and size of the dog. If purging happened to continue, prepared chalk in their water cured many.

The spaniel mentioned was in the field adjoining my pleasant little villa at Kentish Town, near the Observatory, and was observed to attack something. On inspection, it proved to be some species of snake, or serpent, which, coiled up, defended itself against the dog; but before the young gentlemen, three of my pupils at the St. Mary-le-bonne Infirmary, could get a stick from the hedge to destroy the reptile, it had disappeared, probably hiding itself in the numerous cracks in the earth the dry summer had caused.

The circumstances were mentioned the same day, Sunday, but little attended to. About a week after, the young spaniel dog went into the field again, accompanied with a large Newfoundland dog, of the finest breed in England, who guards my house, garden, &c. The young dog was very active after birds, and traversed the ground with his usual activity and spirit.

Colonel Williams, Chevalier of the Order of Maria Theresa, who commanded the flotilla on the Rhine, &c. in the late war, was present, to whom I had given the dog to take to Vienna.

On the 2d of November, the dog was suddenly seized with strong convulsion fits, whilst I was giving some orders to the gardener. He howled, screamed, foamed at the mouth, barked violently, and seemed in great agonies. Supposing he had swallowed some leaves, herbs, or horse chesnuts, which fall in the autumnal season, or something that irritated and inflamed the stomach, he was ordered some castor oil, which operated, and discharged black fæces, but without utility. The convulsions, screams, mournful howlings, barking, foaming at the mouth, and some times vomiting, continued with little respite for near four days, until the 6th. The lamentable screams, frothing, groaning, and appearances of excruciating pains, continuing, he died in great agonies; but, when out of his fits, was sensible and very affectionate. I ordered laudanum, repeatedly, to allay the irritation, and to suffer him to die in as little pain as possible; but it produced very little or no effect. The nerves of the stomach were irritated

irritated beyond the reach of medicine. It was shocking to see the animal's misery.

As it is a family rule, never to put any animal to death, whilst there remains the least hope of preserving life, persons were hired to attend the suffering dog night and day, at the same time securing him, so that he would neither do himself nor the attendants injury.

The body of the dog was opened, according to anatomical accuracy, in my presence, on the afternoon of Sunday the 6th of November, by Mr. George Webb, one of my hospital students, at the St. Mary-le-bonne Infirmary, who before had seen the snake or serpent as represented.

APPEARANCES.—The stomach, intestines, and mesentery, were much inflamed; so that the conjecture was right, that the animal's stomach was violently inflamed, though the cause was still unknown.

The stomach itself was unusually contracted, corrugated, and apparently much thickened, and shrunk up in apparent folds.

On examining it internally was found the head, and part of the body of the serpent; who, no doubt whilst the dog was barking, at what period it is impossible to determine, had darted down his throat; and most probably fixing on the coats of the stomach, bit with redoubled rage, and produced all the violent symptoms mentioned, of excruciating pain, expressed by howlings, barkings, lamentable cries, groanings, &c.

Whether there may be any history of a similar nature, I cannot say, as few regularly open the bodies of dogs; but amongst your numerous correspondents, especially sporting and country gentlemen, this extraordinary fact may merit consideration. I must observe, that the parts of the snake have been ordered to be preserved. I have the honour to be, with the greatest respect, your's, &c.

W. ROWLEY, M.D.

Saville Row, Dec. 8, 1803.

A VICTIM TO THE GAMING TABLE RECLAIMED.

MR. EDITOR,

I WRITE from an obscure retirement where your instructive Miscellany has accidentally reached me. As my history may not be uninstructive, I proceed. Deprived, in infancy, of a father whose professional merit as a physician, yielded only to the sterling virtues of the man, I was left entirely to the management of my mother, the daughter of a tradesman rather respectable than opulent, not unjustly vain of her personal charms, and most passionately fond of the card-table. She was left in the full possession of whatever property my father and her own left behind them. With me and the world she passed for a woman of no inconsiderable opulence: and to support that appearance as well as to gratify her sovereign passion for play and parade, she lived considerably beyond her income. Under such a guide, it may be naturally supposed that I could not find my way to the shrine of prudence or rigid virtue. No, Sir. I could support my part in the circle of slander or at the card-table, before I could regularly subtract my stake from my winnings, or my losses from the former. Yet I was admired, at least in my mother's presence, for my cleverness.

Having

out vanity, I may say that there was not a man that frequented a gaming house in London, that understood the doctrine on which they rested, more scientifically than myself. But I unfortunately left out of my calculation, the immense disparity of the two resisting powers —my purse with *fifty* guineas, and the Faro Bank with a *hundred thousand*. It was like battering a citadel with a feather. Yet it was ruin only that opened my eyes on this truism at last.

Good meats, good cookery, and good wines, given *gratis* and *plentifully*, at those houses, draw many to them at first for the sake of society alone. Among them I chanced one evening to see a clerical prig, who was incumbent of a parish adjoining that in which my mother lived. He was partial to my Harriet, and envied and hated me of course as a successful rival. He therefore wrote an anonymous letter to her uncle, which gave the highest and most malicious colouring to the dissipation in which I lived. In a few evenings after this, I happened to yield to the importunities of a friend, who had bespoke a private Hop at S.'s, and also undertook to provide his guests with partners. He is one of those goodnatured coxcombs who spend their fortune on the most stylish women of the town, and whose greatest ambition it is to be known to have an extensive acquaintance among them. The partner he chose for me would be an ornament to a palace. I became her captive for the evening, and then left her, intoxicated with wine and pleasure, to go to the haunts of ruin and enterprising avarice at Pall Mall. I played high, and lost in proportion. I rose next day with an aching head and heart, and found two letters on my table—one from Harriet, the other from my mother. The former chid me gently for my late silence, and intimated her fears that the seducements of the capital had made me forget her. The other letter was an angry comment on the tender complaint of my mistress. It stated with some shade of truth, the wicked and dangerous course I had fallen into, and still in her old style threatened to disinherit me of about L.220 which was all she then had to withhold or bestow. My mind was in the most unfit state to answer such a letter, and for that very reason, I could not help answering it. My letter was indecent. I blamed her absurd and vicious mode of educating me, as the sole cause of any propensity I might have indulged for play, and advised her to lay out her *property*, as she called it, in giving a new edition of Hoyle, which was then out of print. This letter was shewn to Harriet and her uncle. The latter, an inflexible advocate for the *jure divino* authority and venerability of parents, even in their grossest absurdities, forbid his niece ever to see or correspond with me more. My letter to her was ingenuous and tender: and she in a few days after, gave me an account of the unpleasant effects of that to my mother. To add to my painful sensations at this time, I received a letter from Mr. F. my benefactor, informing me that, on account of the interest which he felt in the progress of liberty on the continent, he had made himself so very obnoxious to the associators of the town he lived in, that he found it adviseable to take his family and property with him to America, and was to sail in a few days from Bristol.

The spirit of adventure was now every day growing on me. I was sometimes very successful, and in those short-lived paroxysms of prosperity, would write to Harriet in the

the fondness and fullness of my heart; for, in spite of all the folly and depravity which I saw and shared in, she still reigned paramount over my affections. Yet my health was impaired, and my temper soured by the alternation of good and bad fortune, and my pity or contempt for those with whom I consorted. From the nobleman whose acres were nightly melting in the dice-box, there were adventurers to be seen even to the unfledged apprentice who came with the pillage of his unsuspecting master's till, to swell the guilty bank of Dame N. and Co. Were the commissioners of bankrupt but to know how many citizens are prepared for them, at those houses, they would be bound to thank them. Many a score of guineas have I won of tradesmen who seem only to turn an honest penny in Leadenhall Street, Aldgate, Birchin Lane, Cornhill, Cheapside, Holborn, the Borough, and other eastern spots of industry. But I fleeced them only for the benefit of the Faro Bank, which is sure finally to absorb the transient gain of all. Some of the croupiers would call their gold, which was the most *pesant* in circulation, the gifts of the *wise men* from the *East*; while others, more professional in their allusion, called every rough guinea a *cockney counter*.

One night I had such a run of luck in the hazard-room, which happened to be rather thinly attended, that I won every thing; and, with my load of treasure, collected from the East and West, nay some of it probably from Finchley Common or Hounslow Heath, I went in the fatal flush of success, to attack the Faro Bank. It was my internal determination, however, that if fortune favoured me throughout the night, I never more would become her votary at a gaming-table. For some hours did I proceed under the torture of suspense, in the alternate agitations of hope and fear. But by five o'clock in the morning, I attained a state of certainty similar to that of a wretch just ushered into the regions of the damned. I had lost about three thousand five hundred guineas, which I had brought with me from the hazard-table, together with two thousand which the Bank advanced on my credit. There they stopped, and, with an apathy peculiar to themselves, listened to a torrent of puerile abuse which I vented against them in my despair.

Two days and two nights did I shut myself up to indulge the most racking reflections. I was ruined beyond repair, and had, on the third morning, worked myself up to resort for relief to a loaded pistol. I had rang for my servant to bring me some gunpowder, and was debating within myself whether I should direct its force against the brain or heart, when he entered with a letter. It was from Harriet. I opened it with trepidation, and soon learned she was no stranger to my misfortune. With the pen and soul of a heroine, she urged me to fly from the destructive habits and temptations of the town, and to wait for nine months, when she should have passed her minority, and be in the uncontrouled possession of her fortune, which was seventeen hundred pounds. With that small sum she hoped my experience, talents, and domestic comfort under her housewifery, would create a state of happiness and independence, which millions could not procure in the mad career in which I had been so unsuccessful. This was the voice of a guardian angel in the hour of despair. I wept over my lovely comforter's name for more than an hour, and found considerable relief. I found still more in answering her

divine letter. In her next, according to my request, she informed me that the channel by which she had got such early and minute information of my misfortune, was her neighbour and admirer the vicar, who was related to one of the croupiers at P.'s and had from him a regular detail of my proceedings. My lovely mistress's soothing and monitory language had now tranquilized my soul beyond the absurdity of Gothic resentment, or I would have called this croupier to an account. Instead of doing so, I wrote to the proprietors of the Bank, and stated to them my ruined condition, together with my readiness to sell out, in order to pay them as much as I could of the sum they had lent and won of me. Those gentlemen have friends in every department. They contrived, in the course of two days, to complete the transfer of my lieutenancy, and then, in their superabundant humanity, offered me the place of croupier in an inferior house which they kept in the vicinity of Hanover Square. This offer I declined; and after having paid every tradesman's bill, left London with only eleven guineas and a half in my purse.

In two days after my arrival at a friend's house in Wiltshire, I saw an advertisement for a private tutor, which I answered, and was engaged as the mentor of two ill-mannered, ill-disposed lads, the sons of a wealthy clothier. I entered on my new office with the best of dispositions. I met with many slights and mortifications from this low-bred family and their connections. Yet I daily and successfully laboured to improve the heads and hearts of my pupils; and in that consciousness, and the letters of my Harriet, did I find a ready balm for the wounds which purse-pride and coarseness inflicted on my sensibility.

Harriet had now attained her twenty-first year. I took leave of my pupils and their family, with some regret, and in the course of the next week was united to the best of women. I hired a cottage and six acres of land in a very retired situation about ninety miles from London, and having sold out fifty pounds of my wife's fortune, to help to furnish it, commenced farmer in miniature, and have ever since lived in real comfort and happiness, on an income somewhat under a hundred pounds a year, though the addition of a little cherub, the lovely model of her mother, has made it necessary for us to keep a second maid.

I regularly correspond with my friend F. who has made considerable purchases in the vicinity of the rising city of Washington, and strenuously exhorts me to come over to him, which I mean to do as soon as the stocks rise from their present very depressed state.

SINGULAR NOTICE.

THE following curious inscription is on a board over the door of a house in the Borough—

"I Jon Wake carrys out letters, parcels in caarts, or on horses backs, and I goes with myself or else I sends my wife, so as how they be sure to be safe.—Gardenang jobes dun by day or yeer, and wall fruit brote forth, as may be seen within. Terms must be menshuned, as I never goes from my wurds, so none need apply who cannot ansur this descripshon.—Cats meet, dogs meet, fowls, and pastry, and othour eatables, and lickers of all kinds, as I have licence for these things neate as reported.

"N. B. I sells nothing on Monday mornings, as I does not return to town till the afternoon."

A COMPLET

A COMPLETE LIST
OF
THE WINNING HORSES
IN
Great Britain, in the Year 1803, with their Sires, Dams, &c.

(Continued from Page 102.)

GOT BY ERASMUS, SON OF ECLIPSE.

ESTHER, eight years old, Mr. Bigges's won 200gs, 50gs, and L.50, at Maddington.

BY ESCAPE, SON OF HIGH-FLYER.

1. Florist, five years old, Mr. Miles's, won 25gs at Maddington, and twice 25gs at Bibury; Mr. Moreton's, 25gs at Kingscote; Mr. Day's, L.50 at Oswestry.

2. Runaway, Colonel Andrews's, won 70gs at Taunton.

BY FIDGET, SON OF FLORIZEL.

1. Alderney, three years old, Mr. Howorth's, won 25gs at Newmarket.

2. Fuss, four years old, Mr. Fellowes's, won 75gs and twice L.50 at Exeter.

BY FLYING GIB, SON OF MARSK.

1. Bay Horse, five years old, Mr. Squire's, won L.100 at Worcester.

BY FORTUNIO, SON OF FLORIZEL.

1. Banquo, aged, Mr. Stratton's won 50gs at Oxford, and L.50 at Abingdon.

2. Bay Gelding, six years old, Sir H. Lippincott's, the cup value 50gs, and 25gs, at Maddington

3. Bay Gelding, five years old, Mr. Dyott's, 60gs at Derby, and 70gs at Doncaster.

4. Fine Ear, aged, Hon. Mr. Craven's, the Welter Stakes of 160gs, and L.50 at Bibury.

5. Jack Chance, five years old, Mr. Warrington's, won 200gs at Newmarket.

6. St. Vincent, six years old, Mr. Snell's, won 90gs and L.50 at Worcester.

BY GABRIEL, SON OF DORIMANT.

1. Stockton, four years old, Mr. Mellish's, received a premium of L.15 and won L.50 at Newcastle; a handicap stakes of 200gs, and one of the subscription purses of L.268, 15s. at York; walked over for the King's plate, and received the stakes of 36gs for the second-best horse for the L.100 plate at Doncaster.

BY GENERAL, SON OF ECLIPSE.

1. Colonel, Mr. Williams's, won the silver bowl at Salisbury.

BY GROUSE, SON OF HIGH-FLYER.

1. Duckling, three years old, the Duke of Grafton's, won twice L.50 at Newmarket.

BY GUILDFORD, SON OF HIGH-FLYER.

1. Gipsy, three years old, Mr. Emden's, won a cup at Tunbridge Wells, twice L.50 at Canterbury, and L.50 at Reading.

BY HAMMER.

1. Ormskirk, four years old, Mr. Harris's, won L.50 at Chester.

BY HUBY, SON OF PHÆNOMENON.

1. Gary Owen, five years old, Major Pigott's, won 150gs at Brocket Hall, 160gs at Brighton, 105gs at Salisbury, and 50gs at Kingscote.

BY JAVELIN, SON OF ECLIPSE.

1. Necko, four years old, Mr. Storey's, walked over for a match of 100gs at Newcastle.

BY JOE ANDREWS, SON OF ECLIPSE.

1. Dick Andrews, six years old,

Lord Sackville's, won a handicap stakes of 450gs, the King's plate, a match of 100gs, and the Jockey Club plate of 50gs, at Newmarket, walked over for a stakes of 200gs at Bibury, and received a compromise of 20gs at Newmarket.

BY JOHN BULL, SON OF FORTITUDE.

1. Admiral Nelson, eight years old, Mr. D. Grosvenor's, won L.50 at Blandford.

2. Baron Bull, three years old, Lord Grosvenor's, won 160gs at Stamford, and 150gs at Egham.

3. Bay Colt, three years old, His R. H. the Prince of Wales's, won the Pavilion stakes of 1350gs at Brighton.

4. Brown Filly, three years old, Sir W. W. Wynn's, won 75gs at Holywell Hunt.

5. Cæsario, three years old, Lord Grosvenor's, won 45gs at Newmarket.

6. Captain Absolute, four years old, Sir S. Glynn's, won 50gs at Chester, L.50 at Bridgenorth, L.50 at Shrewsbury, and L.50 at Oswestry.

7. Georgiana, six years old, Mr. Ladbroke's, received a compromise of 20gs at Epsom, and won 350gs at Newmarket.

8. Handmaid, three years old, Mr. E. Ackers's, won L.50 at Durham, and L 50 at Malton.

9. Margery, four years old, Lord Grosvenor's, afterwards Mr. Abbey's, won L.50 at Newmarket, L.128 : 15s. at Reading, and L.50 at Egham.

10. Montalto, three years old, Lord Grosvenor's, won L.50, 50gs, and 100gs, at Newmarket.

11. Mountaineer, four years old, Sir W. W. Wynn's, won 100gs at Chester.

12. Northampton, four years old, Lord Grosvenor's, won 130gs at Chester, L.50 at Manchester, and 100gs at Newmarket.

13. Purity, three years old, Mr. Philips's, won L.50 at Stamford.

14. Tulipson, three years old, Lord Grosvenor's, won L.55 : 15s. and 75gs at Nantwich, also 55gs at Knutsford.

BY JOY.

1. Brown Colt, three years old, Mr. Jones's, twice L.50 at Haverfordwest.

BY JUPITER, SON OF ECLIPSE.

1. Thornville-Royal, five years old, Mr. Barlow's won L.50 at Beverley, the Hunters' stakes of 100gs at Doncaster, and L.50 at Northallerton.

BY KING FERGUS, SON OF ECLIPSE.

1. Blemished Boy, four years old, Mr. Glover's, won 50gs at Chester, L.50 at Tenbury, and L.50 at Nantwich,

BY MAGPIE, SON OF IMPERATOR.

1. Black Dick, six years old, Mr. Pigott's, won L.50 at Kingscote.

BY MERCURY, SON OF ECLIPSE.

1. Arthur O'Bradley, aged, Colonel Lake's, won 50gs at Canterbury.

BY METEOR, SON OF ECLIPSE.

1. Meteor, seven years old, Mr. Wardell's, won L.50 at Stamford; Mr. Philips's, L.50 at Huntingdon and L.50 at Derby.

BY MR. TEAZLE, SON OF SIR PETER TEAZLE.

1. Morgan Rattler, four years old, Mr. Durand's, won L.50 at Goodwood, L.50 at Guildford, also 135gs and L.50 at Ascot Heath.

2. Pic Nic, four years old, the Duke of Grafton's, won 210gs at Brighton, also 50gs and 265gs, at Newmarket.

3. Squire Teazle, five years old, Lord Grosvenor's, L.50 and 100gs at Newmarket

BY

BY MOORCOCK, SON OF HIGH-FLYER.

1. Cockspinner, three years old, Mr. Glover's, won 120gs at Chester, also L.60: 10s. and L.50 at Nottingham.

BY MUFTI, SON OF FITZHERBD.

1. Earby, five years old, Mr. W. Hutchinson's, received a forfeit of 25gs at Catterick Bridge.

2. Marianne, five years old, Mr. Ladbroke's, won L.50 at Ascot Heath, 100gs and L.50 at Brighton, L.50 at Lewes, L.50 at Reading, and L.50 at Warwick.

BY ORMOND, SON OF KING FERGUS.

1. Brown Colt, three years old, Lord Darlington's, won 120gs, with L.30 added, at Pontefract

BY OVERTON, SON OF KING FERGUS.

1. Bob Handy, three years old, Mr. Edwards's, twice 50gs at Newmarket.

2. Cotillion, five years old, Mr. Stevenson's, won L.50 at Durham.

3. Pantomime, four years old, Mr. Scrope's, won 60gs at Stockbridge, 100gs and L.50 at Winchester, also L.50 at Blandford.

4. Rolla, six years old. Mr. M. Phillipps's, won twice L.50 at Cardiff, Glamorganshire.

5. Susan, three years old, Mr. Bowman's, won 80gs at Catterick Bridge, 60gs at Malton, L.50 at Beverley, also L.50 and 70gs at Lincoln.

6. Tankersley, four years old, Sir Rowland Winn's, won L.50 at Malton.

BY PEGASUS, SON OF ECLIPSE.

1. Alonzo, five years old, Mr. C. Brandling's, won one of the subscription purses of L 268: 15s. and a handicap stakes of 175gs at York.

2. King Edward, late Shum Sheer Jung, eight years old, Mr. Græme's, won 200gs at Maddington; Mr. Edwards's, 25gs at Knighton.

3. Chesnut Filly, two years old, Mr. Harris's, won 100gs at Epsom.

4. Novice, aged, Mr. Batson's, won the King's plate at Ascot Heath.

5. Laura, three years old, Mr. Coventry's, won L.50 at Epsom, and 135gs at Ascot Heath.

6. Sir Sidney, six years old, Mr. Durand's, won L.50 at Goodwood.

BY PIPATOR, SON OF IMPERATOR.

1. Bay Colt, three years old, Lord Strathmore's, won 90gs, and walked over for a match of 100gs, at Catterick Bridge; the gold cup value 100gs, with 40gs added, at Newcastle; a stakes of 420gs at York; also the St. Leger stakes of 575gs, and the gold cup value 100gs, at Doncaster.—The match that was walked over for against Saxoni at Catterick Bridge, was held in dispute; but at Richmond races, it was agreed to be deemed void.

2. Bay Colt, three years old, Mr. Lonsdale's, won the Jockey stakes of 80gs at Middleham.

3. Bay Horse, Mr. Kaye's, won the annual plate at Kippling-Coates.

4. Farewell, afterwards Spitfire, four years old, Mr. Walton's, and Mr. W. Hutchinson's, won L.50 at Carlisle, L.50 at Nottingham, L.50 at Penrith, and twice L.50 at Morpeth.

BY POT-8-O'S, SON OF ECLIPSE.

1. Enchanter, four years old, Lord Sackville's, won 100gs at Bibury; also 100gs and 25gs at Newmarket.

2. Galloper, four years old, Hon. Mr.

Mr. Wyndham's, won L.50 at Newmarket.

3. Humming Bird, two years old, General Grosvenor's, won 50gs at Newmarket.

4. Lampedo, five years old, Mr. Golding's, received a L.20 premium at Ipswich.

5. Mandane, three years old, Mr. Panton's, won 50gs at Brighton.

6. Obi, six years old, Mr. Kincaid's, won twice L.50 at Montrose

7. Parasol, three years old, the Duke of Grafton's, won L.50, 130gs, L.190, L.50, and 35gs, at Newmarket.

8. Yam, five years old, Mr. Elton's, won 95gs and 50gs at Maddington.

BY PRECIPITATE, SON OF MERCURY.

1. Alchymist, four years old, Mr. Ladbroke's, won 50gs. at Goodwood.

2. Bobtail, eight years old, Mr. F. Neale's, won 100gs, 50gs, 25gs, and L.50, at Newmarket.

3. Clodhopper, seven years old, Mr. Fuller's, won 70gs, 75gs, and L.50, at Kingscote.

4. Grey Filly, three years old, His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales's, won 50gs and 130gs at Lewes.

5. Gulliver, four years old, Lord F. G. Osborne's, won a handicap sweepstakes of 550gs at Newmarket.

6. Lampedosa, two years old, Lord Egremont's, won 100gs at Epsom, and 50gs at Lewes.

7. Mars, four years old, Mr. Sutton's, won L.50 at Stockbridge.

8. Mary, three years old, Mr. Kellermann's, won L.50 at Warwick, twice L.50 at Litchfield, and received a 10gs premium at Walsall.

9. Matranne, Sir G. Thomas's, won 60gs at Goodwood.

BY RATTLER, SON OF IMPERATOR.

1. Highlander, six years old, Mr. Jenner's, won L.50 at Carmarthen.

BY RESTLESS, SON OF PHENOMENON.

1. Garnerin, four years old, Mr. Byndloss's, won 50gs at Goodwood.

2. Pilgrim, six years old, Mr. Marsh's, afterwards Mr. Denham's, won L.72:10s. at Ludlow, the gold cup value 65gs at Chesterfield, and L.50 at Warwick.

BY RULER, SON OF YOUNG MARSK.

1. Bay Filly, four years old, Mr. Brown's, won a purse at Edinburgh.

2. Frederick, aged, Mr. Hodges's, won 90gs at Blandford, and 25gs at Kingscote.

3. Success, four years old, Mr. Burton's, won 50gs at Middleham.

4. Mittimus, six years old, Lord Graves's, won 50gs and 25gs at Maddington.

BY ST. GEORGE, SON OF HIGHFLYER.

1. Chesnut Colt, two years old, Lord Darlington's, won 60gs at York, and a compromise of 20gs at Doncaster.

BY SCREVETON, SON OF HIGHFLYER.

1. Ellemere, three years old, Mr. Walker's, won 140gs and L.50 at Newcastle.

BY SIR PETER, SON OF HIGHFLYER.

1. Agonistes, six years old, Lord Darlington's, won 200gs and the King's plate at York; also the gold cup value 100gs, with L.51:10s. added, at Pontefract.

2. Bay Colt, three years old, Mr.

Mr. Bettison's, won 90gs at Ludlow.

3. Brother to Stamford, three years old, Sir Frank Standish's, won 400gs and 450gs at Newmarket.

4. Brown Filly, three years old, Hon. L. Savile's, won L.50 at Northallerton.

5. Cheshire Cheese, late Belleisle, five years old, Mr. C. Cholmondeley's, won 105gs, the Earl of Chester's plate, and 140gs, at Chester; the King's plate at Newcastle; 90gs and L.50 at Preston; 90gs at Nantwich; 140gs at Nottingham; the King's plate, and 190gs at Litchfield; also 120gs at Oswestry.

6. Ditto ditto, three years old, Sir H. Williamson's, won the Derby stakes of 925gs at Epsom.

7. Doncaster, three years old, Lord Darlington's, won 180gs at York Spring Meeting, 60gs at Malton, and 195gs at York August Meeting.

8. Duxbury, four years old, Sir Frank Standish's, won 80gs at Newmarket, and a produce stakes of 609gs at York August Meeting.

9. Haphazard, six years old, Lord Darlington's, received a compromise of 100gs at Newmarket, won 500gs, 225gs, and one of the subscription purses of L.268 : 15s. at York August Meeting.

10. Pipylin, four years old, Mr. Sitwell's, won 50gs at Newmarket, L.50 at Derby, and 100gs at Doncaster.

11. Rosebush, six years old, Honourable L. Savile's, won the Hunters' stakes of 125gs at Oxford.

12. Starling, three years old, Sir H. Williamson's, won L.50 at Middleham.

13. Timbertoe, late Wilkes, five years old, Mr. Whaley's, won 15gs, 100gs, and 20gs, at Newmarket.

14. Walton, four years old, Sir H. Williamson's, won the third class of the Oatlands' stakes of 300gs, L.50, and the King's plate, in October, at Newmarket.

BY SKYSCRAPER, SON OF HIGHFLYER.

1. Bay Filly, out of Cælia, three years old, Mr. Howorth's, won 25gs at Newmarket.

2. Busbridge, late Skyrocket, six years old, Mr. Hyde's, won L.50 at Goodwood, L.50 at Ascot Heath, and L.50 at Chelmsford.

BY SKYSCRAPER OR GROUSE.

1. Flambeau, five years old, Mr. Howorth's, won 35gs and 80gs at Newmarket.

BY SLOPE, SON OF HIGHFLYER.

1. Whynot, Mr. Chamberlane's, won 60gs at Middleham.

BY SOLDIER, SON OF ECLIPSE.

1. Bay Moston, four years old, Mr. T. L. Brooke's, won L.50 at Newton, and L.50 at Walsall.

2. Brown Colt, four years old, Mr. Bayley's, won L.50 at Shrewsbury.

BY SPADILLE, SON OF HIGHFLYER.

1. Supervisor, six years old, Mr. Trafford's, won L.50 at Manchester; Mr. Jodrell's, a sweepstakes of 15gs each, and one of 10gs each, at Tarporley Hunt.

2. Tom Shuffleton, five years old, Mr. Frogley's, won L.50 at Salisbury.

BY SPANKER, SON OF YOUNG MARSK.

1. Rowland, Colonel Seddon's, won 50gs at Durham.

BY STAR, SON OF HIGHFLYER.

1. Bay Colt, three years old, Sir William Gerard's, won 50gs at Newton.

2. Bay

2. Bay Filly, three years old, the Duke of Leeds's, won 50gs at Middleham.

BY STRIDE, SON OF PHENOMENON.

1. Applegarth, eight years old, Mr. Don's, won 100gs at Ayr.

2. Carlisle, four years old, Mr. David's, won L.50 at Oxford and 50gs at Egham.

3. Sir John, *alias* I'm Yorkshire Yet, four years old, Hon. Mr. Coventry's, won twice 100gs at Newmarket, L.50 at Lambourn, and 100gs at Worcester.

4. Stretch, three years old, Mr. Hodgson's, won L 50 at Boroughbridge and L.50 at Pontefract.

BY TICKLE TOBY, SON OF ALFRED.

1. St. Andrew, three years old Mr. Hodgson's, won the Tickle Toby stakes of 40gs at Lamberton.

BY TOM TIT, SON OF WOODPECKER.

1. Revenge, five years old, Mr. Forth's, won L.50 at Epsom, and 48gs at Egham.

BY TRAVELLER, SON OF HIGHFLYER.

1. Bagsman, five years old, Sir H. T. Vane's, won L.50 at Pontefract.

2. Liquorice, four years old, Mr. Croft's, won L.50 at Beverley.

BY TRUMPATOR, SON OF CONDUCTOR.

1. Allegretta, two years old, Mr. Panton's, won 100gs at Newmarket.

2. Brother to Repeator, four years old, Mr. Branthwayte's, won L.50 at Winchester.

3. Edgar, five years old, Lord Grey's, won L.50 at Newcastle-under-Lyne and 95gs at Tewkesbury.

4. Flageolet, four years old, Mr. S. P. Galwey's, won 50gs at Chelmsford, also 70gs and L.50 at Bedford.

5. Giles, five years old, Mr. Byndloss's, won 50gs and 60gs at Goodwood, 70gs and 50gs at Maddington, 50gs at Bibury, the King's plate at Winchester, 119gs at Blandford, the King's plate at Salisbury, also 25gs and L.144, 10s. at Kingscote.

6. Nancy, five years old, Mr. Atkinson's, won 50gs at York, and L.50 at Knutsford.

7. Orange Flower, five years old, Mr. Jones's, a handicap stakes of 450gs at Newmarket, L.50 and 70gs at Lambourn, also L.50 at Winchester.

8. Pacificator, five years old, Lord Sackville's, 40gs and 100gs at Bibury.

9. Penelope, five years old, the Duke of Grafton's, won 200gs, 120gs, L.190, and 100gs, at Newmarket.

10. Rebel, seven years old, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales's, won L.50 at Bibury, and 130gs at Brighton.

11. Sir David, two years old, Lord Stawell's, 125gs at Newmarket.

12. Trombone, five years old, Hon. Mr. Watson's, won 100gs and 120gs at Newmarket, L.50 at Stamford, 100gs and L.50 at Lewes, 120gs at Canterbury, also 56gs, 100gs, 200gs, 80gs, and 100gs, at Newmarket.

13. Tuneful, six years old, Mr. Whaley's, won 200gs and 170gs, at Newmarket.

BY TRIMMER, SON OF YOUNG MARSK.

1. Chancellor, four years old, Lord Cassillis's, won L.50 at Montrose.

2. Midnight, four years old, Sir H. Williamson's, won twice L.50 at Lamberton.

BY

BY TWILIGHT, SON OF ECLIPSE.

1. Borringdon, Mr. Lang's, won L.50 at Exeter.

BY VOLUNTEER, SON OF ECLIPSE.

1. Brighton, six years old, Mr. Forth's, won L.50 at Epsom, L.50 at Brighton, L.50 at Lewes, and L.50 at Egham.

2. Brother to Eagle, four years old, Sir F. Standish's, won L.50 at Newmarket.

3. Eagle, seven years old, Sir F. Standish's, won the Craven stakes of 70gs at Newmarket.

4. Enchantress, three years old, Mr. Paine's, won twice L.50 at Taunton; Mr. Martin's, L.50 at Egham.

5. Fop, five years old, Colonel Kingscote's, won L.50 at Stockbridge and L.50 at Salisbury.

6. Fusileer, five years old, Mr. Kellermann's, won L.50 at Bibury.

7. Gaoler, five years old, Hon. Mr. Watson's, won 200gs, 90gs, 100gs, 100gs, 70gs, and 100gs, at Newmarket.

8. Sweetheart, three years old, Mr. Stackpoole's, won 200gs at Stockbridge.

9. Volontiers, two years old, Mr. Ladbroke's, won 125gs at Epsom, 550gs and twice 25gs at Newmarket.

BY WALNUT, SON OF HIGHFLYER.

1. Bay Colt, dam by Javelin, four years old, the Duke of Hamilton's, won L.50 at Morpeth.

2. Chesnut Colt, dam by Bourdeaux, three years old, the Duke of Hamilton's, won a produce stakes of 850gs at York August Meeting.

3. Lignum Vitæ, six years old, Hon. Mr. Watson's, won the gold cup value 100gs, and walked over for a stakes of 80gs, at Stamford; received 250gs and 100gs at Newmarket in October.

4. True Blue, six years old, Mr. Read Denham's, won L.50 at Chesterfield.

BY WAXY, SON OF POTSO's.

1. Elizabeth, three years old, Lord Stawell's, won L.50 at Guildford, 50gs at Newmarket, the Queen's plate at Chelmsford, 100gs at Brighton, and 60gs at Lewes.

BY WHISKEY, SON OF SALTRAM.

1. Bay Colt, four years old, Mr. J. Phillipps's, won L.50 at Carmarthen; Mr. Collins's, L.50 at Swansea.

2. Eleanor, five years old, Sir C. Bunbury's, won 50gs at Newmarket; L.50 at Ipswich; the gold cup value 100gs, with 50gs added, and L.50, at Oxford; twice L.50 at Huntingdon; and the King's plate at Lincoln.

3. Julia, four years old, Mr. Ladbroke's, won L.50 at Oxford, and the King's plate at Warwick.

4. Orlando, four years old, Sir C. Bunbury's, won 600gs and 50gs at Newmarket, twice L.50 at Beccles, also L.190 and 50gs at Newmarket.

5. Pamela, three years old, Sir C. Bunbury's, won 700gs at Newmarket and L.50 at Ascot Heath.

6. Rumbo, three years old, Lord Clermont's, won the King's plate at Ipswich, and L.50 at Newmarket.

7. Tinsel, three years old, Sir C. Bunbury's, won L.50 at Bedford and 50gs at Newmarket.

8. Whirligig, five years old, Lord Graves's, won L.115 at Maddington and 350gs at Bibury; Lord Sackville's, 60gs at Bibury, and 235gs at Newmarket.

BY WOODPECKER, SON OF HEROD.

1. Bay gelding, six years old, Lord Egremont's, won 120gs at Goodwood.

BY YOUNG ECLIPSE.

1. Brown-bay Colt, four years old, Mr. C. Wilson's, won 200gs at Newmarket.

BY YOUNG WOODPECKER.

1. Trinidada, four years old, Lord Egremont's, won 60gs at Goodwood, L.50 and 50gs at Brighton, also 60gs at Lewes.

2. Wheatear, three years old, Colonel Kingscote's, won 85gs at Tewkesbury.

WALKING BAROMETERS, &c.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

A LITERARY acquaintance of mine, who is apt to be troubled with the hypochondria, seems to exert his whole ingenuity in making himself miserable. If the weather in January suddenly becomes warm, his thoughts are perpetually recurring to the dreadful plague of Charles II.; if the sun looks red and fiery, he is no doubt coming full drive against the earth, to reduce us to ashes, or there will be some other terrible derangement in the planetary system; either Jupiter's four moons will go to loggerheads, or Saturn swells to such an enormous bulk as to burst his belt.

A thunder storm sends him upon his knees, because he is persuaded the last day is arrived; and a shower of hail in the night is sure to rouse him from his bed, to look for fire running along the ground, as it did during one of the plagues in Egypt.

His existence, indeed, is one continued malady of mind and body. The apprehension of misery has at length become worse than misery itself; and every slight bodily indisposition, or even the smallest symptoms of indisposition, so affects him, that his house looks like an hospital, instead of appearing the residence of a gentleman and a philosopher.

He has nothing to do but to cough three or four times in the morning, and he immediately muffles himself up in flannel, lies down on a sofa by the fire, and passes his time in marking the changes of the sky, counting his pulse every four minutes by a stop-watch, drinking water-gruel, rubbing his throat with hartshorn, and spreading plasters of Burgundy pitch.

But a very near neighbour of the philosopher's, to whom I was introduced some little time ago, is, if possible, still more ingenious in the creation of visionary wretchedness. Having applied himself from his youth to the study of antiquities, and being a very attentive peruser of ancient history, he has at length persuaded himself that the present is a very degenerate age; that every new century brings with it a thousand new evils; that the moderns are a set of unfortunate ignoramuses and rascals; and, in short, that the true way of living rightly and comfortably was known only to the ancients, and has never been re-discovered since the decline of the Roman empire.

This notion is always uppermost in his thoughts, and is consequently betrayed in every word and action of his life. He thinks the world is grown too old, to be of much use any longer; is continually quarrelling

ling with his hard fate, that brought him into the world in the eighteenth century, and made him a rich bachelor, an Englishman, and a Christian; and cannot conceive the reason why he was not born 2000 years ago.

The first thing he does in the morning, after examining his cabinet to see whether his gems, medals, intaglios, &c. &c. are all safe, is to throw up the window of his bed-chamber, curse the heavy hypochondriacal atmosphere of England, and sigh for the delicious refreshing breezes of ancient Campania.

He then dresses himself, and, while he is putting on his shirt, cannot help uttering a thousand lamentable soliloquies on the disuse of flannel and woollen inner garments; on the infinite superiority of flannel to linen, wearing better next the skin, and being much wholesomer; and on the stiff cut of modern dress; not forgetting to execrate the want of taste manifested by the present age, in the total concealment of their toes, which is the consequence of wearing shoes instead of sandals, and is a custom he is certain we have borrowed from the Chinese: whereas, argues he, if sandals were in fashion, our young men would not only become more cleanly in their persons, but no doubt, as in Rome, our beaux, might learn to slide more easily into the hearts of the ladies; and a good foot, with the toes neatly pared and rounded, would become as great an attraction as a white and taper hand.

Our antiquary, after indulging himself in these and such like melancholy reflections, proceeds to breakfast; a meal which he regularly continues to eat with ill-humour, and an ill-relish. Every spoonful of tea that he sips, makes him consider how a Roman would laugh to see him drinking a decoction of a paltry Chinese herb, evidently of modern use, and consequently utterly unclassical and barbarous; and yet he is, from habit, so attached to certain little modern conveniences, such as tea, sugar, tobacco, &c. &c. that it is with the greatest violence to his animal inclinations he can prevail on himself to forego any one of them; and it was but three days ago he told one of his maid servants, with tears in his eyes, that he believed he must be compelled to take off his two toasted crumpets from his morning meal, as he had some doubts whether the *colyra spongiosa* mentioned by Pliny, was the exact modern crumpet or not.

As his table, however, notwithstanding piteous complaints of ill-fare, is, in general, not only elegantly, but even sumptuously furnished, it is almost daily surrounded by a crowd of acquaintances, who are content to hear his lamentations, enjoy the good things of a very excellent larder, and laugh in their sleeves at the man who has all the comforts of life within his reach, and yet will not put forth his hand to obtain them, because providence has sent them in the nineteenth century, and not in the reign of Augustus Cæsar, or Alexander the Great.

CURIOUS ANECDOTE.

THE following anecdote will not only prove the fallacy of the remark, that a woman cannot keep a secret, but will serve as an additional instance of that generous and humane spirit which so nobly characterises our fair countrywomen.

Some years since, a lady called at a glover's shop in the out-skirts

of the town, and purchased a pair of gloves for her immediate wear; observing at the time, that she was on her road to Barnet; that she had left her gloves at a friend's house where she had called, and that she was apprehensive of being benighted if she went back for them. The glover fitted on the lady's gloves, and the lady, after paying for them from a purse well stocked with bank notes, stepped into her post-chaise, and proceeded on her journey.

She had scarcely reached Finchley Common, when a highwayman stopped the chaise and demanded her money; he entreated her not to be alarmed, he had no intention upon her person; if she surrendered her property it was all he wanted; distress and not his will urged him to the desperate act, and he was determined to remove his penury or perish. The lady gave her purse, and the depredator rode off.

After he was gone, and the fright had subsided, the lady imagined, that in the address of the highwayman she recognized the voice of the glover she had some time before dealt with. This conceit struck her so forcibly, that she ordered the post-boy to drive back to town, not choosing, as she said, to venture farther over the Heath.

On her arrival at the glover's, she knocked and gained admittance; the glover himself opened the door. The lady desired to speak with him in private. The glover shewed her to a back parlour, when she exclaimed—"I am come for my purse, which you have robbed me of this evening on Finchley Common!" The glover was confounded. The lady proceeded—"It is of no use for you to deny it; I am convinced, and your life is at my mercy. Return me my property, and trust to my humanity!" The glover, overcome with guilt, shame, and confusion, returned the purse, confessed his crime, and pleaded his distresses.

The lady, after a suitable admonishment, gave him a L.10 note, bade him mend his way of life, and keep his own counsel, adding, that she would never divulge his name or place of abode. She kept her word; and though the robbery was stated in the public papers, the subsequent discovery was omitted, and it was not till very recently, that a minute of this singular transaction was found among the papers of the lady alluded to. Even in this private memorandum, the name and residence of the shopkeeper was carefully omitted, and the secret, in that particular, rests with the lady in the grave.

After this tale, the truth of which may be relied on, who will say, that a woman cannot keep a secret?

FRACAS OF BILLIARD PLAYERS.

Middlesex Sessions—Hicks's Hall, January 8.

THE only trial of any interest, was that of Henry Bowen, for an assult on Mr. John Collins, on the 8th of July last, at Camden Town.

This affair originated in a dispute upon the subject of a game which is now become so prevalent in almost every part of the metropolis, at every place of amusement in its vicinity, at every watering-place throughout the kingdom, and affords so glaring a source of vitiation and debauch to the morals of the

the rising generation, and of ways and means to whole myriads of sharpers, as loudly to demand the attention of the magistrates, at least for its controul, if not for its suppression. We allude to the game of billiards. This scientific game, as it is called, is become quite the school for knowing ones, and forms a branch of spherics much more sedulously studied by the youth of the present day, even at our public schools and universities, than the doctrines of Newton or Euclid; while, in the metropolis, and at all the watering-places, the billiard-rooms are become the haunts of sharpers, swindlers, and professed gamblers, whose objects are to plunder, with impunity, the unguarded *flukes*, whom they can inveigle to play, and whose easy, though infamous emoluments, procured in this way, tempt thousands of our inexperienced youth to abandon their industrious pursuits, and fly from the desk, the counter, or the counting house, to follow the management of the *mace* and *cue*, and acquire consummate skill at the *red* and *white game*.

The prosecution on this occasion was opened, and the case stated, by Mr. Gurney, who took occasion to express his surprize that this prosecution, coming as it did from a young man of sense and education, had not been founded upon an indictment of robbery, instead of a mere charge for an assault.

The first witness called was John Collins, the prosecutor, who described himself as the proprietor of a school for young gentlemen at Hampstead. On the evening of the 8th of July last, he said, he was returning from town to his own home. He stopped at the house commonly called the Long Room, at Camden Town, to wait for the stage-coach returning to Hampstead; where, on walking about the garden, he met the defendant, along with a number of other persons with whom he appeared to be in company. He saw also a sort of frame on the ground, in that part of the garden, with a number of holes in it, and upon the ground, close to the frame, were six leaden balls, with which, at this frame, a game called bumble-puppy is played; he stooped for the balls, and began to bowl them at the frame, and the defendant and he played together for a pint of ale. After a game or two, the prosecutor was about to proceed homewards, when the defendant asked him to play at billiards, which the prosecutor refused; the defendant then charged him with having broken his appointment with him, made on a former occasion, to come to that house to play at billiards for a guinea. The prosecutor denied having made any such appointment: the defendant insisted he had, and began to use very abusive language; the prosecutor still denied any such appointment, and asserted he never saw the defendant but once before; but offered the defendant, if he would give him his address, to call upon him at an early day, or to give him his own address, that the defendant might call upon him; and as the defendant said, he had promised to play at billiards with him, that he had no objection to play, and to deposit *now* a one-pound note in the hands of the landlord, provided the defendant would deposit another; and which note he would agree to forfeit, should he fail to come to his appointment. He took out his pocket-book, which contained L.20 in notes, to make the deposit, but the defendant refused, called him a *nincompoop*, a *fool*, and other opprobrious names, and threatened to knock him down. The prosecutor had a stick in his hand,

hand, which he held out before him for his defence; the defendant immediately rushed upon him, and in the struggle he was knocked down, and instantly on his getting up he missed his pocket-book, containing the L.20, which but the moment before he had put into his breast pocket; he then cried out that he was robbed, and called the watch. The defendant, and those who were with him, attempted to go away, but the prosecutor stood in the doorway, cried out that he was robbed, and said, no one should pass him until the robber was taken into custody. It was the dusk of the evening; he was at first a good deal confused, in consequence of being knocked down, and did not know immediately which of the parties to charge, but he quickly recollected the defendant as being the only person who touched him, and he charged him to the watchman, who, with much reluctance, took him into custody; but, in going towards the watch-house, he saw the defendant run away from the watchman's hold; the prosecutor pursued him, but the defendant escaped; he then turned, and seized hold of the watchman, saying, he would charge him with conniving at the defendant's escape; but the watchman pulling from under his coat something which appeared to witness as a blunderbuss, threatened to discharge it at him, if he did not instantly let go his hold, which witness did, and then went to the watch-house, gave his charge to the constable of the night, and, describing the person and dress of the defendant, desired, that if he should appear, he might be taken into custody; and he was accordingly so taken in the course of the night.

On his cross-examination, by Mr. Const, he admitted he had seen the defendant at the same place a fortnight before; that he had played with him at the game of bumble-puppy, but had no recollection whatever of making any appointment to play with him at the game of billiards.

The next witness was a Mr. Horsepoole, a taylor, of Tavistock-street, Covent-Garden, who said, that on the evening before stated, he was passing by the Long Room at Camden Town, heard the noise of a scuffle just after he had passed, and returned, from mere curiosity, to see the cause; but the affray was then over, and he saw the prosecutor standing in the door-way, saying he was robbed, and that no one should pass out until the robber was in custody. He saw him give the defendant in charge to the watchman; saw him run away from the watchman, and the prosecutor pursue; and heard other persons who were present, cry out to the defendant—"Run! run!" There was a lady present who had been with the defendant, and was said to be his wife; but when he ran away, he left her behind.

Here closed the evidence for the prosecution.

On the part of the defendant, James Williams was called.—He stated himself to be a currier and leather-cutter, resident near Seven Dials; that he had been in an ill state of health for some time previous to the day of this event, and lodged at Camden Town; that he had been in the habit of going on evenings into the garden of the Long Room House there, when he was able to crawl about, to see what amusements were going forward; and that he happened to be there upon the evening now stated, sitting on a bench at the place where the game of bumble-puppy was played; saw there a number of persons to the tune of five or six, amongst whom was the defendant; he

he never saw any of them before; they were utter strangers to him. He heard the defendant speak of some person who had promised to play at billiards with him and broken his promise, just at the time the prosecutor came in. The defendant, after a little time, charged him with breaking his appointment, which the prosecutor denied, and said, so far was he from being afraid to play with him at billiards, that he would play with him, or any man present, for one or two and twenty pounds; and he immediately pulled out his pocket-book, and put down twenty pounds in notes upon the table. The witness cautioned him to put up his money, and take care of it. The defendant said, he would play with him now one game for a pound, the stakes of each to be put into the pocket of the billiard-table, and taken by the winner, which the prosecutor refused at that moment to do. Words of dispute arose; the prosecutor was talking very loud, and shaking his finger in a menacing way at the defendant; the latter answered, if he dared any more to poke his finger into his face in that manner, he would knock him down; upon which the prosecutor, with the stick in his hand, struck the defendant a blow; both parties grappled, and fell at the same time, the prosecutor undermost; and immediately on his getting up, the prosecutor called out, said he was robbed of his pocket-book, and at first charged the witness with taking it. But on witness telling him he could shew he was a man of character and credit, and not of a description to be guilty of such a crime, the prosecutor begged his pardon, and charged the defendant. He believes the pocket-book and property were lost at the time, because he saw them with the prosecutor. He stood in the door-way, saying, no one should pass until the robber was found; the witness said, he was very right, and that every one ought to stand a search. There was one of the men present at the scuffle, who made himself busy about the prosecutor in lifting him up when he was down, and this person was missing, for he made his escape backwards, by jumping over the wall. Witness did not hear the charge given to the watchman, nor did he hear the cry of—"Run! run!" when the defendant went away.

Two waiters from the Long Room proved their having seen part of the affray, and swore that the first blow they saw given came from the prosecutor; but they saw no person but the defendant touch the prosecutor after he fell.

Mr. Justice Mainwaring summed up the evidence, and charged the Jury, who had previously been addressed to evidence both by Mr. Const and Mr. Gurney; and, after a short consultation, they found the defendant guilty of the assault. He was sentenced to a fine of Forty Shillings, which he paid forthwith, and was discharged out of Court.

THEATRICALS.

Drury Lane.

MRS. JORDAN's FIRST APPEARANCE THIS SEASON.

MRS. JORDAN came forward, on Monday evening, January 2, at this theatre, for the first time this season; and was received, by a full and brilliant house, with every mark of public favour due to her unrivalled talents. She chose

chose for her *debut* the character of Peggy, in the Country Girl, and performed it with all that genuine humour and natural feeling which have for so many years placed her beyond competition in this line of acting. The scene in which her Guardian compels her to write to Belville, was exquisitely managed, and produced reiterated plaudits.

Mrs. Jordan performed Emma Woodland, in the Marriage Promise, on Wednesday; and Rosalind, in As You Like It, on Friday.

CINDERELLA;
OR,
THE LITTLE GLASS SLIPPER.

ON Tuesday evening, the 3d instant, was presented, for the first time, a Grand Allegorical Pantomimic Spectacle, called Cinderella; or, the Little Glass Slipper: the characters of which were as follow:—

IMMORTALS.

Hymen	Master Byrne
Cupid	Master Oscar Byrne
Venus	Mrs. Mountain
Nymph, commissioned by Venus	Miss Tyrer
Graces	Miss B. Menage, Miss Searle, Miss Bristow

MORTALS.

Prince	Mr. Byrne
Pedro, Servant to the Sisters	Mr. Grimaldi
Sisters	Mrs. Byrne, Miss Vining
Cinderella	Miss De Camp

With a variety of other Pantomimic Characters.

The story of Cinderella is so well known, that it would be superfluous to give an account of the Fable of this piece, if it were not for the additions which have been made to it, in order to render it fit for dramatic representation. In its original state, the materials were too scanty. The additional part is derived from the Heathen mythology. Venus, who is introduced instead of the Fairy, resenting that the Prince, who is the hero of the piece, should have devoted himself to Diana and the Chase, orders the Graces to entangle him in a net; and he is brought before her in a magnificent temple, in which she has been reposing, and which is the opening scene. The Prince obstinately resists all their efforts, till at last Cupid, aiming a shaft at his heart, and the image of a beautiful woman being presented to him, he is at length captivated. This image is withdrawn, and he is left in restless anxiety. The Prince invites a large company to a splendid ball, and the sisters of Cinderella are summoned to it by Cupid, in the disguise of a Page. Soon after, the little God disguises himself like a beggar, and enters with the Nymph employed by Venus to guide the fortune of Cinderella. The Nymph appears like an old woman, and they both solicit charity of the proud sisters, but are sent away with disdain. Cinderella is soon after discovered in the kitchen, and is treated with scorn and cruelty by her sisters. Pedro, their servant, when they are gone to the ball, takes pity on Cinderella, and brings her better fare than had been ordered for her by her cruel sisters. Just as she is going to feast on it, Cupid and the Nymph enter in the same disguise, and implore her charity. She immediately resigns her repast, and the two superior Beings then throw off their disguise, and remove the humble garb of Cinderella, to prepare her for the ball. The Pumpkin, according to the old tale, is changed

changed into a superb car; and the Mice, into six beautiful ponies, richly caprisoned. Cinderella is drawn in state, with a splendid retinue, to the Prince's palace, who discovers in her the nymph whose image had charmed him in the Temple of Venus. She is made the partner of his throne, and joins with him in a dance. The hour of twelve draws nigh, and Pedro, who attended in the habit of a Lord, which he assumes by command of the female agent employed by Venus, gives Cinderella notice that the time of departure is at hand. She is so charmed with the delights of the place, that she disregards the warning till the clock strikes, and then hurries away, but loses her splendid attire before she leaves the palace; and is thrust out by some of the attendants. In her hurry, she leaves her Glass Slipper; and a proclamation is in consequence made, importing, that the Prince will marry the person whom it fits. Many ladies, and, among others, the arrogant sisters, try the Slipper, but in vain; till at length Cinderella, in her mean dress, is brought in, and it is found to fit her exactly. She then produces the other Slipper, and appears in her former rich habit. The Prince takes her hand, under the guidance of Cupid, and Hymen sanctions the union. She forgives her sisters; and the piece closes with a splendid and picturesque grouping of the several characters.

Cinderella is one of the most magnificent spectacles that can well be imagined. It was received with the highest approbation by an overflowing audience.

It has been performed every night since, with increasing applause; and will, no doubt, maintain its attraction as a spectacle, and continue so to do, not only for the present, but through many future seasons.

THE OPERA.

THE new Opera, brought to this country by Signora Grassini, was in part rehearsed on Wednesday, the 4th instant, at the King's Theatre. Grassini herself attended on this occasion, and warbled her airs in such a manner, as to shew that she is a very good musician; but, as usual in rehearsals, did not exert the full powers of her voice. Her person is very striking, and she is what is called a fine woman, without being critically handsome.

The new Opera was composed by Andreossi. It is a very grand composition altogether; but, judging from the first act, it is likely to be rather too long. Curtailments, however, will doubtless be made in the progress of the rehearsals.

DANGEROUS PRESCRIPTION IN THE SPORTING DICTIONARY.

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

I HAVE ventured to submit to you a few observations on what I conceived a mistaken idea, of some importance, in this work of Mr. Taplin's. It is given under the head of an article of medicine. I have endeavoured to prove that the effects produced by that medicine are not as Mr. T. asserts; and I hope its superior quality as a remedy in many cases being hinted at, it will be brought into more general use. If you will give it a place in your Magazine, you will oblige a constant reader and well-wisher,

P. I.

IN perusing that publication, a work which certainly contains much

pleasing and instructive information, and which cannot fail being a great acquisition to the library of every sportsman, I discovered an error in the medical department, which, from the author's well earned professional celebrity, I was astonished to hear so confidently asserted, upon such shallow grounds; particularly as he has ever strongly declaimed against medical opinions, unsupported by experience, as only calculated to lead men into dangerous mistakes.—I allude to the article, Tartar Emetic, which he pronounces (as administered to the horse) to be "one of the most prostituted medicines in the Materia Medica," and it appears solely upon this foundation "that when administered to the human frame, by men of the most learned, distinguished, and experienced ability, with a design of producing the forcible effect of a strong emetic, has never exceeded six or seven, or in truly critical cases of dangerous emergency, eight grains may have been given; ten grains have been known to operate so violently as to excite convulsions; twelve to occasion death." I know nothing, pertaining to the administration of animal medicine, that more deserves the name of unfounded hypothesis than a conclusion drawn of the hurtful effect which an article must produce, from its known action on the human frame. A public assertion or statement, either in praise of, or stating the demerits of a particular remedy upon the horse, should have absolute facts of its action upon the animal, to support it; without it, no man has a right to publish an opinion, particularly in so confident a manner as Mr. T. has; who, solely because twelve grains will kill a human being, warns the public to be guarded against its effects, if "*secretly* brought into use by practitioners of *little knowledge*, and *less celebrity*; who, knowing no more of its preparation than its name, know less of its *effects* than its preparation." In another place, he says—"Amidst such incontrovertible facts," alluding to the 12 grains, "it naturally becomes a serious consideration, that men, knowing nothing of the property of medicine, should have the unrestrained privilege and permission to use articles of so much dangerous magnitude, not only without knowing their basis, preparation, and peculiar properties, but without the power of prognosticating their probable effects."

The justice of this remark, in many instances, every man, who has given the subject the least attention, must certainly allow. It is to be lamented that it is so truly applicable to many of those to whose care diseased horses are intrusted; but I must certainly differ in opinion, when he applies it to Tartar Emetic, as far as any dangerous consequences are to be apprended from the general mode of its administration, which undoubtedly was brought into use by men who were acquainted both with its *basis* and *preparation*; though, as in all other things, their example has been followed by many who know no more of it than its name.

But, to quote Mr. T. again—"It is a circumstance worthy the attention of those possessing a number of horses, either for business or pleasure, who consequently must have some occasionally labouring under disease, how far it may be proper, safe, and consistent, to give a horse half an ounce of Tartar Emetic at one dose; which, according to the above ascertained facts, will, if divided accurately into equal proportions, (and experiments made) take away the lives of twenty men."

I will not pretend to say, that Mr. T. knows "no more of its preparation

ration than its name;" but, from what he says, I have every reason to doubt his knowledge of its *effects* upon the horse; and did not I know him to be a "practitioner of much knowledge and great celebrity," and did not the general tenor of his medical disquisitions contradict the conjecture, I should really conceive, from what he here holds forth, that he knew nothing of the constitutional strength and economy of the animal whose disease he professes to investigate. The expression of *half an ounce* and *one* dóse, in Italics, leads me to suppose that gentleman never made the experiment in a smaller quantity; had he done it, I am confident he would have found it both *safe*, *proper*, and *consistent* to have increased it; for if you give to one horse a dram of Tartar Emetic, and to another half an ounce of oatmeal, the effect in both will be found to be pretty similar. Nor is it so much to be wondered at, that a horse can take with safety at one dose what would destroy twenty men, if we consider the numerous severe operations which so many are obliged to submit to without producing any permanent bad effect.

I think it would make a medical man, ignorant of the subject, shudder to give a horse one ounce and a half of Barbadoes Aloes at a dose, yet he would find it prescribed by Mr. Taplin, in the first volume of his Stable Directory, in the prescription marked No 4; and I think the administration of too strong purgatives to be attacking the constitution of a horse in its weakest point, which arises from the length and irritability of the intestinal canal, and the second stomach formed by the apex of the cœcum, rendering it particularly liable to inflammation and mortification, of which practical experience daily affords proofs.

What man would be able to bear a twentieth part of the pain of firing upon all fours, and the application of a blister, as soon as the inflammation begins to subside.

Nicking is another proof of what a horse's constitution can bear, as well as the strong caustic applications, which are made use of for the cure of pole evils and fistulas.

To shew the astonishing strength of the stomach, I have only to mention a case of an experiment which was made upon a horse destined for slaughter; in which—beginning with an ounce, and gradually increasing it for a little better than a week—eight ounces of white vitriol were given in one day, without the least ill effect;—one grain is sufficient to act as a vomit to the human subject. Many, I expect, will not credit this assertion. There is a gentleman, who fills a high situation as a veterinarian, not far distant from London, who can vouch for the fact.

This (if I may use the expression) insensibility of the stomach may in some degree be accounted for from its peculiar structure, half of it being lined by a cuticle, totally insensible, possessed of very little vascularity, and performing no secretion.

But, to come to the point, and laying aside all reasoning from analogy, I here am authorized to say, from what I have seen myself, and been told by practitioners of celebrity, on whom I can certainly depend, that, so far from half an ounce of Tartar Emetic producing a hurtful effect, it is constantly made use of in doses of half an ounce twice a day, and in some cases continued for a week or a fortnight; and in inflammations of the lungs, colds, simple and symptomatic fevers, combined with medicines of a diuretic quality, in such cases, there are no remedies from which better effects can be expected. It forms one of the best alteratives for the mange, slight

grease, wind-bound, and both kinds of surfeit; in short, whenever antimonials are wanted, I am convinced this is the most efficacious of any. It has an immediate tendency to correct any acrimonious state of the blood; it determines the blood to the skin; and, if assisted by warm-clothing, helps to get rid of the acrimony by perspiration, and at the same time strengthens the tone of the stomach. In inflated lungs, one ounce at a dose is recommended; in other cases, three drams, or half an ounce twice a day.

If Mr. T. will go to the utmost of what I have said, and try an ounce, I will answer for it that, though a horse "has not the power to regulate and throw off the offending consequence by vomit," yet he will not find him "ready to burst with the effervescent conflagration raised within."

LOQUACITY;

OR,

An Old Woman's Lamentations for the loss of her Poultry.

(Continued from Page 114.)

CONTENTS.

Goody Cubate's Letter to the Huntsman—Description of her Family, her Fowls, &c. &c. with an earnest entreaty to the Squire to permit the Hounds to discover and destroy the voracious Fox, who had been the cause of her recent Distress—Miss Trippet reads what she has written—The Postscript, &c.—Kitty dispatched to the Post-Office.

DEAR SIR,

PRAY surmount your patients, and be so good as to excise your loving kindness, till I can tell you the most malankoliest and most plorablest story that you shall wish to hear. This letter come from a poor woman, and a widow, and I am she; and I have known and do know, a world of sorrow and trouble, and flictions, greaterer and more normous than ever fell to the lot and share of a poor woman before. I have had nine children born and christianed, and all of um as fine babes as ever the sun shined upon, six lovely boys, and three fine blooming girls; and Heavens be thanked and praised, I believe that they are all alive at this present day; but that I am not quite sartan about, for four of my boys are soldiers. They was from their very cradle magramurous in their dispurgitions, and as royal as any hadmiral or kaptan on the face of the earth; so nothing would do, or serve their turn, or give them any satisfaxshun, but serving the king his majesty. I said to them all four—My dear boys, said I, you are every mother's son of you born and bred haroes, and you have all of you got perssesshun of karagous hearts, and your karagous hearts and magramurous spirits shall never be warted or controuled by me, your loven mother. I love my king and country too well for that, said I. Fight for them both, my dear boys, said I again, and I say God bless and prosper them both. Amen, said their dear father, my loving and kind husband; for he was as quiet and as pains-taking a man as ever lay by the side of a woman. So four of my dear boys volunturly listed all on one and the same day; and all four of um into the most noblest and grandiest company of the grannydears; for they was every soul of um six foot high, but Bob, and he wanted no more than half an inch. Oh, Sir, you can never think how it does my poor heart good when I can set eyes upon um; for I do admire a fine

fine man and a soldier, and thank Heaven I bred no dwarfs; for even my girls are lofty, and as strait as arrows. But I am left alone, with only my youngest daater Kitty. My poor dear husband is dead, and I am an old woman, as you must think and believe. Yet I have made shift, and got on pretty well: notwithstanding all my losses, and all my troubles, I paid every body scot and lot, and never wronged any body of a penny. I never made no lamerations nor complainings, nor bewailed, nor mourned my hard siteration and condition; for I hate weeping and wailing. Then I never so much as axt the parish for a single penny; but I workt, and my girl workt, and we was sparing and fugal as well as notable; so that I made ends and ends to meet, paid my rent at quarter-day, and thank Heaven we never knew what it was to want a belly full, and I and my girl was as contented and as happy as all the birds in the wood, and my old heart was as lite as a feather. I detest a dunghill breed, whose hearts pondrate to their heels, and have always kept my heart above my girdle. I have been evermore tite and decent, and clean, though I say it, and have a spare gown and apron to slip on when I go to church or to speak to a neighbour. Now, dear Sir, you must be very sure and sartan that I could never do all these things of myself alone. No, Sir, I had my helps; but those helps are ravished and stolen from me. Here begin my woes, and my misfortunes, and here I must complain and lament, and cry aloud for help, for justice, for vengeance, and for talliation You must know, dear Sir, that I have always been as famus for my breed of hens and chickens, and as much admired and renowned on that account, as on that of my fine six-foot children. You might ride from London to York, and never see nor meet such a fine family as my was; and you might ride back again and never see nor meet with such a set of beautiful and well-bred poultry as my was. They was the darlings of my heart, and the pride of my life, and the support of my old age; they was gazed at and admired by every body far and near; gentleman after gentleman have made quirations about them, and have stood stone still by the half hour together to hear my chantelleer crow. Oh! he was the most finest, the most beautifullest, the gallantest strutting fellow you ever set your eyes upon; every body loved him, but I doated upon him. Half-a-crown and five shilling ahead have I had many's the time for his precious prorogy, and which was trained up for the field of battle, and they was evermore victorous, or else they dyd in the bed of honour; for not one of my dear chantelleer's breed would turn tail to run away. Then the fine and great ladies gave me almost as much for my pollets, and whatever I axt for my eggs, and never made a word about it. Now these things rejoiced my heart, and made me as proud as any thing. But 'tis all over, and I am undone by the artful, cunning, rapturous fox; sly raynard carried off all my fine hens this very last night that ever past over my head; and what is more worser, he carried away my beautiful chantelleer, the glory of the whole earth, the pride of my life, the delight and comfort of my very soul; and my poor heart is just ready to break and burst at the loss, which you would never wonder at, if you knew my chantelleer. His sweet notes made all the fields and groves to ring: I miss him every hour of the night, and every minute of the whole day long: how the dear fellow would parrade about

about my poor house, and stand by my side to harken to the ditties and love songs that I larnt in my youth. He loved his poor old dame, and his poor old dame loved and doated upon him. You see my sorrows and losses, Sir; therefore I beg and pray, and beseech you to pity and missarate my misfortunes and hardships, and be so good and so bleeging as to let your worshipful master the Squire to know of all I have said, and how hardent my wishes and longings are to see you this way, with the pretty hounds and horses, to hunt my varrashous enemy, the thievish fox, to death, and bring him to condarine punishment for all his old rogeries and thievish tricks. This is my most humblest petishun and supplation, and I pray you to pardon me this boldness and liberality, that shall pray for you till death; and believe me, I am your most humblest and infectionable sarvant,

GOODY CUBATE.

"Now, my dear Miss," said Goody, "will you condense to the trouble of reading what you have taken so many pains to write, and then I shall hear how I like it, and if I have said enough."

Miss Trippet read the curious epistle, and said, "Indeed, Goody, it is vastly clever, and some folks that I know would give any thing to be able to send such a letter."

"Then you think it will do," said Goody, "and that it has a beginning, a middle, and a finish, as it ought to have, and must have, to be good; for my master knew all about such things, and he would say, all litral pursitions must have a beginning, a middle, and a finish, or they are good for nothing."

"I know nothing about that," said Miss Trippet: "but, nevertheless, here is the beginning, 'Dear Sir,' and here is the finish, 'Goody Cubate.' As to the middle, that may be found out by counting the lines; but the quickest way would be to measure it."

"You are perfectly right," said Goody; "but we wont trouble our heads about the matter. There it is, Miss; but 'tis not quite the thing now; you must add a porstscape, to tell him where I live: for if we dont inform him of that, how should the huntsman know where to come to, or how should his master, the Squire, know where to send him?"

"But wont that make it a double letter?" asked Miss.

"O no, by no means," said Goody. "Why, it will be the genteeler and more parlite for that; every body write porstscapes to their letters, though they have no acasions upon earth for it. I can tell you moreover than that, Miss, that it is the fashion to make only P. S. for porstscape; but I hate all constractions, and must beg that you will write it full, as it ought to be."

PORSTSCAPE.

I the Widow Cubate live hard by Quickset Farm, about half a mile from Broadroom Hall, and in the parish of Bushby. And the old varashous fox is said to harbour about Cropley Wood, from whence he rushed out in the night to commit his thieving deperashuns. But I need say no more; for you to be sartan know every wood and field, gap and gate way, about that place, as well as I know my own doorway. So no more from your sarvant, the almost broken hearted

WIDOW CUBATE.

"There," said Goody, "now it will do; so pray perscribe it, and put in a black wafer; for it is a mournful letter, and carries mortal intelligence, the death and destruction

struction of six the most faithfullest servants that ever poor woman was mistress over."

Kitty was then dispatched with the letter to the post.

(To be continued.)

THE

VILLAGE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

READING in your entertaining Magazine various descriptions of female loquacity, &c. it reminded me of a ramble in a distant county. Should it not deviate too much from your general plan of sporting intelligence, the following description of a Village Schoolmistress, with a few observations, are at your disposal. Yours, &c.

WALTER WORMWOOD,

Norfolk, Jan. 1804.

IN a rustic village, about 117 miles north of London, stands the mouldering remains of an ancient family seat, in one corner of which lived the subject of these memoirs: the other parts were converted into lumber rooms, hen roost, and piggery. Here Mrs. Deborah Picklebirch had resided for many years, a virgin chaste as the falling snow. Before she attained the age of twenty, she commenced schoolmistress to the surrounding offspring of rustic labourers. In her latter days, she had the misfortune to be nearly blind, which laid her under the necessity of having her nephew, Master Peter Picklebirch, constantly with her, in training to the important station of usher to his aunt's school. In the same village lived a worthy dealer in galenicals, Mr. ——, who received regularly the County Chronicle; and Mrs. Deborah being fond of news, was not a little gratified by the journeyman of Mr. —— letting her see the paper now and then. His master being on a visit one day, gave Mrs. P. an opportunity to take it home with her as soon as it arrived. She having a large hole in her pudding-bag to mend that day, in order to lose no time, Peter was called to read the news with an audible voice to his aunt, an office Peter had never before attained. After Mrs. Picklebirch had held up the rod, as a token of silence, Peter, stammering in a psalm-singing tone, read as follows—

"A copy of the devil to pay when Mr. Windham eat—Mr. Addington with all the volunteers—after tossing two old women into a barber's shop—having connection—with all the Privy Council under the direction—of Bonny Patty—murdering thousands, and ——"

"Bless my soul, child!" exclaimed Mrs. P. "what terrible news is that in London: give me the paper that I may endeavour to see it." When she found that poor Peter had made a cross reading, and blundered through the whole width of the paper—"Here child," said she, shewing the paper to Peter, "these black lines must never be skipped over; you must always read down the column in this manner;"—when she, in a similar tone, read—

"Extraction of a letter from Parish.—Last Monday evening occur'd, which though well hatteserd, is known to few Parsons as Physic in the Morn, was making his escape from the house of Harris, he was sized by a Sam Cullit, drag'd before the Contention, and

in

in the evening an end was put to his miseries with a giblet pye."

This was read by way of example to Peter. The sense of it being totally lost, it will be necessary to give the above paragraph correctly—

"Extract of a letter from Paris.—Last Monday an event occurred which, though well attested, is known to few persons. As Felerina of La Maine was making his escape from the house of arrest, he was seized by a sans cullotte, dragged before the Convention, and in the evening an end was put to his misery with the guillotine."

Thus some idea may be formed of village education and politics. To assist the general information, the Johns and Toms of the village, after leaving the plough, often subscribe a halfpenny each to hear Mrs. P. read the London news, ere they assemble round the blacksmith's forge to crack their nuts and jokes. Some excuse is to be made for defects of sight, but none for the pride of Mrs. Deborah Picklebirch, whose affectation of being thought learned, would never suffer her to repeat, spell, or boggle, at any word in presence of her hearers. News from abroad must have been a strange jumble. A letter from Luxemburg, was sure to be Loughboro; from Montaine, Manchester; from Brussels, Bristol; Fountainville, the Fountain Inn; late Louis de Capet, Leg of Mutton and Capers.

When such is the specimen of some of the village schoolmistresses, we need never wonder at the want of rational knowledge in the humble peasant, when two-thirds of them, after being discharged as educated, have not known how to spell the village they were born in, and are ignorant of the last letter of their Christian names.

DESCRIPTION

OF

THE CASSADA WORM, OR FLY-CARRIER.

AN intelligent member of the American Philosophical Society—M. Baudry des Lozieres—has enabled us to present to the public the following interesting memoir on Animal Cotton, and the insect which produces it. Every inhabitant of the West Indies, says this gentleman, knows and dreads the greedy worm which devours their indigo and cassada plantations; it is called by them the Cassada-worm; by others the Fly-carrier; and is produced like the Silk-worm, from eggs scattered by the mother after the metamorphosis into a whitish butterfly. The egg is hatched about the end of July, when the animal is decked with a robe of the most brilliant and variegated colours. In the month of August, when about to undergo its metamorphosis, it strips off its superb robe, and puts on one of a beautiful sea-green, which reflects all its various shades, according to the different undulations of the animal, and the accidents of light. This new decoration is the signal for its tortures. Immediately, a swarm of ichneumon flies assail, and drive their stings into the skin of their victim, over the whole extent of its back and sides, at the same time slipping their eggs into the bottom of the wounds they have made.

Having performed this dreadful operation, the flies disappear, and the patient remains for an hour in a motionless state, out of which it awakens to feed with great voracity. Then his size daily increases till the time of his hatching the ichneumon flies. The eggs deposited are hatched at the same moment, and the cassada is instantly covered with

with a thousand little worms. They issue out of him at every pore, and that animated robe covers him so entirely, that nothing can be perceived but the top of his head. As soon as the worms are hatched, and without quitting the spot where the eggs are, which they have broke through, they yield a liquid gum, which, by coming into a contact with the air, is rendered slimy and solid. Each of these animaculæ works himself a small cocoon, in the shape of an egg, in which he wraps himself, thus making, as it were, his own winding sheet. They seem to be born but to die. These millions of cocoons all close to each other, and the formation of which has not taken two hours, form a white robe, and in this the Cassada-worm appears elegantly clothed. While they are thus decking him, he remains in a state of almost lethargic torpidity.

As soon as the covering is woven, and the little workmen, who have made it, have retired and hidden themselves in their cells, the worm endeavours to rid himself of his guests, and of the robe which contains them. He comes out of the inclosure, deprived of all his former beauty, in a state of decrepitude, exhausted and threatened with approaching death. He shortly passes to the state of a chrysalis; and, after giving life to thousands of eggs, suddenly loses his own, leaving to the cultivator an advantage which may be so improved as to more than compensate the ravages which he occasions. In about eight days, the little worms contained in the cocoons are metamorphosed into flies, having four wings. Their antenæ are long and vibrating; some have a tail; others do not shew it. They feed upon small insects of the family of Acarus, and evidently belong to the ichneumon tribe.

The cotton shell, or wrapper, is of a dazzling white; and, as soon as the flies have quitted the cocoon, it may be used without any preparatory precaution. It is made up of the purest and finest cotton; there is no refuse, no inferior quality in it; every part is as fine and beautiful as can be imagined.

M. Des Lozieres—the author of this Memoir—urges the Americans to preserve, and endeavour to increase the Fly-carrier in the same manner, and for similar purposes, that the breed of the Silk-worm is encouraged. He declares that he has frequently seen so abundant an harvest of the animal cotton, that in the space of two hours he could collect the quantity of one hundred pints, French measure; and there seems to him no doubt that it will stand the competition with silk, and vegetable cotton: these, when applied to wounds, serve only to inflame and envenom; but the animal cotton may be used as lint, without the smallest inconvenience.

CONFLICT
BETWEEN
A SAILOR AND A SHARK.

ABOUT the latter end of Queen Anne's reign, Captain John Beams, commander of the York merchant-ship, arrived at Barbadoes from England. Having disembarked the last part of his loading, which was coals, the sailors, who had been employed in that dirty work, ventured into the sea to wash themselves: there they had not been long, before a person on board espied a large shark making towards them, and gave them notice of their danger; upon which they swam back, and reached the boat all but one; him the monster overtook al-

most within reach of the oars, and griping him by the small of the back, his devouring jaws soon cut him asunder, and as soon swallowed the lower part of his body. The remaining part was taken up, and carried on board, where his comrade was. His friendship for the deceased had been long distinguished by a reciprocal discharge of all such endearing offices as implied an union of sympathy of souls. When he saw the severed trunk of his friend, it was with an horror and emotion too great for words to paint. During this affecting scene, the insatiable shark was seen traversing the bloody surface in search after the remainder of his prey. The rest of the crew thought themselves happy in being on board—he alone unhappy that he was not within reach of the destroyer. Fired at the sight, and vowing that he would make the devourer disgorge, or be swallowed himself in the same grave, he plunged into the deep, armed with a sharp pointed knife. The shark no sooner saw him but he made furiously towards him, both equally eager—the one for his prey, the other for revenge. The moment the shark opened his rapacious jaws his adversary, dexterously diving, and grasping him with his left hand somewhat below the upper fins, successfully employed his knife in his right hand, giving him repeated stabs in the belly. The enraged shark, after many unavailing efforts, finding himself over-matched in his own element, endeavoured to disengage himself, sometimes plunging to the bottom, then, mad with pain, rearing his uncouth form, now stained with his own streaming blood, above the foaming waves. The crew of the surrounding vessels saw the unequal combat, uncertain from which the streams of blood issued; till at length the shark, much weakened by the loss of blood, made towards the shore, and with him his conqueror; who, flushed with the assurance of victory, pushes his foe with redoubled ardour, and by the help of an ebbing tide, dragged him on shore, ripped up his belly, and unites and buries the severed body of his friend in one hospitable grave.

BOXING.

BURKE & THE GAME CHICKEN.

WIMBLEDON COMMON, which has been the scene of various doughty exploits, where Belcher has fought many a well-contested round, and where the celebrated Abershaw hangs in chains, was, on Monday the 23d instant, the Campus Martius of the metropolis. A match had been long in agitation with the amateurs of pugilism, between Burke, the veteran bruiser, and a young man from Bristol, named Pearce, but better known by the flattering appellation of The Game Chicken. The sum staked was one hundred pounds; ninety to be the property of the victor, and the remaining ten appropriated as a *sterling* consolation to the vanquished.

The news spread like wild-fire; and by seven o'clock in the morning, every avenue to the scene of action was thronged with travellers of various descriptions; coaches, chaises, curricles, tandems, and buggies, were opposed by sand carts, dust carts, mules, asses, and donkies; the finest flowers of *road* rhetoric were culled during the expedition; and, had Demosthenes been living, the roaring of the sea could not have afforded him so fine a lesson of *mob elocution*.

At eleven o'clock, a ring was formed

formed upon the highest part of the common, near Combe Wood; but the judicious bruisers, understanding that it was in a parish wherein they were liable to be molested, the word was given to form another near the telegraph, and a scene of confusion ensued impossible to be described. It was a race of about two thousand persons, some on horseback, others on foot—some in carriages, others in carts—to the wished-for spot; where, about half past eleven, a ring was formed, comprising nearly an irregular acre. The *gentlemen* who were so happy as to occupy a front row were compelled to sit down—the second row knelt—the third, fourth, fifth, &c. stood (all with hats off); next came the horsemen, and afterwards the carriages, universally covered with outside passengers.

At a quarter before twelve, Burke and the Game Chicken stripped. Burke appeared the taller man, much longer in the reach, and the muscular connection of his limbs conveyed an idea of irresistible strength; his eye too glared with indignant ferocity. The Game Chicken seemed to be about five feet eight inches; the conformation of his chest and limbs brought to recollection the athletic make of the deceased Johnson: his square shoulders, ample bosom, nervous arms, swelling thighs, and firm-set legs, encouraged his backers to vociferate the odds of seven to four loudly in his favour.

At precisely eleven minutes before twelve, they set to, Burke having Owen for his second, and Paddington Jones for his bottle holder; and the Chicken experiencing similar assistance from Bill Gibbons and Caleb Baldwin.

On setting to, the Chicken was cautious in opposing himself indirectly against superior strength, and Burke acted from instructions which he had received, not to rush upon his opponent. They at length closed, and fell together. The odds two to one against Burke, the same as at the commencement.

Second Round.—Burke contested this round sharply, but being hit towards the close, a severe blow on the forehead, was in the act of falling, when the Chicken ran in upon him, and threw him.

Third Round.—Some sharp hitting took place, Burke bled much, and was thrown at the conclusion of the round. No knock down blows had taken place.

Fourth and Fifth Rounds—were nearly the same; a great deal of manœuvring to induce each other to strike.

Sixth Round.—The Chicken put in the first blow as usual, and had it returned by Burke, which brought him to the ground on one knee.

The Seventh and following Rounds, to the Eleventh inclusive —were fought much in the same style as the former, the Chicken almost invariably being under the necessity of attempting to make the first hit, which he followed up with some very hard blows.

From the Eleventh to the Fifteenth Round—the odds increased four to one against Burke, more from the disadvantage in his mode of fighting, than from the severity of the blows he had received, or the distress he exhibited; he had greatly prevented the latter by fighting shy. But now, in proportion as he got pricked by the Chicken, he got intemperate, and fought round. It was, however, observed by all, that Burke took great pains to gain the day.

From the Fifteenth to the Twentieth Round—it was evident that Burke's strength was wasting; he bled copiously at the nose, and now and then could not help rushing upon his opponent, which was sure

to bring his head in contact with the Chicken's fist. When Burke closed, he was not more fortunate; and the amateurs, seeing all hope on his side was over, betted in many places twenty to one; and several bets were made that he could not stand another round.

Twenty-first Round.—Burke was desperate, rushed upon the Chicken, missed him, and fell without a blow: the Chicken held up both his hands in triumph.

Twenty second Round.—Burke received a complete knock down blow from the Chicken's left hand whilst rallying him.

Twenty third and Twenty-fourth Rounds—were surprisingly contested by Burke, considering his situation, and it was expected that, four rounds before, he must have given in.

From the Twenty-fourth to the Twenty-eighth Round, which was the last—Burke was often advised to give it in. The Chicken fought the last round as gay as the first, and never appeared distressed throughout the battle. When Burke was desired to give in, the last round he requested to try another, but he was opposed, and at length, though reluctantly, yielded the palm of victory.

Burke was carried in a helpless condition to a hackney coach: his face was shockingly swelled and cut, and his body experienced so many violent blows, that the effects must be extremely prejudicial. The battle lasted one hour seventeen minutes and a half, but did not afford much pleasure to the spectators; being merely a repetition of unmeaning sparring and closing, without those straight blows and skilful guards which are esteemed the perfection of the art.

On driving off the ground, the Chicken let down the glass of the coach, and challenged Picton the Jew to fight for 200 guineas, which we understand is likely to be accepted.

A dustman, named Seabrook, was next encouraged, by the promise of L.4, to enter the lists against the celebrated and invincible George Maddocks. He stood to three rounds, but at last got such a stomacher, that he gave in, saying he had broke his arm, though, when he touched the *cole*, he roundly swore there was no harm done.

A third battle was immediately made up between George Maddocks and a black servant, reported to be in the service of Lord Camelford. At stripping there was a singular contrast in their skins, which were "black and white like the keys of a harpsichord."—In the first and second rounds Massa had the advantage; but in the third, George gave him so violent a blow in the eye, or, in the technical phrase, so *quetered his ogle*, that Mungo could not endure any more *tumpers*; and, though he commenced as a *black*, was compelled to retire with a tinge of the *blue*.

The gymnastic games closed at three o'clock, and till six the roads to the metropolis were crowded with the admirers of fisty-cuffs. A gig and a cart were turned over, which somewhat incommoded the ring. Regularity was, however, soon restored by the exertions of Wood the coachman, who fought away *pedibus manibusque*.

SHOOTING.

THIS slight fancied Etching, is from the design of a celebrated artist. The Sportsman will not require any explanation, as it explains itself. We mean this description of Plates as contrasts to the more finished Engravings of our work.

THE

Shooting.

Pub. Jan. 1. 1804. by J. Whittle, Warwick Square.

THE PASSIONS;

OR,

SPORTING SENSIBILITY TREBLE REFINED.

For the Sporting Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,

IT cannot be already out of the memory of your numerous readers, that about five or six years since a Mr. F. of considerable equestrian celebrity, found a limb of the law in a very *familiar* position with his wife; as well as that he horse-whipped both the paramour and the lady; turned the latter out of doors, and obtained a consolatory four hundred pounds damages of the aggressor for his transgression of the ecclesiastical law. A divorce may be remembered to have followed, and the plaintiff, not depressed by the horrors of his previous adventure, boldly entered the holy and happy state of matrimony again, in which he at present continues; the disgraced lady and her gallant renewing their connection and cohabiting together with, if possible, more than a conjugal affection. But strange as it is to report, still stranger to believe, this feminine piece of human frailty soon bid adieu to a favourite of such select perfection, and abruptly left him for a man of more than double his age, and the father of a family of six children; the eldest of whom, a son, two or three and twenty years of age, soon took her clandestinely from his father, and, to prevent her, as he conceived, from being forced from his arms, absolutely married her; and, for the more strict preservation of her virtue—or her character—placed her at a small village, near Worthing, in Sussex: from whence, only a few weeks since, she has disappeared; and that with a gentleman nearly as much advanced in years as "Old Kecksy," or "Justice Woodcock." Whether this versatility of parts is a species of the furor uterinus, your medical readers can best determine; for my own part, I can only exclaim with Shakespeare—"if you buy woman's flesh at a million a drachm, you cannot preserve it from tainting." Your's most truly,

ARGUS.

Sweet Shop, Bond-Street, January 25, 1804.

MRS. HAINES;

OR,

CRUMPETS EASY OF DIGESTION.

ON Tuesday, the 10th instant, died at Windsor, Mrs Haines, who had been an inhabitant of that town near forty years. Having acquired a competency, by a long continuance of the grocery business, she had some time since retired; and it should seem, not more to indulge in bodily ease, than to gratify the craving appetite of more substantial sensuality. She was always a remarkable hearty eater, and, on the Sunday preceding her death, was observed to consume more than half a roasted pig for her dinner; in three hours after which she demolished four crumpets with her tea; and the following morning annihilated four more at her breakfast: in the afternoon of which day she was attacked with a complaint in the stomach and bowels, which put a period to her existence at four o'clock on the Tuesday morning.

This fact might not have been worth recording, but that it may possibly prove an applicable *memento mori* to the mayors and aldermen of every city and corporation town in the kingdom.

MR.

MR. SPENCER.

For the Sporting Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,

THAT our old friend Spencer*, of acknowledged mirth, wit, and hospitality, should have breathed his last in a hackney coach, surrounded by a profusion of luxuries for the consumption of the following (Christmas) day, with his wife, then an invalid in the country; that his body should be laid out upon the bare pavement of Piccadily—being, as report says, refused admittance under any roof in that neighbourhood—and ultimately removed to the bone-house to be owned; serious as they are, they are no more than mere *bagatelles* in the great and variegated volume of this life: but that his being unattended to the grave—his last abode—by any part of that corps to whom he had, not a month before, given a Gold Medal, value fifty guineas, to be shot for; and that on the very morning after his funeral an advertisement should appear in the morning prints, announcing the widow's intention of carrying on the business, and that the first meeting of "friendship and harmony" would be held at the house on the Monday sennight; open a wide field for reflection, and induces the contemplative to ruminate upon the very slender partition between the enjoyments of to-day, and the uncertainties of to morrow. If his life was not brilliant, it was well known to have been truly philanthropic; he was a friend to all, and an enemy to none. What is somewhat remarkable, he has been known, when in high health and spirits, to have observed—"that life has been found in many instances too long, and he hoped he should never live to encounter the disquietudes of old age." Every wise and prudent man is probably of the same way of thinking, particularly if he gives himself time to recollect what some author has beautifully depicted—"that ingratitude is so great a crime, that no individual has ever yet been known who would acknowledge himself to have been guilty of it." Your's,

A CASUAL OBSERVER.

DETECTION OF A GOOSE STEALER.

THE following curious circumstance led to the conviction of a goose-stealer at the late York sessions. When the man of Gowdale lost his goose, he was informed that a girl had been seen with one in a coal scuttle, going towards Snaith, and the following day proceeded to that place, where, after diligent inquiry, he found it roasting at the fire of the purchaser. How to swear to his goose, which was alive when taken, and now roasting, might have puzzled the most learned of the long robe; but, says he—"have you used the giblets?" and being answered in the negative, replied then—"if that goose be mine, *she's marked wi' th in-web o'th left leg, and th'outermost clea cut*," which being produced turned out to be the case.

* Of the Garrick's Head, Bow Street. He was many years known to the public at Drury-lane Theatre, as the principal Harlequin; a character which he supported with peculiar activity, and with more of the traditional pantomimic knowledge of that character than any of its present representatives possess.

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN's HALL.

TO those who wish to secede from their duty in Volunteer Corps, the following letter, which lately fell into our hands, by mere accident, may serve as a copy—

"Dr. Doctor, This comes to enform you, that the kernel of our Core will nut let me of from Voluntearin—So you wod oblige me by giving me a sartificate that I am inkepeble of sarving yours &c."

BON MOT.—At a Volunteer Dinner a few days ago, a question naturally arose upon *Tactics*. One of the parties said, that he must be right, because he had the opinion of Major ——— in his favour.—"This brings no conviction to my mind," said the other; "for, in the first instance, speaking logically, I deny your *Major*."

As a person, said to be a noted poacher on the manors of Worthen and Brockton, was shooting at a covey of partridges in the late fall of snow, the gun burst and took off two of the fingers of his left hand. On his return home, he was met by a neighbour, who observed his hand bleeding pretty freely, and inquired what was the matter? The other replied—"The gun has burst and blown off two of my fingers; but never mind that, mun, I ha' got the birds."

A ROMAN Catholic Curate, to free himself from the great labour of confessions in Lent, gave notice to his parishioners, that on Monday he should confess the *liars*; on Tuesday, the *misers*; on Wednesday, the *slanderers*; on Thursday, the *thieves*; on Friday, the *libertines*; and on Saturday, the *bad women*. His scheme succeeded—none attended.

A FORTNIGHT ago, a Country Paper mentioned a case of *arson*, in a boy setting fire to a factory at Manchester. The editor of a London Paper copied the paragraph with the following emendation—"A boy, named *Arson*, set fire to a factory."

THE Marquis of Lorn—as a Morning Paper informs us—is talked of as the intended husband of the rich heiress of the Child family. The punsters say, it is odd that such a *Child of fortune should be for-lorn*.

A BAKER and an Attorney lately having a dispute, Mr. *Dough* sent word to Mr. *Latitat*, that if he did not pay his bill, he would strike him off the *rolls*.

ON a very amiable lady, a few days since, presenting a suit of elegant colours to a Volunteer Corps in Lancashire, the Ensign, a gallant young Lancastrian, received the boon with ardent devotion, and replied—"Madam, I receive these colours

colours with sincere gratitude, and will defend them with fortitude; and, when au' th' silk's shot away, I'll bring you the pow (pole) whom again."

A COMIC incident occurred on Monday night, the 22d instant, at Covent Garden Theatre. One of those loungers, who contrive to get in every evening, and prowl along the box lobbies in search of what they call *fun*, thought proper to force his way into a box which had already the usual compliment. A gentleman, previously in the box, politely requested him to go out, but the *funny* fribble immediately answered, in a fierce tone—"damme, Sir, I'll not leave my place, there's my card, I'm your man, *I'd call you out* in a moment." The gentleman remonstrated on this sudden attack; but a person in the next box, who knew the dushing *blade*, observed—"Don't be alarmed, Sir, he has no notion of *calling you out*, he'd much sooner *take you in*." The blade turned round in a fury, but recognising in the *observer* the Clerk of a Police Office, whom he had seen more than once, he immediately slunk away, and was followed by a general laugh.

HUMANITY OF PARISH OFFICERS.—A parish meeting, a few days since, at a village in Leicestershire, was suddenly interrupted by the entrance of the parish apothecary, and the following dialogue ensued—

Apothecary—Just stepped in, Mr. Overseer, to tell you that I delivered John Blunt's wife of twins this morning; and the poor creature is without every necessary of covering and bodily comfort.

Overseer.—She shan't have a rag or a morsel; John Blunt is an impudent rascal—only think, now, Churchwarden, *(in a whining tone of voice)* that such a *feller* as John Blunt should burthen the parish with two children at once.

Churchwarden.—Very wicked indeed!

Apothecary.—Must likewise inform you, Mr. Overseer, that the pauper brought to the workhouse with a pass from Yorkshire is so very ill, that if removed he will die; I therefore advise——

Overseer.—Nay now, good Mr. Gallipot (*sneering*), we pay you for your jalap, and want none of your advice—do we, Mr. Churchwarden?

Apothecary.—But the man will die, Sir!

Overseer.—And so must we all, Sir. I say, let him be removed; and if he lives till he gets into the next parish it is enough for us.

THE following lines were written on hearing Mrs. Second sing at Bath—

Of singers, the first the great Mara was reckon'd;
But 'tis now plainly proved, the *first* is the *Second*.
Then the *Second* is first—an *avis* quite *rara*—
As she vastly exceeds the fam'd Madam Mara.

A FOREIGNER who resided some time in London, says, that almost every street in the metropolis has a peculiar language:—a coat suspended on a peg in Monmouth-street, is called a *wall flower*—a small glass of gin in St. Giles's, a *Spencer*—and a Sheriff's officer in the purlieus of Carey-street, an *electrician*.

ENGLISH BULL.—A person went into a glover's shop a few days since, and asked for *grey* gloves without any *white* in them.

SPORTING

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

THE renowned Leicestershire Hunt, which, under the name of "Meynell's Hunt," has uniformly maintained its superiority over the wide field of competition, has this year been unusually successful. Spite of the absence of some of its unrivalled Riders, still the names of Forrester and Cholmondeley must ever give ample scope to the ambition of those who, like the patterns we mention, would wish to be thought *Keen Riders*.

LORD FOLEY, in weight and eagerness, gives way to no one; but we miss from among us such people as Sir H. Featherstonehaugh, Lord Maynard, Lord C. Somerset, and the dashing Charles Wyndham.

THE Oxfordshire Hunt, conducted by Sir T. Mostyn, is but the shadow of what it was under the management of the Wardes and *Bob Forfeit*.

LORD SPENCER's hounds, now known by the name—as they are under the management—of the Wardes, has been unusually *slack*. This pack, which has ever been noted for *Vermin and Blood*, have scarcely killed one fox in ten.

THE Marchioness of Salisbury's beautiful Dwarf Fox Hounds both run and kill to the amazement as well as pleasure of the numerous field.

THE Hertfordshire Pack have the addition of Mr. Mellish and Mr. Jadis, who, for the purpose of sporting, have taken the very complete place of the late Mr. Bullock.

THE Duke of Grafton's high blooded and long-established pack are now given to the direction of Lord Southampton. They are now in Suffolk, having performed their duty in the early part of the season in Northamptonshire. Their return is not expected till February, when all that can be done by keen riding, and gentlemanly behaviour, is sure to be met with from the noble manager of the sport.

THE Oatlands' Stakes, for the next Newmarket Meeting, are, perhaps, the most likely to afford sport of any sweepstakes which have appeared for many years. So very excellently have they been handicapped, that not above two horses have paid forfeit; thereby declaring, that out of the number of thirty-two, scarcely one person was dissatisfied with the weight which his horse was appointed to carry. Such judgment as this must be very flattering to Lords Chedworth and H. Fitzroy, who fixed the weights.

ON the last Tuesday of last month, Mr. Eagle's fox-hounds threw off at Boxted-Hall, in the neighbourhood of Colchester, attended

tended by a numerous field, chiefly composed of the officers of the garrison. They found almost immediately, and went off with the fox in a very gallant style, and pressed him so hard, that in about twenty minutes he found it convenient to take shelter under ground. Fortunately for the sportsmen, he took up his quarters within a field of Squire Freeman's, well knowing that his larder was stored with the produce of his farm-yard, and that he possessed the hospitality for which our country Squires of old were so justly famed. After partaking of Mr. Freeman's good things, they drew the Langham Lodge Covers, and very soon had the pleasure to unkennel. Reynard, as if determined to make amends for the pusillanimous conduct of his neighbour, boldly dashed across one of the stiffest countries in Essex; and, notwithstanding the scent lay breast high, he led them a dance of three hours. By that time it was grown quite dark, which obliged Mr. Eagle to whip off the hounds.

THE annals of fox-hunting do not furnish us with details of exploits which can be put in competition with those performed by that invincible legion of ten couple, which are known as the Hempsted Hounds. This little pack added one more laurel to its well earned fame on Monday the 9th instant; in the morning of which day, it was thrown off at Hempsted Wood, where finding immediately, Reynard took them in fine style to Spain's Wood, running between Finchingfield and Bardfield to Weathersfield Park Wood, bearing on the right to Toppesfield; when he headed back to Finchingfield Park Wood, from thence to Finchingfield, to Spain's Wood, when he again ran for protection to Hempsted Wood, where he was first found; but being very hard pressed by the hounds, found no rest, but ran for Bendish Hall Woods, and was killed within a mile of Ashen, on the borders of Cambridgeshire, after a run of three hours and twenty minutes, with only one check, and that of not more than a minute, covering a distance of at least forty miles. This very severe chase appears to have been a desperate trial of wind, strength, and speed, as but six horses out of forty were in at the death; one died before he reached home, and another soon after; added to which, six or eight horses are now in such a condition as not to be pronounced out of danger.

A SHORT time since, a fox, which had been, apparently, very hard driven, was seen crossing Portfield, from the hills, and directing his course to a croft lying between the streets of St. Pancras and the Hornet, in the city of Chichester. Reynard having entered the croft, which was surrounded, except at the entrance, by a very high wall, a few tally-o's soon brought a great number of pedestrians to the spot. The entrance of the field having been safely barricaded against the four-legged animal's escape, a chase was commenced by as many of the two-legged specie as thought proper to engage in it; a more diverting one, we believe, was scarcely ever witnessed by the oldest fox-hunter in existence. Reynard at length fell a victim to his motley pursuers, and his brush was borne away in triumph by one of the fleetest of the pack.

LORD HAMPDEN, and a party of his friends, last month started a hare about five miles from his Lordship's seat, at Glynde Place. After a chase of several hours, the poor animal

animal made a double towards his Lordship's house, and leaped through the parlour window, among a large party of ladies, who were anxiously waiting the return of the sportsmen.

MR. FREESTONE's hounds lately trailed up a hare at Metfield, which ran through seven parishes in Suffolk, then crossed the river, and, after a chase of four hours and a half, was killed at Mendham, in Norfolk.

SIR FRANCIS BOYNTON has offered to produce nine Yorkshire greyhounds that shall run all England for a hundred guineas, and five hundred guineas the main.

A COURSING party lately met on the Duke of Rutland's manor, near the Side-hill, Newmarket, and had an excellent day's sport. Six brace of hares were coursed, and four brace killed, after several hard runs.

LATELY died, at Mr. Jonas Athorn's, at Stanningley, Yorkshire, the celebrated brood mare Calash, aged twenty-nine years. She was formerly the property of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and afterwards of Christopher Wilson, Esq. she was got by King Herod, her dam, Teresa, by Match'em, Regulus, &c. Calash was the dam of Paragon, Louisa, Whiskey, Aston, Kite, &c.

ON Old Christmas evening, Mr. Crowe, of Plumstead, and a gentleman had been playing at cribbage; after spending the evening, Mr. C. asked his friend whether he had ever gotten the game in one hand, crib, and play?—his friend answered no; nor did he believe it could be done: Mr C. said it could by picking the cards. After some little debate, his friend said he would make a bet of a guinea it could not be done. After picking the cards, they played them; and Mr. C. got 78, and his friend, 32. Then his friend would like each should have a hand and crib, to see how many could be got. Mr. C. picked them again; he got the same number as before, and his friend 52; which the two hands and two cribs, with playing, made 130.

THE recent *fracas* at Margate, between two Esculapian Professors, is likely to excite much mirth among the gentlemen of the *toga*, who, *lose* who may, are generally *winners*. The dispute arose upon a professional topic.—One of the gentlemen, hurt that a Veterinary Professor, or, in plain English, a Horse Doctor, should contend with him upon a surgical subject, told him he was as ignorant as a mule. This was so direct a hit between horse and ass, that the Veterinary Gentleman replied, by a twist of his adversary's nose, and a challenge to fight; to which the former demurred, and the Equine Professor rejoined by a severe drubbing with his cane—not a veterinary instrument, for that would have been a horsewhip.—However, the parties have adjourned the contest to the Court of King's Bench, and each has chosen a Special Attorney for his second. Lord Ellenborough, we have no doubt, will shew the combatants fair play; but the odds at starting are anti-veterinary.

N. CANNON, the driver of one of the Kentish stages, has a favourite cock, named Trumpeter, which has won every battle he ever fought; but a short time since he had the misfortune to break his leg in a rat-trap. Nicholas Cannon, who was uncommonly attached to this feathered hero, determined, if possible, to save his life; and, striking off the broken part of the limb, gathered up the fibres of the leg, and placed his favourite securely in a sling; where, after having attended

and fed him for five weeks, he took off the bandage, and found the wound cicatrised. He next set about making an artificial foot; and, being an ingenious fellow, soon fashioned a wooden leg and foot, armed with a spur, and affixed it to the stump of the amputated limb; upon which the cock now actually struts among his barn-door wives, at Canterbury, a terror to all his feathered rivals.

THE qualifications for sporting, it is said, are to be considerably altered this Session of Parliament. In future, L.300 a year, instead of L.100, freehold estate, will be required; in leaseholds, &c. in proportion; and the penalty for killing game by unqualified persons will be L.10, instead of L.5. Three hundred pounds a year is not more, in proportion to the times, than one hundred pounds was in the reign of King Charles II. when the last alteration took place.

THE following is the way-bill, of the *in* and *outside passengers* of one of the Norwich coaches which arrived on Saturday evening, before Christmas day, at the Swan with Two Necks, Lad-Lane—Hares, 154; Pheasants, 163; Partridges, 189; Woodcocks, 34; Snipes, 149; Wild Fowl, 72; Turkies, 72; Chines, 57; Chains of Sausages, 65; ditto, Black Puddings 43; and Sides of Pork, 18.

A SPORTING gentleman, of Yorkshire, won a considerable bet lately, on the extreme extent to which a pound of cotton could be drawn in a thread, by one of the Manchester Spinning Jennies: the loser betted, that it would not reach two miles in length; but, upon admeasurement, it was found to exceed twenty-three.

MR. PEACOCK, of Hockley, has at this time in his possession a turkey hen, under two years old, which has this last season laid more than one hundred eggs; hatched ninety, greatest part cock turkies; and brought to real perfection seventy-five. By the produce of the seventy-five turkies, it is estimated the proprietor will gain more than twenty pounds.

THE following singular circumstance occurred in the garden of Mr. Markwick, of Fittleworth, Sussex,—A hawk pounced on a chicken, about half-grown, and, whilst incumbered with his prey, was perceived by the parent cock, who immediately made at the intruder, and, by one blow, laid him at his feet. The chick was by this time disengaged; and a battle between the hawk and the cock ensued, which ended, after three rounds, in favour of chanticleer; from whose feet Mr. Markwick—who, with two other persons, had witnessed the conflict—took the petty tyrant of the air, with very few remaining symptoms of life, which he presently resigned in his hands.

RARA AVIS.—ONE night, towards the end of this month, a milk-white sparrow was taken in a net, by a farmer at East Grinstead, who has encaged the little captive as a great curiosity.

ABOUT a year since, a Mr. Law, of Sheffield, had a hen perfectly black, which has since changed her colour and her plumage, and become perfectly white.

WEDNESDAY morning, the 25th instant, the landlord of the Wheatsheaf public house, South Lambeth, being out shooting, near Lord Gwidir's seat at Norwood, found a pheasant's nest with a number of eggs. This circumstance is the more extraordinary, as this species of bird seldom lays its eggs before the middle of June.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

HAWKING, A BALLAD.

Made at Falconers' Hall, Yorkshire.

COME, sportsmen, away—the morning how fair!
To the wolds, to the wolds, let us quickly repair:
Bold Thunder* and Lightning* are made for the game,
And Death* and the Devil* are both just the same.

See, Backers‡, a Kite—a mere speck in the sky—
Zounds! out with the owl—lo! he catches his eye—
Down he comes with a sweep—be unhooded each hawk;
Very soon will they both to the gentleman talk.

They're at him—he's off—now they're o'r him again:
Ah!—that was a stroke—see! he drops to the plain—
They rake him—they tear him—he flutters, he cries,
He struggles, he turns up his talons, and dies.

See, a Magpie! let fly—how he flutters and shambles,
How he chatters, poor rogue! now he darts to the brambles—
Out again—overtaken—his spirits now flag—
Flip! he gives up the ghost—good night, Mister Mag.

Lo, a Heron! let loose—how he pokes his long neck,
And darts, with what vengeance, but vainly, his beak!
'Egad, he shifts well—now he feels a death-wound,
And with Thunder and Lightning rolls tumbling to ground.

Thus we Falconers sport—now homewards we stray,
To fight o'er the bottle the wars of the day:
And in honour, at night, of the chase and its charms,
Sink sweetly to rest, with a Dove in our arms.

* Names of Hawks.

‡ The head Falconer.

EXTEMPORE,

On reading that W. Hill had been executed at Nottingham, for violating the person of Sarah Justice.

THOUGH you trifle with Patience, Grace, Margery, or Joan,
Pray be warn'd by my fate, and let Justice alone.
Her vengeance, or sooner, or later each feels,
Her hands are of iron, though leaden her heels.

DREADFUL

DREADFUL CATASTROPHE.

LEMONA was daughter of Hudda the brave,
Whose throne was exalted on high;
His treasures and jewels were hid in a cave,
His nobles were haughty, but each as a slave
Obey'd the least dart of his eye.

Lemona was tall, and Lemona was fair,
Her ringlets hung over her shoulder,
Like the silver-wing'd dove was the smooth of her hair,
Her ancles were taper, her bosom was bare;
Oh! she made the heart throb to behold her.

Lemona had huntsmen and hounds in her train,
And of silver-shod horses a score;
Her palfrey was grey, and of silk was his rein,
He champ'd his gold bit, as he pranc'd on the plain,
And seem'd proud of the burden he bore.

Oh Lemona was happy! for Bruno, the son
Of a rich and a mighty great Earl,
Had sigh'd, and had knelt; and her heart he had won,
As she sat on her seat by the rivers that run
Through bridges of mother of pearl.

Quick throbbings, quick throbbings swell'd thick in her breast,
Her consent was express'd in a falter;
The priests were all ready in surplices dress'd;
Young Bruno most chearly the damsel caress'd,
As they walk'd up the aisle to the altar.

The palace was fill'd, and the chandeliers shone,
The ivory tables were spread,
The bride and the bridegroom were plac'd on a throne,
Which entirely was form'd of a large onyx stone,
With a canopy over their head.

How the laugh shakes the hall, and the ruddy wine flows;
Who, who is so merry and gay?
Lemona is happy; for little she knows
Of the monster so grim, that lays hush'd in repose,
Expecting his evening prey.

While the music play'd sweet, and with tripping so light,
Bruno danc'd thro' the maze of the ball,
Lemona retir'd, and her maidens in white
Led her up to her chamber, and wish'd her good night,
Then went down again to the hall.

The monster of blood now extended his claws,
And from under the bed did he creep;
With blood all besmear'd, he now stretch'd out his paws,
With blood all besmear'd he now open'd his jaws,
To feed on the angel asleep.

He seiz'd on a vein, and he gave such a bite,
And he gave with his fangs such a tug;
She shriek'd—Bruno ran up the stairs in a fright;
The guests follow'd after—when brought to the light,
Lord ha' mercy, they cried—what a Bug!

GAMESTER'S RECANTATION.

A Parody from Macbeth, Act V. Scene 4.

THE rage for gaming now I quite detest;
Tho' time has been my appetite would rise
At sound of dice-box or at sight of cards;
And often at the club, where gamesters met,
While at each sitting thousands won or lost,
For sake of gain I've gambled all night,
And oath's and curses, dire to sober ears,
To me familiar were, and void of blame!

J. J. B.

PROLOGUE

PROLOGUE
TO
CINDERELLA.

WHEN the young eagle on adventr'ous wings
To giddy heights in airy regions springs,
He views with dauntless gaze, and eye serene,
The motley forms that crowd the grov'ling scene,
Pursues, while earth beneath expanded lies,
His bold ascension to the loftiest skies.
Not so the bard, whom wayward powers decree,
This night, to fix Cinderella's destiny;
He, hapless man, must fiery ordeals prove,
And gain by cautious steps your fost'ring love.
Once more Thalia's magic smile revives
The cheering tables of our infant lives;
Oh! give kind welcome to the fairy band,
The mystic matron, and the wizard wand,
The gaudy equipage, and shoes of glass,
E'en fiction's self in wonder shall surpass:
Here let Queen Mab your grateful hearts engage,
And unseen Ariels wander o'er the stage.
Behold by Chapron's baneful ties accurst,
Our belles for Oberon and Titania thirst;
Or, when Mama's relentless hand restrains
The pulse that riot's in Lucinda's veins,
Should soften'd harps and jocund tabors call
Their flutt'ring votary to the festive ball,
Will importune her god-dame's sage advice,
The pumpkin chariot and transmuted mice.
The love-sick swain, who seven long moons has sigh'd,
Rav'd, wept, and swore, despair'd, and almost died,
Shall seek in vain his amorous sorrow's end,
Till elfish sylphids to his suit attend.
With beef and pudding, punch, and home-brew'd ale,
The patriot tribes electors' votes assail,
These slyly simp'ring plumpers' names enroll,
And swell with eager haste the dubious poll;
Well might they treats and toilsome canvas shun,
Could a brib'd fairy to their cause be won;
When steep'd in wine old Toby's eyeballs swim,
What ruddy transports grace the sparkling brim;
Succeeding bumpers raise a new delight,
And Robin dances to his ravish'd sight.
Philario restless, till the stars can boast,
The plund'ring reign of Pharaoh and his host;
Tho' ruin stalk before his face again,
He braves the dangers of th' alluring main;
Implores the false divinity of luck,
And offers incense at the shrine of Puck.
The maiden youth, whom Gowland's skilful aid,
In female charms, and virgin mien array'd,
Should his glad birth propitious Fayes await,
Must press their godheads for Narcissus' fate.
He then might courtship's hallow'd rites enjoy,
And woo a mistress that would never cloy.
May our blest Genius, rising from the surge,
Her favour'd sons to deeds of glory urge;
While hostile fleets these happy coasts invade,
And Corsic tyrants point th' ensanguin'd blade,
Britannia, scorning her deluded foe,
Directs, with nervous arm, the fatal blow;
And prostrate Gallia, trembling at her feet,
Shall curse the dæmons that her fall complete.

W,

A WEST

A WEST COUNTRY FESTIVAL.

In Christmas Holidays, 1804.

WELCOME Zeb, and cousin Kate;
I'm mortal glad you've come, faith!
For we're agoing to celebrate
A jolly Christmas drum, faith!

Ah, Nan! thou art a bucksome puss,
And that, anon, I'll prove thee;
Hauld up thy beak, and gi' us a buss—
Odsniggers! I do love thee.

Here, Mistress! they be cold, mayhap;
Thy cordial bottle hand out:—
Wauns! don't be squeamish—take a drap—
'Tis good to keep the wind out.

Here's Aunt and Suke, and Jenny Stokes,
And Hodge and Clump, so funny;
So we shall crack some merry jokes,
For Aunt's a little dunny.

Here's volunteering Giles, and Ned,
And Ralph—they sarves the King, faith!
Wi' powder'd knobs, and jackets red,
They looks like any thing, faith!

Mam' has on her damask gown,
And Dad his velvet breeches;
And Bet from London's just come down,
And 'bout the fashions preaches.

Mother 'as scragg'd some cocks and hens;
The ham, 't 'as had a soaker;
A huge goose-pye old Gran'am sends,
And Dad has kill'd a porker.

Curtis cooks the victuals yon,
And sweats like any bull, faith!
And at her noggin now and ton,
She takes a hearty pull, faith!

We've plenty of the rarest cheer;
We've zider, mead, and brandy;
Besides, we've tapp'd the best key beer;—
We've pipes and 'baco handy.

Dad shall in elbow chair be set,
And us upon the bench here;
And Aunt shall have a pewter plate,
Because she hates a trencher.

Oh, the fowls, the ducks, the porklin,
The cabbages and mustard!
Lauk o'mercy! how we'll tuck in
Pudding, pye, and custard!

Now, a'ter taking such a cram,
'Tis fit—or I'm mistaken—
To hand us round a little dram—
And keep our guts from aching.

Come Dad! thee'll give a toast, I know;—
A toast that none surpasses—
"God bless the King, and speed the Plough!"
That's hearty!—fill your glasses.

Now silence, Bet! let's have a song!—
Good singers we can crow of—
Zwouns! Rachael! ca'st'nt hold thy tongue,
When Ned's a-going to throw off!

Or wouns! let's have a dance; there's Joe
The fiddle neatly handles.
Dad! thee 'ast got a gouty toe,
So thee can'st snuff the candles.

And whilst we thus the hours beguile,
In harmless recreation,
Smile, propitious Fortune! smile,
On this free, happy nation!

T. R.

Given to a Young Lady, on her soliciting the Author to make known to her his waking Wish on New Year's Morning.

I WISH'D that two vowels were join'd
In wedlock, so holy and true;
I could not but think in my mind
That the vowels must be *I* and *U*.

I turn'd it again in my thoughts,
And turn'd myself round with a sigh;
Nought else could I make of the two,
For, inverted, they came *U* and *I*.

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the

MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

FOR FEBRUARY, 1804.

CONTAINING

Precipitate ..... *Page* 231
Genius Genuine, by Samuel Chifney 231
Fox Hounds—Marquis of Huntley's 233
Mr. Dickinson's 233
Stag Hounds 234
Hatfield Coursing 234
Madame Demidoff's Diamonds; or, the Female Gambler of Quality. 235
Old English Huntsman and Mole-Catcher 237
Mrs. Lee, the Helen of Bolton Row, and the Gordons—Introductory Particulars and first Examination 242
Second Examination 243
The Dream 246
Third and final Examination 247
Mr. Underwood passionately in Love with Mrs. Lee 250
Affection and Sagacity in Dogs 251
Loquacity; or, an Old Woman's Lamentations for the loss of her Poultry 252
Madman and Sportsman 258
Battle between a Tiger and an Alligator 259
Humourous Origin of Names 260
Old English Hospitality, during the Festival of Christmas, at Houghton Hall, the Seat of the Earl of Cholmondeley 261
Result of the Grand Rowing Match between London and Gravesend 262
Theatricals—Drury Lane—The Soldiers Daughter 263
Observations on the celebrated Canine Performer of Drury Lane Theatre 267
Names of Hounds 271
Boxing—Tom Blake, alias Tom Tough, and Jack Holmes 271
To produce a Yellow Rose without a Thorn 273
To make an Aquatic Garden 273
Ramble from Bristol to Mount Mendip 274
The Farm Yard 281
Law Case—Potter *v.* Barnett 281
Pedestrian Wager 282
Agility and Cruelty 282
Feast of Wit 283
Sporting Intelligence 285

POETRY.

The Hen and Hat-Box 289
Song 289
Prologue to the Soldier's Daughter 290
Epilogue to the same 291
Lines on the Death of Mr. Charles Russell 292
Hunting Song 292

Embellished with I. *Precipitate, an Engraving by Mr. Scott, from a Painting by Mr. Marshall.* II. *The Farm Yard, a Sketch from Morland, by Bell.*

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We thank our correspondent Equinus for his Observations upon Mr. Blaine's Domestic Treatise on the Diseases of Horses and Dogs; but if he refers to our Twenty-first Volume, page 327, he will there find an ample account of that valuable performance.

Brimber Crack, whose communications are much approved, will perceive that we have availed ourselves of two of them this month. The rest shall have due attention; but we should like—if any be intended—to receive the conclusion of the Fox-Chase in Lincolnshire, before we insert the former part.

A. B.—T. N.—and J. J. B.—are received, and only wait opportunity, in consequence of the press of temporary matter.

Venator's excellent Hunting Song, &c. is received. His animated encomium upon the Sporting Magazine, as an entertaining miscellany, we shall endeavour to merit; and are sorry to add, that his communications came too late for insertion this month.

Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them, and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.

Precipitate

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR FEBRUARY, 1804.

PRECIPITATE.

Faithfully painted from the Life, by Mr. Marshall, and engraved by Mr. Scott.

PRECIPITATE—bred by the Earl of Egremont, foaled in 1787—by Mercury; his dam by Herod; grand dam, Maiden, by Matchem, out of Mr. Pratt's famous Squirt mare.

Precipitate is engraved and here given to shew the superiority of blood horses to all others, as there is not a purpose for which horses are used but Precipitate would have excelled, having bone, weight, strength, and bulk, sufficient for the waggon and every employment in agriculture: as a coach horse, nothing could be better adapted; his beautiful shape and symmetry will convince every judge what a roadster, charger, or hunter, he might have been; and what a racer he was, the Calendars will testify.

N. B. His winnings, and the horses he beat, shall be given in our next Magazine.

GENIUS GENUINE.

By Samuel Chifney, of Newmarket.

THE early advertisements, announcing this publication, brought us several letters from correspondents, with a sort of anticipation of its contents; and some of them not very favourable to the author. Some remarks were likewise bestowed on the price of the intended work. The whole of the observations, respecting the contents, we believe to be erroneous; and, to shew which, we shall go through the book at our leisure, with impartiality and attention. In respect to the price, it was first advertised at two pounds; then at five pounds; and now, as appears by an advertisement on the cover of our present month's Magazine, it is to be sold at one pound.

The book being advertised to be published on a specific day, and not being brought out as promised, led to the suggestion that the advertisement was meant to attain a very different object from that conveyed

by its insertion in the public papers. But Mr. Chifney tells his readers—"That, from unforeseen circumstances, the author has been prevented publishing his book at the time intended."

Without further preface, we shall now only give the Table of Contents, and the first short article of "Abuses gone Abroad," which precedes the general subject of the work.

CONTENTS.

Abuses that are gone abroad.
Reasons for this Publication.
Scota at Lewes.
Magpie and Seagull.
Traveller and Highlander.
Pegasus and Cardock.
Traveller and Creeper.
Occurrences relative to Escape.
Escape's great Change in his Running.
Escape and Grey Diomed.
Escape's Losing and Winning.
Mr. Warwick Lake's severe saying to the Prince of Wales.
Mr. Warwick Lake's and Frank Neale's infernal Conduct.
Occurrences on the day following my riding Escape on the 21st of October, 1791.
The Prince's Question to Chifney.
The Prince and Sir Charles Bunbury on the subject of Escape.
The Stewards of the Jockey Club examine Chifney.
Sir Charles Bunbury telling the Prince of Wales no Gentleman would start against him.
References to some recent Facts, as furnishing positive Proofs that the Misrepresentations of my Conduct in riding Escape, on the 21st of October, 1791, still operate cruelly against me; and rendering indispensible the Publication of my Narrative.
Mr. Cookson taking Chifney off his horse, Sir Harry, at York, &c.
Affidavit on Escape's running.
To those not well acquainted with the Turf, respecting Horses Changing in their Running.
Mr. W. Lake and Neale telling the Prince Chifney had lost on His Royal Highness's Horse Fitzwilliam.
Duke of Bedford taking Chifney off his Horses.
Duke of Bedford taking Chifney off his Horse Fidget.
Paul and Augusta run twice on the same day.
Riding with a loose Rein.
Reasons why the Turf Horses degenerate; and Guides to recover them to their Strength and Speed.

ABUSES THAT ARE GONE ABROAD.

I AM repeatedly told, by respectable people, and from all quarters, that it is talked in their counties that Chifney lost intentionally upon His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales's horse Escape, at Newmarket, on the 20th of October, 1791; and after Escape had pulled up on this said race, to walk back to scale, that Chifney was laughing to the Prince of Wales because he had got Escape beat; and then, to suit their wicked construction, they said, and I find that it is sent out to the world, that the Prince won such an immense sum of money upon Escape the following day; and that the Prince gives Chifney two hundred guineas a year for his life, after his losing this said race with Escape.

(To be continued.)

FOX HOUNDS.

MARQUIS OF HUNTLEY'S.

(Communicated by a Nobleman.)

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

SIR,

YOU will oblige me, by inserting in your excellent Magazine, the following remarkable fox chase—

The Marquis of Huntley, having lent his fox hounds to his friend, the Honourable Mr. Maule, they had, on Thursday the 12th of January, a most uncommon day's sport. It being a very blustering windy day, they therefore tried a small cover; found; on the first challenge went away close to his brush, and, after a short but sharp burst, killed.

They then tried a large cover; when eight couple of hounds unkennelled a fox, went away with him, and soon crossed a river, so wide and so much overflowed, that Thomas Walker, the huntsman, (late huntsman to the Northumberland hounds) was unable to follow them; he therefore sent the second whipper-in some miles to a bridge; and, in returning himself to the cover, saw part of the hounds, consisting of five couple, made up with them, and attended by Mr. Gordon, of Aberdour, and Captain Harris, of the 3d Dragoon Guards, after a severe run of eighteen miles through a strong and stiff country, killed him in view.—On his return, he met the first whipper-in, who, with the body of the hounds, had killed his fox; and when the second whipper-in got round to the eight couple of hounds, he found them tearing their's. Thus, besides the fox killed in the morning, the pack, consisting of twenty-eight couple, dividing into three parts, killed a brace and a half of foxes, after severe runs with each.

The Marquis of Huntley's hounds, though formed hardly a year, bid fair to rival most packs; and, as no pains are spared, and being manned and horsed in a superior manner, no fox can stand before them. They killed four brace of foxes the week in which the above chase took place.

I am, Sir,
Your most obedient servant,
AN OLD CORRESPONDENT.

Philorth House, Aberdeenshire, February 9, 1804.

MR. DICKINSON'S.

THE hounds of Mr Dickinson, who hunts the country about Leighton Buzzard, in Bedfordshire, met with the following curious circumstance—

A fox was taken alive, and for two or three days previously to his being turned out, was shut up in a shed very near the kennel. On the day appointed, he was taken in a bag, and turned out into a piece of furze, about thirteen miles from home. After allowing him about a quarter of an hour's law, the hounds were dashed into the covert, and instantly broke in full cry, when, after a sharp burst of twenty minutes, the huntsman found his error, in that they had run the *heel* of a shepherd's dog. The owner of the pack, not a little piqued for the credit of his hounds, proposed to try back, and they went again to the furze, where the fox was first loosed. As soon as they had put the terrier into the furze, he unkennelled poor renard, who went straight an end near twenty miles; he was, however, headed, took his old haunt, the furze, in his way back, and, finding himself closely pressed, crossed all the rivulets and deep

deep country, and found his way to the very door where he had been originally confined. He scratched, and made repeated attempts to get in; and one of the servants, who saw him, had no sooner run to open the door, than he went away and took refuge in the kennel, where the door was shut upon him. In a few minutes after, the whole pack in full cry, made him good up to the door; but he had *crossed* the river so many times, that he *crossed* the sportsmen too; for they were all thrown out. Nearly a quarter of an hour elapsed before they came up, and when they did, the kennel door was thrown open, and he was torn to pieces by the hounds.

A correspondent asks, Whether it would have been more sporting to have saved the above fox for the chance of another day, under such circumstances? or, Whether, as a reward due to the hounds, he was killed in a sportsman like form?

STAG HOUNDS.

ON the 16th instant, an outlying deer was found by the subscription hounds of Mr. Morgan, in the Link Wood, Suffolk, belonging to Sir Charles Davers, from whence it broke cover for Little Whelnetham Hall, and made its course for Sicklesmere to Great Whelnetham Hall, when bearing upon the left, through a wood called Old Oxhall, to a plantation of Arthur Young, Esq. passing on the back of Cockfield-street to Staningfield, thence to Lawshall, through Frithy Wood and King's Wood, in its way to Chadacre, reversing its course through Frithy Wood to Shimpling, to a wood known by the name of the Old Park, in Cockfield, down to Alpheton Lion, heading back to Lavenham Lodge, bearing upon the right to Lavenham Springs, where the gallant animal fell a victim to Morgan's *Rattlers*, after a chase of two hours and thirty-five minutes; and although the distance from the Link to Lavenham Springs is not more than eight miles, this extraordinary chase could not be less than twenty-four miles, upon the calculation of those who are fully acquainted with the country.

HATFIELD COURSING.

ON Tuesday the 21st instant, the Coursing Season concluded at Hatfield Park; and which being a public day—by permission of the Marquis and Marchioness of Salisbury—upwards of one hundred horsemen and many pedestrians attended. The Marchioness herself was present, and the day being remarkably fine, with plenty of sport, nothing could exceed the pleasure derived by those who witnessed it. About fifty gentlemen afterwards dined at the Salisbury Arms, where, on removing the cloth, the bets were settled. Mr. Palmer of Hatfield was in the chair. Among the toasts given were, the King, and better health to him; the Marquis of Salisbury; the Marchioness of Salisbury, with thanks for her Ladyship's condescension and politeness in affording the company so excellent a day's coursing; Lord Cranburn; &c. &c.

A part of the company consisted of some gentlemen from London—the city—who were not more exhilarated by the diversion of the morning than they were happy in the conviviality of the evening.

The principal matches were as follow—

Mr.

Mr. Gardiner's dog Spot, beat the Marchioness of Salisbury's black dog, England; the best and most severe course during the day.

Mr. Dyson's brindle dog, against Mr. Archer's True Blue; undecided.

Mr. Harmond's black bitch, against Mr. Hall's Fly; undecided.

Mr. Palmer's black bitch, beat Mr. Gardiner's pied dog.

Mr. Edmond's dog, Fox, beat Mr. Gough's red dog.

Mr. Bryant's White Neck, beat Mr. Kinder's brindle dog.

There were six other courses, the majority of which were very good ones.

MADAME DEMIDOFF'S DIAMONDS;

OR,

The Female Gambler of Quality.

THE Russian gentleman, Mr. Demidoff, is one of the richest individuals in the Russian empire; and he, with his Lady, has resided at Paris for upwards of two years. He occupies one of the first hotels in that city, and lives in a style little inferior to that of the members of the Consular Family, or other revolutionary robbers, grown rich by the unpunished pillage of their beggared and enslaved countrymen.

Every month, Mr. and Madame Demidoff give one or more splendid balls, suppers, *this*, &c. At one of these balls last month, Madame Demidoff lost a beautiful diadem of Smaragos and other diamonds, worth 300,000 livres, or L.12,500; and, by the activity of the police, the thief was discovered to be the young foreign Countess De ——, as handsome in her person as accomplished in her manners. This Countess had for some years been the bosom friend of the rich Princess of C——, who, during her residence at Paris some time ago, complained almost daily of being robbed, by some unknown person, of fine pearls or jewels of great value. When, by the departure of this Princess, the Countess lost one good customer, she pitched upon Madame Demidoff to be another, and insinuated herself so much in her confidence, that she was invited to occupy an appartment in the hotel. Madame Demidoff, in a moment of imprudence, exhibited before the Countess all her jewels, which the latter determined immediately to appropriate to herself, particularly as she, just at that period, had lost a large sum of money by gambling. The last ball, when every body was occupied in dancing or gambling, the Countess believed a good opportunity to execute this determination, and therefore went into the bed-room, where she expected to find nobody; but, unfortunately, the governor of Mr. Demidoff's children, instead of sharing in the pleasures of the ball, had retired to this room, to read without being disturbed. When the Countess entered, she ordered him to leave her alone, as she was rather unwell, and to tell the servants to prevent her from being disturbed. After this, she opened, with a false key, the jewel box, and took the diadem.

The next day, a Russian girl, sent by the Empress of Russia to Paris as an apprentice to a milliner, called upon the favourite chambermaid of Madame Demidoff, who obtained permission to shew her countrywoman her mistress's jewels;

jewels; when she had opened the jewel box, and found the diadem gone, she fainted. Madame Demidoff, certain of the fidelity of her maid, told her husband of her loss, without knowing whom to suspect. After some consultation, it was agreed to disclose it to the Prefect of Police, and to ask his advice. During these transactions, the governor mentioned what had happened in the bed-room the night of the ball.

As usual, the Countess paid Madame Demidoff her morning visit, when she informed her of the robbery. The Countess, at this relation, was confused, went away, and left an impression in the mind of her friend that she was the guilty person.

The Prefect of the Police, in the mean time, advised Mr. and Madame Demidoff to invite to dine with them, unknown to every other person in the house, an able Police Commissary, and to order all the servants to be present during the dinner. As long as at table, the Commissary never ceased for a moment to speak with Madame Demidoff of the theft, but in a joking manner, at the same time fixing his eyes upon every body in the room. When alone with the master and mistress of the house, after the repast was over, he declared to them that he was convinced in his own mind of the innocence of all the servants; but, said he, have you no other acquaintance of suspicious character? Madame Demidoff then mentioned unwillingly the particulars of the Countess's conduct. Hearing this, the Commissary immediately went into the Countess's apartment: he said, "Madam, I am a Police Commissary; you are a foreigner, accused by Government of keeping up a dangerous correspondence with the enemy; I am ordered to look over your papers." The Countess, knowing herself innocent of this accusation, gave him, without resistance, the keys of her bureau and drawers. In her bureau, he found the diamonds of Madame Demidoff's diadem taken to pieces. "These," said the Commissary, "are the very diamonds stolen from Madame Demidoff; and you, Countess, must go with me." On hearing this, the Countess took suddenly a small bason away from the bureau; and when asked what it contained, answered, "some secret water for women." "It cannot be a secret for me," returned the Commissary, in attempting to seize it. "I am a married man." The bason that the Countess tried to throw away contained aqua fortis; where she had dissolved the silver in which the diamonds had been set. It contained, even, besides this, several unhurt diamonds.

Certain now of his affair, the Commissary put the diamonds in his pocket, and carried the Countess, who avowed the theft, to the Prefecture of the Police: and she is condemned to four hours exposure on the pillory, and to two years imprisonment in La Saltpetriere, or the Bridewell; where, in 1787, the famous Countess De La Motte was shut up.

The Countess De ——— has a yearly revenue of 30,000 livres; and her jewel box contained trinkets worth upwards of 150,000 livres.

This Lady is not the only victim of the passion for gambling in France:—A jeweller's wife lately robbed her husband of 10,000 Louis d'ors worth of diamonds, which she lost in gambling; and afterwards poisoned herself when she heard it had ruined her husband. And a banker has, not long ago, to save the honour of his wife, been obliged to pay 200,000 livres by her forged bills; and lost to gamblers.

THE

THE

OLD ENGLISH HUNTSMAN,

AND

MOLE-CATCHER.

From Volume III. of Pratt's Gleanings in England, just published.

I MUST now beg you to accompany me to the hut of an ancient man; nor shall I make an apology for the liberty I take with you, since you liberally allow, I have more than once convinced you that places the least productive of scenic beauty, and the least distinguished in the map of the world, are the most favourable to the lover of his kind, and to the examiner of human nature. If it be true, that

Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,

it is the business of the moral florist; or, shall we rather say, of the mental botanist, to take care that every specimen of Nature's noblest blooms and plants, to whatever class they belong, shall not

Waste their sweetness on the desert air.

Instead, then, of asking your pardon, let me demand your thanks for now leading you over the unsheltered heath and open fields from Woodhurst to Warboys. There, passing a hamlet, let me conduct you along the dreary moor, cold and comfortless as it is, but which supplies with many a warm sensation—the peasant's hearth with peat, turf, and other cottage-fuel of the fenland poor.

Reared of those turfs, on a few poles by way of pillars, and here and there a rude lath to fence the sides, and to form the door-way, behold a sort of hermit-seeming hovel. Yet it is not the abode of an anchoret: it is the daily retirement of a little social old man, aged ninety-three years, whose name is John Grounds. He has followed the occupation of a mole-catcher forty of those years, gaining from the parish the sum of two-pence for the capture of each mole; and, so uninterrupted has been his health, that he has not been prevented in his employment more than thrice in the whole of that long space of time, though the walk from his cottage at Warboys to his turf hovel on the moor, is a full English league, and most of his time passed upon marshy land, amidst humidity and vapours.

Yet how few people who live in the air of a palace, and in the bosom of luxury, can vie with our poor fenlander in all that makes life desirable—health, spirits, and content.

But having shewn you his place of business by day, I will re-conduct you to the hut where he has passed the nights of those forty years in unbroken repose; and as we bend our way to the spot, I will present you with a true portrait of the man, and a brief sketch of his family, and of his adventures.

John Grounds, about sixty years preceding the date of this letter, had been a follower of my father's hounds, and distinguished himself as a lover of the sport; to partake of which, he would bound over the interposing fields, hedges, and ditches, with almost the speed, and more of the spirit, than the hounds themselves, upon the first summons of the bugle-horn. This early activity recommended him to the notice of the huntsman, who preferred him to the whipper in-ship then vacant; and having, in this office, acquitted himself much to the satisfaction of the Squire, and of the pack, which, as he used to say, "all loved him to a dog," he was elevated, on the removal of his first

patron, to another appointment, even to the entire command of the kennel; a situation which he filled for many years with great dignity and reputation. And although it was not till late in his reign, I was of sufficient age to form any personal opinion of those achievements, which to the enthusiasts of the field-sports are reckoned as important as any which are appreciated by heroes of another description, in the field of battle—and perhaps with more reason, certainly with less criminality, considering the general causes of war. I was old enough before he resigned the canine sceptre, to attest that his government exhibited that happy mixture of fortitude and moderation, encouraging the true, correcting the false, paying honour to the sagacious, and rearing up the young and thoughtless to steady excellence, at the same time punishing the babbler, and teaching the ignorant. And I remember, I even then thought that poor John Grounds might furnish no mean model, whereby to form those who are destined to rule a more disorganized and extensive empire; and how often has this idea since occurred to me, as I traced back the events of my boyish days! That simple monarch of my father's kennel, thought I, might come forth in the blameless majesty of dominion, and dictate wisdom to ministers and kings.

The only poetical work which my father seemed truly to enjoy, was Somerville's fine poem of the Chase, and often meeting it in my way, I perused and re-perused it with avidity; not so much from any love of its glorious subject, as my father often called it, nor because I caught any thing of the spirit which the music of hounds and of the horn is said to inspire, for I was extremely degenerate in that respect; but because I seemed to be led over hills and dales, and scoured the plains, and followed the echoes through their woods, and brushed the dew, and passed the stream in company and under conduct of the Muses. These appeared to show me the hare, her velocity and her energy, without worrying her. In numbers more harmonious than the sounds which were reverberated from the hills or thickets, these tuneful associates brought every thing of beauty and of sense to my mind's eye: and in reciting aloud different passages, that painted the loveliness of early morn, the fragrance of nature, the sagacity of the dog, and the pride of the horse, I was not seldom praised by my dear father, who thought me at length a convert to the joys and honours of the chase, when in effect I was only animated by the charms of verse; and I was complimented for my feelings being congenial with the sportsman, when in truth I was in raptures only with the poet.

As time warned my father of the necessity of relinquishing the vehement exercise connected with these diversions, John Grounds passed with a fair character into the service of Lady St. John of Bletsoe, as her Ladyship's gamekeeper, in which office he remained, in "goodly favour and liking," as he expressed it, till the sorrowful day of her death. After this he married, and lived well pleased till his first wife's decease; but he found the holy estate so happy, that he entered upon it again; and jocosely now advises, his second dame not to give him another opportunity, for fear the third time should not be so favourable.

This mole-catching is united with the occupation of bird frighter, in those parts of the year when the feathered plunderers assault the corn

corn or fruits; or when, as their poetical advocate observed, "the birds of heaven assert their right to, and vindicate their grain." But, "poor fools," would Grounds often say, "I sometimes think they have as good a right to a plumb, or a cherry, or a wheat-ear, as any Christian person; and so I seldom pop at them with any thing but powder; and that more for the pleasure of hearing the noise of the gun, than to do any execution; except now and then, indeed, I let fly at a rascally old kite, who would pounce upon cherry and bird too, and carry off one of my chicks into the bargain, if it lay in his way."

"And when I do try my hand at a thief, I am not often wide of my mark," cried the old man in a late interview; "I can still give him a leaden luncheon when I have a mind to it. Now and then, too, a carrion crow, with a murrain to him, and a long-necked heron, with a fish in his mouth, goes to pot: but, somehow I don't relish fixing my trap for these poor soft creatures!" taking one from the mole-bag slung across his shoulders; "they look so comfortable, and feel so soft and silky; and when they lay snugly under the earth, little think, poor souls! what a bait I have laid for them, seeing I cover the mumble-stick with fresh sod so slyly, there seems to be no trap at all. Though they turn up the ground to be sure, and rootle like so many little hogs; and for that matter, do a power of mischief: and as for blindness, 'none are so blind as those who wont see,' your Honour. These fellows know a trap as well as I do, and can see my tricks as plain as I can see theirs; and sometimes they lead me a fine dance from hillock to hedge, with a murrain to them! pass through my traps, and after turning up an acre of ground, sometimes in a single night, give me the slip at last."

But it is time to look at the portrait of the man. And, lo! seated on a brown bench cut in the wall, within the chimney-place, in a corner of yon rude cottage, he presents himself to your view. Behold his still ruddy cheeks, his milk-white locks, partly curled and partly straight—see how correctly they are parted in the middle, almost to the division of a hair—a short pipe in his mouth—his dame's hand folded in his own—a jug of smiling beer warming in the wood-ashes—a cheerful blaze shining upon two happy old countenances, in which, though you behold the indent of many furrows, they have been made by age, not sorrow—the good sound age of health, without the usual infirmities of long life, exhibiting precisely the unperceived decay so devoutly to be wished. On the matron's knee sits a purring cat: at the veteran's foot, on the warm hearth, sleeps an aged hound of my father's breed, in the direct line of unpolluted descent; or, "a true chip of the old block," as John phrased it; and who, by its frequent and quick-repeated whaffle or demi-bark, seems to be dreaming of the chase. An antique gun is pendant over the chimney: a spinning wheel occupies the vacant corner by the second brown bench: and a magpie, with closed eyes, and his bill nestled under his wing, is at profound rest in his wicker cage. To close the picture, the mole-bag, half filled with the captives of the day, thrown into a chair, on which observe a kitten has clambered, and is in the act of playing with one of the soft victims, which it has contrived to purloin from the bag, for its pastime: while the frugal but sprightly light, from the well-stirred faggot, dis-

plays on the mud but clean walls, many a lime-embrowned ditty, as well moral as professional: such as —"God rest you, merry gentlemen"—"The morning is up, and the cry of the hounds"—"The sportsman's delight"—"Chevy Chase"—and, "The jolly huntsman."

Such exactly were persons and place, as in one of my visits of unfading remembrance of the good old folks, whom I had known in early days. I walked to Warboys, and surveyed its famous wood and fen.

But would you have a yet closer view of this happy, healthy, and innocent creature, who has passed near a century in blameless discharge of varied employments, without having heaved one sigh of envy, or, as he told me, "shed one tear of sorrow, but when his parents died, or a friend and neighbour was taken away."

You must suppose you see him in his best array, when he walked three miles after having before walked three to his mole-traps, "purposely and in pure love" as he assured me, "to return my kind goodness with goodness in kind."

This happened at Woodhurst, and at the house of John Hills, from which my heart has already so successfully, as you tell me, addressed yours. The pencil of a painter from Nature could never had a happier opportunity of sketching from the life, an old sportsman of England, in the habit of his country and his calling. It was no longer the little mole catcher in his worsted gaiters and leathern deep-tanned jacket, sitting on his oak bench in a jut of the chimney, with a short pipe in his mouth, and his torn round hat (till he recollected his guest) fixed sideway on his head, like a Dutch peasant; it was an ancient domestic of the old English gentleman, dressed cap-a-pee for the field. A painter, faithful to the apparel of other times, would have noticed the specific articles that formed this kind of character; the short green coat, the black velvet cap, with its appropriate gold band and tassel, the buck-skin gloves and breeches, the belt with its dependent whistle, and the all-commanding whip. Let your fancy assist you in placing these upon the person above described, and the exterior of John Grounds will figure before you. But this will be doing the good old man but half justice. O! the heart, the heart! what is the painting of the man, without a portrait of the heart?

Represent, I pray you, to your mind's eye this venerable personage running into my arms the moment he observed me, exclaiming in tones which nature never gave the hypocrite—"I beg pardon, Sir, for my boldness, but I thought you would like to see me in my old dress, which I have kept ever since in a drawer by itself, and never take it out but now and then of a sabbath, in summer, and to put an old friend—as your honour, begging your pardon—in mind of old times. I know well enough it don't become me to take such a gentleman by the hand, and hold him so long in my arms, only seeing I have carried you in them, from one place to another all about the premises of the squire's old house and gardens, years upon years——"

After a pause, he adverted to the particulars of his dress; assuring me they were the very same things he wore the last year at my father's, except the plush waistcoat, which was a part of my Lady St. John's livery. "To be sure, your honour," said he, gaily, "they are, like myself, a little the worse for wear; the old coat, you see, (turning it about) has

has changed colour a bit, from green to yellow; the cap is not altogether what it was; and this fine piece of gold round the crown is pretty much faded; but we are all mortal, your honour knows; but old friends must not be despised."

During this converse, John and Dame Hills may be truly said to have "devoured up his discourse." Every word he had said had reference to my family or myself—a magnet which had power to draw their attentions and affections at any time. Nor did they neglect the dues of hospitality, which, on my account, and their own, were doubled; and they placed before their guest, with whom they had always lived in good neighbourhood, whatever the farm, its pantry, and its cellar, could afford. "A flow of soul" soon followed this feast of friendship. Grounds had before forgot his fatigue, his long walks, and his new trades; and soon remembered only his fine days of youth, his masters, his kennel, and his former self. "You was too much of a youngling, I suppose," said Grounds, "to recollect the many times I carried you to see my hounds fed, and told you the names of every one of them, and, as I gave my signs, bade you hark to Ringwood, and Rockwood, and Finder, and Echo; then put you before me upon Poppet, your father's favourite hunting mare. But I think you can't forget my stealing you out from old Mrs. Margaret, the housekeeper's room, to shew you a thing you had so often wished to see—puss in her form—and your bidding me take it up gently, that you might carry it home and bring it up tame: then, on my telling you, laughing, it would not let me, your creeping on tip-toe to catch it yourself; upon which it jumped up and set off, and you after it as fast as you could run; and your coming back to me, crying—when it took the headland and got out of sight—'you should have had it, if I, like an old fool, had not made so much noise;' and when I told you you stood a good chance to see it again, and smoaking on the squire's table—after giving us a good morning's sport—which, by the bye, was the case, for we had her the very next hunt—you said, 'you did not want to eat, but keep her alive, and make her know you." And when I offered to stick her scut in your hat you threw it at me; and Mrs. Margaret says you would not touch a morsel of it, for spite:" ha! ha! ha!

After some hours, passed in these and in other remarks, which, while they delineate character, and describe the present time and circumstances, renew, and give, as it were, a second life to the past, Grounds took leave of the party with tears, that spoke the sincerity of an apprehension, that he was looking at and embracing me for the last time; and then hurried over the fields, which gave me sight of him near a mile. And, when his figure became diminished, I did not quit the window, till an interposing hedge shut him wholly from my view.

P. S. The portrait of this laborious, grateful, long-lived, and blessed old man, will be rendered doubly acceptable to the public by the pencil of the elder Barker, as that excellent painter has perpetuated the veteran, with his family and cottage, on canvas; whose figures Genius will long preserve.

This is a most exquisite performance, and it is to be seen at Mr. Barker's house, Sion Hill, Bath.

MRS.

MRS. LEE,
THE HELEN OF BOLTON ROW;
AND
THE GORDONS.

Introductory Particulars and First Examination.

ON Sunday, the 15th of January, the Rev. Lockhart Gordon, and Mr. Lauden Gordon, brothers, dined with Mrs. Lee, a lady of considerable property, at her house, in Bolton Row, Piccadilly. In a short time after dinner, Mrs. Lee rang the bell of an adjoining room to that in which she had been dining with the gentlemen, which was answered by a female servant, whom Mrs. Lee ordered to get her a glass of water, appeared very low-spirited, and desired the servant to remain in the adjoining room, as she was afraid the gentlemen would take her away. To which the servant answered, that it was impossible to take her out of her own house: but Mrs. Lee replied, they were armed with pistols, and feared they would force her. She then returned to the room where they dined; and, in a few minutes after, Mrs. Lee's footman was sent out to call a hackney coach. While he was gone, the two female servants were alarmed by their mistress's voice, saying, "I will not be taken out of my own house," which induced them to go to her assistance; when they found the two Mr. Gordon's forcing Mrs. Lee down stairs from the drawing-room, and Mrs. Lee holding by the bannisters, resisting them: on which, they went to her assistance, and endeavoured to rescue her from the gentlemen; when Mr. Lockhart Gordon seized them both, and presenting a pistol, swore he would shoot them both, if they made any noise or resistance; and succeeded in forcing Mrs. Lee out of her house into a post-chaise, which was in waiting within a few yards of the door, the post-boy being ready mounted, and drove off as soon as the parties got in with the greatest speed possible. The servants followed it with screams and cries, but in vain; the swiftness with which it drove eluded all pursuit.

The servants making this extraordinary circumstance known to Mrs. Lee's friends on Monday morning, Mr. Parkin (the solicitor for the Post-Office) applied, with the servants, at the Public-Office, Bow Street, and Mr. Robinson, the sitting magistrate, issued his warrant to apprehend the Mr. Gordons; and Miller and Atkins, two of the officers, were dispatched in pursuit of the parties. They continued their inquiries during the day, and in the evening they learned that Mr. Lockhart Gordon had been at his lodgings, in the New Road, Mary-le-bonne, and had dressed, and gone out to a ball in Portland-place, to which they pursued him, as directed; but on their arrival at the house, they learnt he had been there, but was gone. Having lost all trace of him, they thought they must give up the pursuit for the night, it then being near eleven o'clock; but before they returned home, they set off for Mrs. Lee's house, to see that all was quiet there; but when they got into Bolton Street they heard the watchmen's rattle, and, on their coming up to the spot, found a gentleman in their custody, who, on inquiry, proved to be Mr. Lockhart Gordon; upon which the officers told him they had a warrant against him. His pistols were then taken from him, and he was secured: they both proved to be loaded with ball.

It appeared, that Mr. Gordon had

had been to Mrs. Lee's house about eleven o'clock that night, in a hackney coach, and, having gained admittance into the passage, told the servants he was come for Mrs. Lee's clothes; but observing a strange man in company with the footman, he inquired if he was a peace officer, and was retiring, when the footman slipped out of the house, and procured the assistance of two watchmen, and just as the coach was driving from the door, with Mr. Gordon in it, they returned; and one of the watchmen, striking the near horse a violent blow on the head with his staff, stopped the coach, when Mr. Gordon jumped out of it, and, presenting two pistols, swore he would shoot any man who attempted to take him, and ran away towards Curzon Street, Piccadilly.

Tuesday morning following, he was brought to Bow Street, and underwent a long examination before Mr. Bond and Sir William Parsons, when the above circumstances were fully established by the servants, and several other witnesses.

During the examination, Mr. Bond had frequently occasion to reprove the prisoner for his indecorous conduct, in interrupting the witnesses, and at last was obliged to have him removed from the bar till the evidence was gone through; when he was put to the bar again, and the depositions read to him, to which he declined making any defence.

By the statutes, the 3d of Henry VII. and of 30th Elizabeth, it is made felony, without benefit of clergy, to take any woman forcibly away, with intent to possess her property, marry her without her consent, or to defile her person. Mr. Parkin therefore contended, that it was fair to presume the offence in question came within the meaning of those statutes, and in this opinion Mr. Bond and the other magistrate concurred. The prisoner, on being apprised of the situation in which he stood, said, he was very willing the law should take its course, and that he should readily meet any prosecution on that ground. He was committed for further examination.

The prisoner is in deacon's orders, and has a gentleman-like appearance.

Mr. Lauden Gordon, since his arrival in England from the West Indies, about two months ago, has resided near Ranelagh, and a part of the time in the same house with his brother, Mr. Lockhart Gordon, at Alsop's Buildings, New Road.

SECOND EXAMINATION.

OWING to the active measures pursued by Mr. Bond, Lauden Gordon and Mrs. Lee were secured at Gloucester, on the Wednesday, and, with Lockhart Gordon, the clergyman, underwent a long examination, on the Friday following, in Bow Street, before the above magistrate, and Sir William Parsons.

The singularity of the occurrence excited considerable curiosity, and brought to recollection the tales of ancient days, when distressed damsels were run away with by vile enchanters and disloyal knights. The room was crowded with gentlemen, waiting with anxious expectation the result of the examination, which was taken up stairs, and afterwards read below.

At half past two o'clock, Mrs. Lee, supported by her solicitor, Mr. Parkin, entered the Office, in extreme agitation, and was accommodated with a chair by the side of Mr. Bond. A few minutes afterwards

afterwards, Lockhart Gordon was brought over; he lounged up to the bar with a newspaper in his hand, and took a careless view of the spectators. His brother, Lauden Gordon, was next introduced, and welcomed by Lockhart with a a cordial shake of the hand. The evidence was then read to the following effect—

Fanny Antonina Lee, of Bolton Row, Piccadilly, stated, that she was the wife of Matthew Lee, Esq. that she had known Mr. Lauden Gordon from childhood; and having lately had a *dream* of wondrous, yet intricate import, which she had communicated to him; he had written her a letter, solving the difficulty; and, with his brother Lockhart, dined with her last Sunday. Nothing particular occurred during the repast; but when their meal was concluded, and the glass had made a few circulations, Lockhart pulled out his watch, and exclaimed to his brother—"'Tis near seven o'clock! you know the chaise was ordered here by seven!" She instantly demanded, "What chaise?" Lockhart replied, "You are going with my brother to-night;" to which she answered, "No, I am not indeed." Lockhart rejoined, "Lauden has got a present for you:" She asked "What present?" Lockhart then pulled out a plain gold ring, such as is usually produced at weddings, and said to his brother —"Here, give it her." They consequently attempted to put it on her finger, which she resisted; but, upon Lockhart Gordon drawing out a brace of pistols, she was so terrified that she fell into a state of insensibility, and does not remember any thing till she found herself forcibly confined in a post-chaise, between Lockhart and his brother. The horses and chaise were changed twice, and in the dead of the night they reached Tetsworth, nine miles on this side of Oxford; where, after knocking up the people of the inn, supper was ordered; after which, Lockhart told her to go to bed, which she complied with; and, in a short time, was followed by Lauden. No personal violence was used; but, from a firm persuasion that her death would be the consequence of a resistance, and not from inclination, she and Lauden Gordon slept in the same bed that night. Next morning, at breakfast, Lockhart said—"In my brother, who adores you, you have now a protector for life; and in me you have found the best friend you ever had, one who will never desert you whilst he has a drop of blood in his veins." After breakfast, Lockhart departed for town, and she was prevailed upon to proceed with Lauden to Gloucester.

Margaret Davison, servant to Mrs. Lee, corroborated the production of the pistols, and the force used in carrying off her mistress; particularly Lockhart threatening, in the passage, to shoot his brother, if he did not convey Mrs. Lee to the chaise; and, when seated therein, menacing the post-boy, that if he did not instantly drive off, he would blow his brains out.

At the conclusion of this last information, Lockhart Gordon requested to know, if he might be permitted to make some few observations? and receiving the polite assent of Mr. Bond and Sir William Parsons, he spoke as follows—

"It may be very right, Gentlemen, where a woman is concerned, to act delicately; but I do not perceive why I am to be sacrificed to suit the convenience of Mrs. Lee. When I was sent from hence, on Tuesday, I was told that I was not to be brought up again till that day sennight; but, merely because it is agreeable to herself, and her solicitor, I am dragged forward, unprepared;

prepared; nor can it be supposed, that, without previous notice, the feelings of a man can be sufficiently steeled to stand in my situation, to endure the gaze of a multitude, and submit to the sport of all idle persons, who may be collected by the impulse of unfeeling curiosity."

Mr. Bond—"If you will allow yourself time for recollection, I should conceive, Mr. Gordon, you will think us rather entitled to your thanks than reproaches. Your brother and Mrs. Lee arrived in town last night; and, at the request of her solicitor, Mr. Parkin, you are now brought forward, to prevent an unnecessary continuance of confinement, by giving us an opportunity of ascertaining whether the offence, with which you stand charged, is here to be considered a capital crime, or bailable as a misdemeanor."

Lockhart Gordon would not allow himself at all indebted to the consideration of the magistrates, but insisted he had been shamefully used; and, from time to time, reiterated his complaints with much obstinacy and confidence. He adverted, with bitter acrimony, to the statements which have appeared in the papers respecting his first examination, but the veracity of which he fully established in his subsequent observations. He, upon Margaret Davison replying to an interrogatory, "I do not recollect, Sir," violently rejoined, "Not recollect! You must have a very short memory, Madam. I say you do recollect; and you're *a little infernal lying Devil*!" Previous to Mrs. Lee being sworn to the truth of her information, Lockhart observed, that she had declared *they* were armed with pistols, whereas it was only *himself*; and, with peculiar animation, addressed her with—

"For God's sake, Madam, don't sign it! Remember there is another world! and though you may not believe it, there are many here who do. Had you not been so inveterate against my brother, I had determined to have stood my trial in silence; but am now resolved not to spare you a single inch, since you are sanguinary in persecuting a man whom you know you once was dotingly fond of."

Mrs. Lee—"I am tenderly alive to his situation and yours; and, so far as I have been enabled, have endeavoured to save you both; nor is it the first time your lives have been in my power."

Lockhart Gordon denied this; and supplicated the magistrates on the part of his brother. "For me, Gentlemen, you may use your pleasure; commit me to any prison in the metropolis; but consider there is nothing criminal can attach to Lauden Gordon. He will, I hope, be of use to his country, though you now see him brought to this degrading situation, by my misconduct.

All the evidence against the prisoners not being yet adduced, they were committed for re-examination next Friday; and, at the request of the solicitor for the prosecution, remained till then in separate prisons.

Mrs. Lee appeared to be about thirty years of age; her figure is delicate and interesting; her eyes mild, yet expressive; and her voice is extremely articulate and melodious. She is a natural daughter of the late Lord Le Despencer, who left her by will the sum of L.40,000. She afterwards married Matthew Lee, Esq. known in the fashionable circles by the appellation of the "Handsome Lee." From mutual disagreement they separated; and her husband receives from Mrs. Lee a liberal annual allowance.

Lockhart and Lauden Gordon are first and second cousins to the

present Earl of Portsmouth; their mother, who was sister to the late Earl, was the Honourable Mrs. Gordon, and kept a school, of some celebrity, next door to Fozard's, in Park Lane, in a house inhabited at present by Lady Wellesley.

Lauden conducted himself, during the examination, with temper and propriety; but the behaviour of Lockhart was indecorous as a clergyman, and unpardonable as a man. They have both a fashionable air, though the advantage of person is eminently in favour of Lockhart.

The Earl of Stair and Colonel Desbrow were among the numerous spectators who attended.

THE DREAM.

Mrs. Lee, in her deposition before stated, mentioned a Dream which she had, of wondrous and intricate import. The Lady's Dream, however, was not disclosed on the examination, but a good-natured scribe, attached to one of the daily papers, fabricated the following; and which, though a *fabrication*, we publish for the amusement of our readers—

"On Thursday, she went into her bed room about 11 o'clock at night. It was very cold, and a shivering came upon her. The shivering continued for some time after she lay down, and about twelve she fell asleep. In the course of the night, she dreamed she was upon a lone and desolate island. A dreadful storm came on, and she saw two worlds coming in contact with each other. She saw written upon the one, "the Western;" and, on the other, "the Eastern world." After a short conflict, the Eastern world sunk beneath the Western world; the former vanished entirely, and the latter began to assume the shape of a man. In a few minutes, it stood a man complete; and she had a distinct view of his person and countenance. He appeared as if standing in a plantation of sugar-canes. He had a beautiful child in his arms, with which he came forward, and presented her; but at this very moment a man, dressed in black, rushed in between them, and the child fell to the ground. She shrieked, and awoke. On her awaking, she felt a violent palpitation at the heart, and was greatly alarmed. She began to reflect upon the dream. Her thoughts turned particularly upon the man. His person and countenance were as plain to her imagination as if he stood manifest before her eyes. He was a young man, about twenty-two, middle sized, well made, with an oval countenance, apparently discoloured by a warm climate, good teeth, and light brown hair. In her dream, it never struck her that she had seen him before; but, after she awoke, and had time for reflection, upon a review of all her acquaintance, it struck her that the person, whom she saw in her sleep, was Mr. Lauden Gordon. The more she reflected, the more she was confirmed in this idea; and what struck her particularly was, that the figure seen in her sleep wore a beautiful ring, such as she had noticed on Mr. Lauden Gordon. She had been very restless for several weeks past, and had many dreams, much more remarkable and curious, but none that made any impression upon her mind. The circumstances of this dream, however, were constantly before her eyes, and she could not banish it from her thoughts. With a view, therefore, to relieve her anxiety, she sent an account of it to Mr. Lauden Gordon, requesting a solution.

lution. It described the man, who appeared to her as quite naked, and that he forced her into a bed with yellow damask curtains, of an old flower pattern, and a painting upon the tester, representing the figure of Adam and Eve in Paradise."—There were some other particulars, which we do not think fit to mention, which probably induced the Lady to decline giving an account of the dream to the magistrates."

A Morning Paper, of Saturday the 28th, contains the following article on the subject of the Dream—

"It gives us pleasure to be authorized to state, that the account of Mrs. Lee's dream, as published in several of the papers, is an *entire fabrication*, without a particle of truth. We are assured, also, that she did not *send* the dream to Mr. Lauden Gordon, for his comment or interpretation. Having had a very extraordinary dream, she was writing an account of it to a friend, when Mr. Lauden Gordon happened to call upon her. At his entreaty, she permitted him to take it, and he afterwards sent her a *spiritual* comment upon it, which she conceived might have been dictated by his brother, the clergyman, with whose real character she was then unacquainted. There was, however, nothing in the least contrary to decorum in either the dream or the interpretation; nor could she possibly anticipate the unfortunate consequences that have ensued from such a circumstance."

THIRD & FINAL EXAMINATION.

FRIDAY, the 27th, being the day fixed upon for the final examination of the two Gordons, great interest was made to be admitted to hear this extraordinary business, the subject of which has become the universal conversation throughout the United Kingdom: but the greatest desire expressed was to behold their persons, as the circumstances of the case are fully before the public. A large concourse of people being expected to apply for admission, a party of the patrole were stationed at the office, to prevent the admission of improper persons. About nine o'clock, numbers began to apply for entrance, but none were admitted, except those who had permission from the magistrates. Near four hundred persons were assembled, and numbers of them were so completely wedged in, that it may literally be said they could neither move hand nor foot. The Portuguese ambassador was so extremely overcome with the heat and the pressure, that he could not remain, and it was with the greatest difficulty that he could get out.

Mrs. Lee came to the office at an early hour, in a coach, accompanied by her attorney, Mr. Parkin. She was admitted at the private door, and a room on the first floor allotted her.

Lockhart Gordon arrived in a hackney coach, in the custody of the goaler, from Tothillfields Bridewell, about ten o'clock. Lauden Gordon arrived about the same time, in a similar manner, from Clerkenwell Bridewell. They had likewise a room allotted to them on the first floor of the office.

Mr. Const, who attended as counsel for Mrs. Lee, was ready to proceed with the examination soon after eleven, but the prisoners' counsel not being arrived, they waited till about twenty minutes before one, when Mr. Serjeant Best and Mr. Abbott came. It was then proposed to them that Mrs. Lee should only be present during her own examination being read, which

was objected to by the prisoner's counsel; and it was agreed she should be in the office during the whole of the examination.

The prisoners were then sent for, and placed at the bar.

When the bustle of the office was a little hushed, Mr. Lockhart Gordon expressed a wish to speak, and delivered himself to the following effect—

"I have to regret, Mr. Bond, that on my two former examinations, owing to a natural impetuosity of temper, and a decided ignorance of the forms of justice, I was led into a blameable error of conduct. I confess I thought myself ill used in being brought up last Friday unprepared, without the advice of counsel, and the consolatory attendance of such friends as, in my unhappy situation, every man must feel inexpressibly happy to receive.—I beg your pardon for my inadvertency; and trust the good sense of yourself, and Sir William Parsons, will induce you to receive this concession as a sufficient apology."

Mr. Bond and Sir William Parsons expressed, in handsome terms, that they were perfectly satisfied; when the business of the day began.

The informations were severally read, of Mrs. Lee and her servant, with the addition, that William Martin, the footman, said—"That on Sunday, the 15th instant, whilst in the pantry, he was called up by the maid, Janet Davison, and told to go for a coach; that he went to Piccadilly, was absent about ten minutes, and, upon returning, at the end of Bolton Street, heard a voice, which he knew to be Davison's, his fellow servant, calling out Murder! Murder! he then ran to Bolton Row, and saw her and Sarah Hunt running and screaming—"They've carried my mistress "away!" He saw the chaise, and pursued it to Park Lane, but it went with such velocity that he could not overtake it."

The addition made to the information of Mrs. Lee, stated—"That, after sleeping with Mr. Landen Gordon, in the same bed, at Tetsworth, they met at breakfast with Lockhart Gordon. When the repast was over, she had a very interesting conversation with Lockhart; in consequence of which, from serious apprehensions, but whether well or ill founded she cannot say, she was induced to deliver a letter to Mrs. Edmonds, the landlady of the Inn, at Tetsworth, addressed to Janet Davison, her servant, in Bolton Row, mentioning—"No money, no clothes, compli-"ance or death! and signed "R. "A. Lee." She would not state the particulars of the conversation alluded to; but said that Lockhart Gordon was in so distracted a state of mind that he did not know what he did or said.

Mr. Parkin's deposition was read, the substance of which was to this effect: that he had known the said Mrs. Lee, (late Rachael Fanny Antonina Dashwood, spinster) for upwards of seventeen years; and who, about the year 1794, intermarried with Matthew Allen Lee, Esq. that, soon after the marriage, a settlement was made of Mrs. Lee's property, by the Court of Chancery, by which nearly the whole of it was vested in the trust of Mr. Parkin and three other Gentlemen, who were authorized to pay a certain sum to Mrs. Lee, for her own sole and separate use: that, in the year 1795, a separation took place; when it was agreed that Mrs. Lee should receive one thousand pounds per year for her life, and which had been paid to her ever since that period, she continuing to live separate from

from her said husband, who was still living.

The informations being signed and sworn to, at the conclusion, Mrs. Lee observed, that it was all true, but that, comparatively speaking, she had said very little: Lockhart Gordon instantly remarked, with great expression of eye and gesture, "Why, I think, Mrs. Lee, the less you say the better."

Sir William Parsons then informed the prisoners that the time was arrived to make any observations they might choose; which they mutually declined, leaving it to Mr. Abbott, who observed "that he should object to any discussion at present, but at the day of trial he had no doubt but his clients would be completely justified before a jury of their country."

Mr. Const intimated to the Bench, that the evidence not being complete in Middlesex, we would wish the trial to take place at the next Oxford Assizes, which was agreed to, and all the parties, under a recognizance of L.40, were consequently bound over to prosecute.—The Assizes at Oxford commence on the 3d of March next.

Before the Gordons were removed from the Bar, Lockhart good-naturedly said, "Mr. Bond, this perhaps is the last time of our meeting—I hope we part without any bitterness."

Mr. Bond handsomely replied, "I am so satisfied, Mr. Gordon, with your conduct to-day, that you may depend upon it no impression to your prejudice remains upon my mind." In which sentiment Sir William Parsons liberally and cordially coincided.—The examination ended at half past two.

Several theatrical characters attended; viz. Bannister, Lewis, and Johnstone. The press was so excessively great, that Bannister, as *Sylvester Daggerwood*, hinted to the magistrates, "a crowded house, but not profitable."

The subject has been so extremely interesting, that it will, no doubt, prove both amusing and instructive to our readers, to state the law from the best authorities, upon the forcible abduction and defilement of a female.

"If a woman be forcibly taken in one county, and afterwards goes voluntarily into another county, and be there married or defiled with her own consent, the fact is not indictable in either, for the offence, which consists in the forcibly taking, and subsequent marriage or defilement, is not complete in either; but, "if the force continued upon "her at all in the county into which "she was so taken," the offender may be indicted there, although the actual marriage or defilement afterwards took place with her own consent."

Mrs. Lee, we are further informed, has not been very much in the gay world since the separation from her husband. She has ever been known, more particularly, as the sister of a Gentleman, who was styled "Handsome Dashwood!" whose liberality and unsuspecting goodness led him into the vortex of St. James's dissipation, which he pursued to his own inconvenience. His manners, his person, and his fortune, obtained for him the hand of Lord Lauderdale's sister in marriage; and, to repair the mistake of his early days, he undertook, in a very profitable situation, to make a journey to the Cape of *Good Hope*.

But the effects of his early life have bereft his friends of all that was dear to them; when, in such a man, high honour, scrupulous integrity, and inviolate friendship, could lay claim to such a distinction. His partiality to his sister, and her affection for him, knew

equal

LOQUACITY;

OR,

An Old Woman's Lamentations for the loss of her Poultry.

(Concluded from Page 211.)

CONTENTS.

The Conjectures of the Servants upon the Contents of Goody Cubate's Letter—Wit, &c. on the occasion—The Huntsman transfers his Epistle to the Squire—He reads it to the Company assembled in the Hall—Proposes the Hunting of the Fox—Goody Cubate, almost in Despair, is surprised by the cry of the Hounds and the sight of the Fox—The Hounds pass—The Death of the Fox—Collection made for the Widow—Her Raptures on the occasion.

THE servants were seated in the servants' hall, at dinner, and the housekeeper was distributing lusty rounds of beef to each, when the boy entered, and delivered into her hand the returns of the post. She cast her eye over the letters. Looking earnestly at one, she exclaimed—"Bless me, here is a letter for you, huntsman, big enough for a sermon. It is a love epistle, I suppose, from one of your rural favourites; some pretty Phebe or Rosalin whom you have wounded. I fancy she lives by the side of a wood, in a neat little cottage, and is all innocence and simplicity; for it is most curiously folded, and the superscription is singular—'For Squire T——'s Huntsman, whatsomeaver his name may be, at Topeley Hall.' Ha, ha, ha! a most curious direction. Well, John, there is your packet; *whatsomeaver* your name may be, I have delivered it safe into your hand."

John broke open his epistle. "Oh, d—n it," said the coachman, "your favourite is about to break her heart, and has put her letter into mourning." "I guess whence it comes," said the huntsman; "I suppose my old dear granny is dead, and they have sent me her funeral sermon." As he unfolded the letter, coachie's eye caught the address, and exclaimed—"Chalk my wig! 'Dear Sir!' That beats every thing! That's a high go! However, huntsman, take my advice, and put up your epistle, and finish your dinner before you read it, or I believe you will not finish it to-day, from what I see of it." "By G—d," said the huntsman, "you are right; for I can make nothing of it, it is worse than a bad scent; so go into my pocket till a more convenient and leisure season;" putting it up, and taking his knife and fork, which he could handle far better, and more adroitly.

The letter, however, was not forgotten—servants abound in low wit, and will have their jokes. "It is my opinion, huntsman," said coachie, "that you have ensnared the heart of some venerable old woman; for I saw the name of widow." "Aye, no doubt," replied the housekeeper, "perhaps some lovely dowager, left in a disconsolate condition, with half a score unruly children, whom she cannot govern, and perhaps a small farm which she is incapable of managing, and wishes for a young man of spirit to assist and comfort her. Well, huntsman, let me tell you, these are powerful temptations: take my advice, and don't outstand your good fortune. When you are comfortably fixed, I shall take an opportunity of coming to see you, and take a glass of sillabub with you and your venerable spouse.

spouse. A dairy produces many good things, and farming is the best business on foot." "But Dame Fortune," said the butler, "is a slippery jade; you must hold her fast, huntsman, or she will slip through your fingers. You must remember, too, to be warm and brisk in your attacks; for a widow will admit of no delays—ever so little lukewarmness, and your interest is lost."

The huntsman wanted not for his joke, when with the hunting farmers, and surrounded with his dogs; nor was he ignorant of the terms peculiar to the chase; but he was not up to the tattle of a servants' hall, when the servants of all descriptions are met. He heard their kind of wit, but was almost mute. "I know nothing of the matter," said he; "but when I have seen to the hounds, examined Silvia's foot, and Junor's ear, then I'll see about it."

In the days of old Chaucer, John would probably have passed for a man of learning, and a scholar; for he could write his own name, and he could read well enough to make out "the Dusky Night," or "Come rouse brother Sportsmen," which was the extent of his scholarship. He opened his letter; he looked attentively at it on this side and that; he turned it about every way, yet was totally incapable of making out much of the contents: he perceived, however, or thought that he perceived, something of the matter. His master came to make some inquiries, and John knowing his good nature and affability, put the letter into his hand. "This is a strange sort of a letter, Sir," said he; "I can make but little of it, but I believe it comes from an old woman, who seems to mourn and make the devil of a to-do about her poultry; but I can make neither head nor tail of it."

"I see what it is about, huntsman," said his master; "it is a curious epistle; quite an original. I'll take care of it for you;" and he walked towards the house, looking at the letter in his hand.

Mr. T—— was a good reader; he had conversed with people of every rank in life; he knew their pronunciation, and the manner of spelling common with the unlearned, so that he was instantly up to every word in the epistle; and he was, besides, by no means a bad or awkward mimic. He entered the hall very gravely, with a sedate, serious countenance. His sporting friends concluded that the letter in his hand brought some unpleasant intelligence, and made a motion to leave him, if business required his attendance. "By no means," said he; "I beg that you gentlemen remain with me for the evening. It is true, I have in my hand a relation the most singular, and which is attended with circumstances the most distressing; but as the matter requires no sort of secrecy, give me leave to read it to you." He preserved the gravity of his physiognomy, and began in the tone and language of the old woman, and went through the contents in the same burlesque manner, to the infinite diversion of his auditors. Having finished the epistle, Mr. T—— and his few present friends made a jovial evening of it. They fixed on Monday for the purpose of seeking Goody Cubate's enemy, and agreed to turn off at Cropley Wood, at nine o'clock.

The old woman's epistle made some stir in the neighbourhood. About thirty gentlemen of the chase accompanied Mr. T——, which, by the time they arrived at Cropley Wood, amounted to more than fifty sportsmen.

The keen scented pack was turned off ten minutes after nine,

and which soon declared the subtle animal there. He made several attempts to break on the side where the sportsmen had agreed to prevent him, and for that purpose both foot and horse were arranged. Artful renard found himself a hard set prisoner on all sides but one, and that he was averse to, influenced, no doubt, by sinister motives, and cogent reasons, best known to himself; but finding no remittance in the ardour of his pursuers, nor inattention in his guard, he broke on the side intended, and gained near half a mile start of the hounds, who followed him in a fine style. We shall now leave them both for a few minutes, to look after the loquacious Goody Cubate.

The old woman had set out her wheel, and set herself down to a crust of bread and a cup of tea. "I have set out my wheel, child," said she, "for I got up with the design of making a good week's work. But what good can work do me, now my chantelleer and his loving mates are gone! I can never live by work alone, who am an old woman. What can I do, child?"

"Why, go a-begging, mother," said Kitty, "to make up your loss. A lame tongue, you have said a thousand times, never gets any thing."

"Aye, that's right," replied Goody; "but charity is cold, very cold. Howsumeavor, I can but try. But first let 's turn a cup, and see what luck is stirring to-day." She tossed her cup round and round, looked at it, and said—"Oh, Heavens! nothing but crosses and disappointments; and here the tears are running as fast as they can trundle. What will become of me in my old age, I can never think! One misfortune rides upon the back of another!"

"Pray, mother," said Kitty, "don't be faint hearted. You used to say—A fig for care; faint heart never won fair lady; and, if a body hang the head like a bull-rush, and complain, then nobody will pity one."

"Aye, right, child, 'tis true," said Goody; "but misfortunes and troubles, and vexations, make one fearful and superishous. Howsumeavor, I wont die dungle, but hold up my head still a little longer. I have a matter of three score eggs, and if I have any luck, they will bring me five shilling." "And I," said Kitty, "have got seven-and-twenty. And then, mother, the hen that the old fox could not find, she wont die, as you feared; for I saw her this morning more un half way up the pasture, and the farmer's cock see'd her, and how he did run, like any thing, and made love to her, and she never so much as stirred, nor run away a bit at all." "Out upon her! out upon her!" exclaimed Goody; "I'm ashamed of my very life of her! To forget such a husband, such a careful, loving soul—and only in four days—and to be seen out a gallaranting already! Fy upon her! fy upon her! I am ashamed of it."

"Why, mother," said Kitty, "it is surely better than moping herself to death; she 'll lay, and sit too, soon, and will be a help to us."

"Why, child, that's true; but to forget such a careful, loving husband, in four days, is both a wonder, a shame, and a disgrace. My poor dear husband has been dead almost four years; yet, I warrant you, was any body to come a gallaranting to me, I should soon send them away with a flea in their ear."

Goody turned another cup, but could see no good luck stirring. The next day was Childermas, and

and Wednesday was always an unlucky day, "and by Thursday," said Goody, "my misfortunes and losses will be almost forgot; so I must go to-day—nothing venture, nothing have." So Goody spruced up her head, put on her Sunday going gown and apron; then took out her snuff-box, to replenish her olfactory nerves with a dust of right Scotch. Suddenly she started, and said—"Surely I hear the dear tattling hounds!" Running to her door, she threw it open, and saw her enemy, artful renard, paddling along the shallow stream which ran past her cottage. Down dropped her snuff-box, and out sallied the old woman, with an astonishing agility for a woman of sixty. She gave a loud, sharp, and squalling hollow—a kind of sound entirely new to old renard's ears, and he was panic struck. He aimed to leap the fence on the right, but did not clear the bushes; and he rolled backwards into the ditch of water. This pleased Goody; she took it for a good omen, and sent forth a second hollow, more powerful than her first, and exultingly cried—"There you are, you murderous thief! Ah, you sly rogue, you wont die in a ditch; you will come to the dogs, you artful villian!" Renard shook himself, ran a few paces, and then made his way into the pasture. Goody caught hold of a bough, gave a lusty straddle across the ditch, and was in the pasture almost as soon as he.

The hounds and huntsman were now getting into sight. John saw the old woman running with her bonnet in her hand, shaking it, and hollowing with all her might; nay with more, for the occasion supplied her with strength and agility not, properly speaking, her own. The hounds soon passed her. "Fly, you dear creatures, you pretty souls, fly. The thief is but just before; warm his rogue's hide for him; pay him for all his knavish tricks; let this be the last of his evil days." The sportsmen passed her, laughing at the figure she made. Mr. T—— checked his horse, and said—"Old lady, don't hurry yourself; your enemy," for he thought it was Goody Cubate, "will not escape us." "I want to see his death," said Goody. "Well, come up to the wood, and you possibly may have your desire," said he, and galloped away, without hearing the old woman's reply.

The old woman followed, trotting, walking, and muttering to herself, as her wind permitted—"Heaven bless your honour; as good a soul, and as good a Christian, I warrant, as ever broke a bit of bread: I wish from my heart there was more like him. How kind and farmarality he spoke to me, a poor old woman, that is undeserving of so much honour and goodness. Well, let me see the murderous thief's death, and I shall die contented: let the dogs pick his bones, and tear his vile carcase to pieces, I have my wish."

Walking, trotting, puffing, and mumbling, the old woman arrived at the wood. The hounds had again driven renard from his cover, and were pursuing him, full cry, to another wood, two miles farther, where he manœuvred a good deal, and seemed inclined to return. Goody was warm with her exertions: she sat down by the side of the wood, and as she heard the sound dying away, her spirits sank within her, and she took up her lamentation afresh.

"The artful murderer," said she, "will be too cunning for the pretty, dear hounds. He'll escape, and live to make other people's hearts ache, as well as mine. I'm not the first, nor shall be the last,

that suffer by his midnight deperations. I was forwarned and I was forarmed of his ravishing tricks, and I stopped up every hole, every crevice, yet the artful toad found his way to my poultry, and carried away my treasure, my comfort, my support, and all my dear delights: and shall the cruel destroyer escape condarine vengeance and punishment? No, never. For though he may escape to-day, or to-morrow, he shall not escape the next; for now the Squire has spoken to me like a kind hearted soul, as I dare swear he is, I will down upon my marrow-bones to the bare earth, and beg, and pray, and beseech, that he will come daily, till he has terparated the midnight thief from the face of the earth."

Here the echo of the hounds again saluted Goody's ear. She leaped up, and said—"Here come the dear creatures again; pretty souls, they have turned the sly thief, and my eyes shall rejoice in his death. Which way shall I steer? Where will he come out? Hark! hark! There the dear tattlers come, just before me. This is a lucky spot, and here I will abide. Hark! Now the dear souls have lost him again—There, they have him as strong as ever—Well done, boys! —follow his stinking hide—drive the murderous thief along—tare his vile carcase—pick his rogue's bones—make him remember his midnight deparations—show him no mercy; for he shewed none to me, nor my beautiful chantelleer, the pride of my life, the joy and comfort of my heart, the delight and glory of the whole earth. Now you begin to quake and tremble, I warrant, for fear of your vile carcase:—quake on; tremble, and groan, and howl, as much as you will, I shall never pity you; because you had no pity, no mercy, no consideration—you took all, and spared none."

In this strain of invective and complaint, Goody kept on, till the closely pursued renard put his head over the fence, just by her side. Up flew her apron and petticoats, with a violent shake, and she sent forth a shouting scream that made every part of the wood to ring. Renard started back. Trowneer, Ringwood, Juno, Silvia, and Venus, came in sight of him; they were close at his heels: a fine burst followed Goody's shout. Renard saw that all flight would avail him nothing—he stood still—grinned ghastly—the hounds seized him, and put a final period to his life; Goody exultingly exclaiming at the same time—"I told you what you would come to! I knew you would come to the dogs!"

The huntsman, with several of the sportsmen, came up; and, in a little time, the whole number were arranged round Goody. Mr. T—— said—"Whoever claims a right to the brush, I petition to resign it up to the widow, here, who has so ably manifested herself worthy of the honour of this day's hunt—Will you accept, widow?"

"That I will, your honour," replied she; "and shall be as proud of it as my dear boys are of a sword and gun. I will march home with the spoils of the enemy, and signs of victory."

"With respect to the spirited widow's loss," said Mr. T——, "I shall set an example, which I trust will operate to a full reimbursement. Come, huntsman, hold your cap;" and, tossing in half-a-crown, said—"Go round with it, for the benefit of your correspondent." "God bless your honour," said Goody. "But pray let me walk round with my bonnet, and thank your honour's goodness, and the

the gentlemen's libility, as is combent upon me."

"No, no, Goody," said Mr. T——, "I respect a woman of spirit and understanding; but most particularly when she has benefited our king and country, by adding to the number of those brave and gallant heroes, who are our defence, and the glory of both."

"Your honour," said Goody, "will pardon me; but I must be so famalar as to say, that I shall love and adore your honour for that purlatively fine speech, the longest day I have to live. My most learnedest and wisest master was proud of his speechifying; but I must and will say, and declare, that, with all his fine and hard words, he never made so fine and so excellent a speech in his life."

"I have a notion, Goody," said Mr. T——, "that you could tell a good story, if we had time to hear it."

"Your honour is right," replied Goody; "if there was time, and your honour had patience to hear it, mayhaps I could do it. But, to speak generously and canradely, I was never able to finish a story in my life; want of refreshment, want of sleep, or one thing or another, always put a parrade to my tale, before I could wind up the tastofy."

"Goody," said a smart young farmer, "do you speak English or Latin?"

Goody's eyes sparkled as she cast them towards Mr. T——, and they seemed to intimate—may I speak my sentiments without giving you offence? Mr. T—— understood their meaning; he gave the widow a look of approbation, at the same time inclining his head towards the young farmer, as much as to say—at him, Goody, don't be afraid.

Goody comprehended his significant look, and said to the young farmer—"Pray, may I be so bold as to ax where you was redicated, that you don't know your mother's tongue, which every sucking child, who has any brains in its pecanum understands the moment it is born."

A long and loud burst of laughter enaued. The widow enjoyed it, and was all sprightliness. The huntsman emptied the contents of his cap into her lap—about ten half-crown pieces, more than twenty shillings, and near thirty sixpences. Goody courtesied, thanked the gentlemen, and said—"A heavy purse makes a light heart; good luck and a light heart will make the tongue nimble. My worst enemy is dead, as the tofy in my bonnet bears witness; that is the best luck any body can wish or desire—my pocket is lined with silver, and that is the next best luck, unless it was lined with gold—therefore, if my tongue have been too free and too nimble, I ax ten thousand pardons; and I give you, gentlemen, ten thousand thanks. But, respecting the good Squire, and his kind, loving huntsman, and the dear hounds, pretty tattling souls, I can never thank them enough; but then I shall love and respect them as long as I live, and my tongue shall make their praise to be heard, when my dear boys come back—and back they will come, that is certain; for the hasoes of Old England will never be conquered nor feighted, but will let folks to know who and who's together, and see that right and justice be ministered: then a few of these spanking pieces shall fly; we'll drink your honour's health; success to the chase; glory and victory to Old England; long life and prosperity to the king; and peace and plenty to every body.

"I have

"I have a power more to say, your honour, but must leave my ration unfinished, like all my former tales and stories, for want of time. Your honour must stand in need of refreshment; so do the pretty hounds, for they have had a tiresome jaunt; and so must the gentlemen; and so do your humble servant. Besides, I want to publish the glorious victory of this day; to shew the honour upon my head, and to talk over my good fortune. I'll never more mind dreams nor ormurous signs; for good can and do come out of evil: so a fig for care. But your honour has not time to hear all I could say, so I will parspun it to another opportunity. Your honour's most humblest and greatiousest servant."

Bobbing up and down very quick, Goody turned her face towards her little cottage, singing—"Now the wars are all over;" and the sportsmen, highly diverted, returned home, full of the recollection of Goody's words, actions, and behaviour.

THE MADMAN AND SPORTSMAN.

An Anecdote from Poggio Bracciolini.

IN one of the works of this author is related a story, which has been omitted in his life, lately published. It is necessary to premise, that the subject of the section in which he has introduced it is the folly of pursuits, the expence of which is greater than the pleasure produced is worth. Poggio himself thus relates it—

"A physician of Milan, who undertook the cure of madmen, had a pit of water in his house, in which he kept his patients, some up to their knees, some to the girdle, and some to the chin, according to the greater or less degree of madness with which they were affected. One of the madmen, who was on the point of his recovery, happening to be standing at the house door, saw a young nobleman pass, with his hawk upon his fist, well mounted, and with the usual equipage of hawking dogs, falconers, &c. behind him. The madman demanded to know to what use was all this preparation, and was courteously answered, to kill certain birds. "And how much," said the madman, "may be the worth of all the fowls you kill in a year." The noble replied, "five or ten crowns." "And what," said the madman, "may your hawks, spaniels, horses, &c. stand you in within the year?" "About five thousand crowns," replied the gentleman. "Five thousand crowns!" replied the madman, and gazing at him a moment with the wild earnestness of an approaching frenzy, he seized him by the shoulder, and forcing him into the pit, immerged him several times in the water (the usual practice of his master, with his more desperate patients). Having thus ducked him, he led him back to the door. "Hark'ye, my friend," said he, dismissing him, "take my advice, and make all possible haste from this house—for, should our doctor come home, he'll drown you but what he will cure you."

This anecdote, says Poggio, may appear to be invented to enforce my present subject, but I received it from the most satisfactory authority; and there is in it such a mixture of that wildness, and instinctive energy of intellect, so peculiar to madmen in a state of recovery, that I fully believe it to have happened as related.

A BATTLE,

A BATTLE

BETWEEN

A TIGER AND AN ALIGATOR;

OR,

Wonderful Instance of providential Preservation, described in a Letter, from the Captain of the Devonport Guineaman, dated July, 1796.

"SOME time after my arrival at the British Factory, Cape Casta, on board the Devonport Guinea-man, I was sent for by the commodore, who was stationed in the Diana Frigate to protect the trade of the place before mentioned, and appointed by him to command a sloop, employed on the service of conveying slaves, teeth, gums, and other merchandize from the company's factories, situated several hundred miles up the river Congo, down to the principal depot, at the Cape. The sloop carried six swivels, and was manned with nine negroes, and two north country seamen, named Johnson and Campble, the former of whom was my mate. After receiving orders, relative to the duty on which I was employed, we proceeded on our voyage, and had navigated nearly fifty leagues up the country, when, one morning the breezes died away suddenly, and we were compelled, by a strong current running against us, to drop anchor within a quarter of a mile of the shore. In this situation the sloop remained for three days, during which time the circumstances fell out I am about to communicate; circumstances so improbable in themselves, so marvellous, as almost to border upon impossibility, but nevertheless, declared by me, as a spectator, to be a most perfect reality. To resume my narrative—the bosom of the deep appeared as it always does in these parts, while the calm prevails, extremely tranquil, and the heat, which was intolerable, had made us so languid, that almost a general wish overcame us, on the approach of the evening, to bathe in the waters of Congo: however, myself and Johnson were deterred from this project by the apprehension of sharks, many of which we had observed in the progress of our voyage, and those enormously large. At length, Campble alone, who had been making too free with his liquor case, was obstinately bent on going overboard; and, although we used every means in our power to persuade him to the contrary, dashed into the watery element, and had swam some distance from the vessel, when we on the deck discovered an alligator making towards him, from behind a rock that stood a short distance from the shore. His escape I now considered impossible; his destruction inevitable; and I applied to Johnson how we should act, who, like myself, affirmed the impossibility to save, him; and instantly seized upon a loaded carbine to shoot the poor fellow before he fell into the jaws of the monster. I did not, however, consent to this, but waited with horror the tragedy we anticipated; yet, willing to do all in my power, I ordered the boat to be hoisted, and we fired two shot at the approaching alligator, but without effect, for they glided over his scaly covering like hail stones on a tiled penthouse, and the progress of the creature was by no means impeded.

The report of the piece, and the hollowing of the black's from the sloop's deck soon made Campble acquainted with his danger; he saw the creature making for him, and with all the strength and skill he was master of made for the shore. And now the moment's arrived in which a scene was exhibited beyond the power of my humble

ble pen perfectly to describe. On approaching within a very short distance of some canes and shrubs that covered the bank, while closely pursued by the alligator, a fierce and voracious tiger sprung towards him, at the instant the jaws of his first enemy were extended to devour him. At this awful moment Campble was preserved. The eager tiger, by overleaping him, encountered the gripe of the amphibious monster. A desperate conflict ensued between them: the water was discoloured with the blood of the tiger, whose efforts to tear the scaly covering of the alligator were unavailing, while the latter had also the advantage of keeping his adversary under water, by which the victory was presently obtained, for the tiger's death was now effected. They both sunk to the bottom, and we saw no more of the alligator. Campble was recovered, and instantly conveyed on board: he spoke not while in the boat, though his danger had perfectly sobered him; but, the moment he leaped on the deck, fell upon his knees and returned thanks to the Providence who had so protected him: and what is more singular, from that moment to the time I am writing, has never been seen the least intoxicated, nor has been heard to utter a single oath. If ever there was a perfectly reformed being in the universe, Campble is the man."

R. N. N.

HUMOUROUS ORIGIN OF NAMES.

FROM the earliest times, it was necessary to distinguish one man from another, which could not be done by pointing out the personal qualities, or places of residence; for John, the son of John, or William, would suit more than one; but John Crookshanks, the son of John, could only suit a bandy-legged man; and thus Mr. Lightfoot, Mr. Golightly, Mr. Swift, Mr. Hopper, Mr. Ambler, and Mr. Jumper, drew their names from the bodily agility of the first bearers; and Mr. Heavisides, Messrs. Saunter, Onslow, and Waddle, from the contrary quality. The Pains, Akinheads, Akinsides, Anguishes, and Hedacres, owed the appellations to the dolorous sensations of their ancestors; while the Wilds, the Sanguines, the Joys, the Merrys, and the Bucks, announce their descent from a set of happy thoughtless sinners of the earliest age.

Several respectable families seem to have originated with foundlings; and their names may possibly point out the places where exposed. Among these are Townsend, Lane, Street, Church-yard, Court, Stair, Barn, Stables, Grange, Orchard, &c. We must not, for fear of an action, trace back the ancestry of Mr. Highwayman; but that of Mr. Gentleman would, probably, do him credit.

Bastards have not only their birth indicated by their surnames, but also the degree, rank, or station of their parents, thus: Misson, Goodyson, Mollyson, Anson, Janison, Bettison, and Nelson, were called after their mother's names, those of their father's being unknown; but Misson, and Goddison, were visibly the produce of the *faux pas* of Miss and of Goody; whereas Jennison, Nel-son, Bet-son, &c. were the slips of dairy and milk-maids, or other girls in low stations. The like distinction may be traced in illegitimates, whose fathers were known. Masterson and Stewardson, shew the children of the master and steward; while Jackson, Thompson, and Wilson, were the misbegotten offspring of

of hinds, servants, and labourers.

Surnames sometimes help us to guess at the place where the heads of the particular families were born. Probably the name of Perry was given to some pleasant, brisk Worcestershire lad; and that of Perkin to one of a late description, born in one of the cyder countries, of a weaker frame of body.

It seems difficult to account for some extraordieary names. Many of them are probably corrupted from foreign ones; such as Mr. Bomgarten, Mr. Higgenbottom, and divers others. The first is a German name for a tree garden, that is, an orchard; and the latter, signifying, in the same tongue, (Ickenbaum) an oak tree.

In process of time, when men began to attach themselves to particular callings, professions, and trades, they likewise began from them to apply the surnames of Smith, Butcher, Baker, &c. &c. in the manner still practised in large public houses, where we may daily hear persons called by the additions of their offices, as John Hostler! Betty Chambermaid! Jenny Cook! Will Tapster! and Sam Boots!

For the Sporting Magazine.

OLD ENGLISH HOSPITALITY,

During the Festival of Christmas, at Houghton Hall, the Seat of the Right Honourable the Earl of Cholmondeley.

THIS noble Earl, during the last three weeks, has entertained upwards of thirty persons of distinction at his Lordship's elegant seat, at Houghton, in the county of Norfolk, with all the pleasures and comforts attached to this happy season, a custom that has for ages distinguished the supporters of his Lordship's ancient and noble house; nor has his Lordship's liberality been confined to the circle of selected friendship, the whole neighbourhood, for a considerable extent, has for the time felt the sun-shine of his bounty; not a being but has received comforts at his hand! not a voice but has sang of his urbanity! not a foot but has capered at the general harmony! not a face but has wore the smiles of gratitude! not a tongue but extols its noble neighbour!

So abundantly stored is his Lordship's private woods with charms for the sportsman, that fourteen guns were one day sent into them for recreation; and the gentlemen returned with 133 head of game. But this will not appear extraordinary, when I relate to you, friend Wheble, that about four years ago, when His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales was of the Earl's party, they brought from these woods to Houghton Hall, and nearly in the same space of time, 285 head; so that, were his Lordship's stock of provisions to give way to his generosity, he would have little else to do but to put a gun into each man's hand, and he might be sure to provide himself with a dinner; which, together with the delightful wines of Houghton, would not fail to make him boast—

"The Feast of Reason, and the flow of Soul!"

There is a something in this kind of liberality that never fails to warm the hearts of true-born Englishmen; because it distinguishes a bent of inclination so honourable to their forefathers, and so materially different from the sordid, selfish, and uncharitable pursuits of 7-10ths of their present descendants, "less *wise*, but more *fashionable*."

T. N.

THE RESULT
OF THE
GRAND ROWING MATCH,
BETWEEN
LONDON & GRAVESEND.

(See Page 168 of our last Number.)

THIS was decided on Tuesday, the 31st ult.—The parties, as we before mentioned, started from Gravesend at half past eight that morning.

The subject was so local in its nature, that it interested a vast number of people, according as they felt for the honour of either place. A great quantity of boats were out for the purpose of seeing the contest, and considerable sums were laid in bye bets. Captain Durand was in the Rambler, his own sailing boat; and Major Warrington was also on board of a pleasure boat.

The wind blew very fresh in from the Nore, and the water in consequence was very rough. Some of the Londoners were observed to be *catching crabs*, that is, missing the hold they intend to take of the water with their oar, and by that means sometimes pulling the wrong way.

The Gravesend men were used to rowing with the water in such a state; and, besides this, their boat was better calculated to stand the bobbing of the sea; they soon shot two or three boats' length a-head. However, the Londoners persevered, and rowed down to the Lights at the Nore. They there lost sight of the Gravesend men, as they had doubled round the Lights.

This was not thought much of, as it was supposed that the Londoners would have the superiority higher up the river, where they would understand the different settings of the current, and would turn into them, or into the places where the slack was known to be, according as it might be found most advantageous. However, in doubling the Lights, they could hardly keep their boat in steerage way; and when they had got a little farther, one of the London watermen said that he clearly saw it was of no avail to pull any farther, and positively gave it in.

Captain Durand's boat, which headed them a good deal at this time, put about to see if all was well with them, and soon found that every thing was not right. The London watermen were then taken on board the Rambler, and their boat towed up astern of her.

The Gravesend men pursued their course, and came in with flying colours, as it may be said, huzzaing, and occasionally taking one hand from the oar to wave the other above their heads. It was then half past four, and they had rowed near eighty miles in eight hours.

Among the great quantity of boats which were then on the river, some of them cutters, with eight or ten oars, it was difficult for the people on shore to know the London or the Gravesend, or even which were the prize boats, and there were a few huzzas on shore in return; but those, who were more acute, observed that there was no huzzaing on board the Rambler, which would have been the case if the Londoners had been successful.

It was soon seen that the Gravesend men rowed over to the North side of the water, and put in near Smitham's (the place of their setting up at) in Limehouse.

The London watermen came into Captain Durand's house, where, notwithstandidg their misfortune, they were entertained in the most liberal manner.

THEATRICALS.

THEATRICALS.

Drury Lane.

THE SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.

A COMEDY, bearing this title, made its first appearance here, on Tuesday, the 7th of February.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Governor Heartall	Mr. Dowton.
Frank Heartall	Mr. Bannister, Jun.
Malfort, senior	Mr. Powell.
Malfort, junior	Mr. Pope.
Captain Woodley	Mr. Russel.
Mr. Ferret	Mr. Palmer.
Simon	Mr. Caulfield.
Timothy Quaint	Mr. Collins.
The Widow Cheerly	Mrs. Jordan.
Mrs. Malfort	Mrs. Young.
Julia	Miss H. Kelly.
Mrs. Fidget	Mrs. Sparks.
Mrs. Townley	Mrs. Maddocks.
Susan	Mrs. Scott.

The interest of the piece chiefly arises from the villany of Ferret; and of the Fable the following is a correct outline—

The senior Malfort, for some years resident in India, on his departure from England, appointed his only son to settle his family affairs there, and then to follow; but the young gentleman, attached to the pleasures of the town, and unheedful of his father's dictates, postponed his voyage to the Indies, and espoused the daughter of a City Banker, with whose brother he entered conjointly into business; in which, dissipation on the one part, and want of mercantile knowledge on the other, soon reduced the firm to bankruptcy and beggary. The anxious father in vain deplores the loss of his son; and the son, conscious of his disobedience, dares not apply to him for protection or relief; while the artful Ferret, agent to the elder Malfort, in London, craftily conceals them from each other's knowledge. In this dilemma, the younger Malfort, with his wife and only child, are reduced to an humble lodging, without the means of present sustenance. The young and wealthy widow of a country gentleman occupies the first floor in the same house, and to her Mr. Ferret is a sort of guardian, and the executor of her late husband. Heartall, a young and open-hearted merchant, on the preceding evening, beheld the widow in company with old Ferret at the opera; and, smitten with the unaffected simplicity of her demeanour, determines to discover her residence, in which he succeeds; but, on entering the house, Julia, the child of Malfort, attracts his notice; and she, supposing her mother to be the lady he so anxiously inquires about, instantly conducts him to her presence: he finds her absorbed in grief, and, supposing her seduced by some wanton libertine, and abandoned to the world, he offers his protection. The entrance of her husband terminates the interview, and Heartall retires, with apologies for his intrusion; and takes the speediest method of alleviating their distress, making their own child the instrument of his munificence. This generous action is represented by the malevolent Ferret to old Governor Heartall, as a mere covering for his nephew's evil designs upon Mrs. Malfort, and exasperates the uncle almost to a pitch of frenzy. The distresses of Malfort and his family reach the ear of the benevolent Widow, who introduces herself, and with a bounteous delicacy, by stratagem, relieves them. Ferret, indefatigable in mischief, sets all his engines at work to counteract the views of Young Heartall, with respect to the Widow, and endea-

vouring to inflame the mind of Malfort, junior, with jealousy, by an anonymous epistle, endangers the lives of both parties, in the wicked hope of becoming heir to the uncle and the father's wealth. The Widow's brother, Captain Woodley, arrives, and is recognized by Heartall as his old friend and schoolfellow, but is entirely ignorant that the Widow Cheerly is his sister. A future meeting takes place between them at the Widow's lodgings, where Heartall, supposing the Captain his rival, an equivoque ensues, wherein the lively Widow gives full scope to her vivacity. Ferret having received intimation of the arrival of the elder Malfort, and dreading his resentment, hastens to Malfort, junior, and with pretended bounty offers large sums, beseeching him to fly and seek his father in the Indies; but his deep scheme is counteracted by the appearance of Malfort, senior, who bitterly reproaches him with his ungrateful conduct, and abandons him to the reflections of a guilty conscience. With astonishment the younger Malfort recognizes his father, who receives him, and his afflicted wife, with all the tenderness of parental affection. The artifices of Ferret are now developed on all hands; and, at a general meeting of the parties at the Governor's house, the hypocrite is summoned to account for his enormities: he pleads the vice of avarice, and its concomitant evils, as his only excuse; promises repentance in retirement; and, in a generous disposal of his wealth, endeavours to seek a palliation for his errors. All mistakes are then cleared up, and the hand of the lively Widow rewards the benevolence of the generous Heartall.

The author of this play, for we doubt much whether it should hold a situation in the class of English comedy, is Mr. Cherry, the comedian, who has at least the merit of interesting an audience, by a luxuriance of domestic sorrows, much greater than has been witnessed in our acting drama for the last fifty years. The tale of woe is not only long, but in several instances it is thrice told; yet the sentiments are noble and edifying, and the diction is, with very few exceptions, elegant and impressive. In the plot there is little to arrest the attention, and the business is, in its origin and progress, cold and languid; but some of the characters are delineated with vigour; and, if we are not kept alive by action, or delighted by unexpected incidents, we cannot repress our applause to the genuine bursts of pathos, both in idea and expression, which occur in almost every scene. The writer's great defect has been to make his characters speak, instead of making them act. They describe, indeed, what is perfectly understood; but an English audience would have been better pleased to have seen the thing *done* than to have heard it *related*. He narrates all his principal events, when he should imitate human action, and bring forward a representation of real life on the scene. The morality of the play is unobjectionable, both in occasional sentiment, and in its grand admonition, which exposes to contempt and horror, the monstrous consequences to virtue, and to social happiness, arising from the passion of avarice.

Among the characters, those of Governor Heartall, of Frank Heartall, of Ferret, and Timothy Quaint, are the most highly finished; and they were admirably represented by Dowton, Bannister, Palmer, and Collins. Pope evinced true sensibility in the part of Young Malfort; and the characters of Malfort, senior, Captain Woodley, and Simon, were

were very ably filled by Powell, Russell, and Caulfield. Mrs. Young was tender and affecting in Mrs. Malfort; and the character of the Widow Cheerly received, from Mrs. Jordan every aid and embellishment which the author could wish. The best scene in the play is unquestionably that in which the jealousy of Frank Heartall is excited, by the interview he has with the Widow, in the presence of her brother, Captain Woodley. The equivoque is happily maintained, and the explanation skilfully managed.

The piece takes its title from the Widow Cheerly, who is the daughter of a distinguished officer, Colonel Woodley; and the conclusion is truly military, as she speaks both to the performers and to the audience, in all the "pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war."

The Prologue—which, with the Epilogue, appears in the Poetical department of our Magazine—was judiciously delivered by Mr. Pope: and, in the Epilogue, Mrs. Jordan drew forth reiterated bursts of applause. The idea of raising a female army of reserve had an excellent effect, and the materials of which this Amazonian host was to be composed excited considerable merriment—

"Old maids sharp-shooters, widows pioneers,
"Maids the battalion, wives the fusileers:"

with the allusion to the great numbers of *light troops* ready to meet the enemy, convulsed the house with laughter.

The Soldier's Daughter was received throughout, by an overflowing audience, with universal plaudits, and announced for a second representation amid repeated testimonies of approbation.

To this account of its first performance we have to add, that the Soldier's Daughter is become an amazing favourite with the Town, and has every night since brought crowded houses.

One of the most lively scenes in the play is at the commencement of the Third Act, in which the Widow Cheerly and Frank Heartall enter, laughing—

Widow. Ha, ha, ha!—upon my word, Sir—I perceive you are perfectly an adept in fashionable manners—and stand upon little ceremony.

Frank H. None at all, Madam;—we merchants pride ourselves upon the bluntness of our manners, and the plainness of our dealings.

Widow. Indeed, Sir?

Frank H. Yes, indeed, Madam; we'll transact you an hundred thousand pounds worth of business in a morning—without so much as a yes—or a No;—the pen that crosses the mouth is an emblem of silence: but, if we are compelled to answer questions, we always keep in the counting-house a dumb, but candid orator, that is sure to speak honourably for us.

Widow. A dumb and honourable orator!—who is that, pray?

Frank H. The Ledger.

Widow. But now you are out of the counting house, I perceive *your* eloquence is not of that mute nature—*You* are no ledger.

Frank H. You shall find me as faithful, Madam.

Widow. 'Tis not my business to examine your accounts, Sir—but should I bring you to book—notwithstanding all your boasted regularity—there is something in that sly countenance that tells me you have *sometimes* staked your credit at too great a venture—in case of a *consignment* now, we'll say—for instance—a lady's heart—

Frank H. O!—Errors excepted!

Widow. —What, you own it, do you?

Frank H.

Frank H. Yes, Madam—in a mercantile way:—Look you, Madam—I am a plain fellow,—neither more nor less than the character I boast, and hope I shall never disgrace—*an English Merchant*;—I throw down no man's inclosure—trample upon no man's corn—take nothing from the industrious labourer—pay the poor man for his work, and communicate my profit with mankind:—I trust I have a heart to succour the distressed—and what I can fairly spare I can distribute freely:—If you can take for granted an odd wild fellow's report of himself—there it is—you have it, Madam.

Widow. Why, really, Sir, I never heard a better character,—and, if you could contrive to get it backed by the churchwardens of your parish, I might perhaps give a little credit to it.

Frank H. Well, Madam—if you cannot credit the character you have just now had of me, from a devilish honest fellow,—I must even refer you to your friend Mr. Ferret—he perhaps may be better acquainted with me than I am with myself;—he knows me.—

Widow. He hinted as much!—[*dryly.*

Frank H. Did he? then that's all you can expect from him:—He hinted to me that he knew *you*—but the devil a syllable more could I get out of the old close lipped curmudgeon.

Widow. My situation, Sir, is above disguise—I am the daughter of a gallant officer, who served his country nobly—and, retiring to the humble vale of rural seclusion, at an advanced age he died—bequeathing to his son and daughter his sole possession—his laurels, and his honour.

Frank H. Enviable, Madam, though not substantial.

Widow. Now, Sir, I am my own mistress—accountable for my actions to no person living.

Frank H. I know it.

Widow. I am a single woman.

Frank H. I know it.

Widow. But have been married.

Frank H. I know it.

Widow. My husband dead.

Frank H. (*aside*) Thank Heaven!—I know that too.

Widow. A free disencumber'd estate—

Frank H. Damn the estate—I beg your pardon, Ma'am—don't mention the estate—You are single—that's enough:—you have been married—did you like the state?—

Widow. Yes—I think I did.

Frank H. Humph—think you did!—fond of your husband?—

Widow. Humph—Y——es—I think I was:—I was married but three years—did'nt see much of him.

Frank H. Wha—wha—what!——not in three years?—

Widow. No—the sports of the field charmed him from his home always at day-break—himself and his friends generally returned in the evening time enough for a late dinner—drank their wine and went to bed;—the next morning—

Frank H. Well, Madam—the next morning—?

Widow. The same career commenced again—and so on to the end of the *Third Chapter*.

Frank H. And, for Heaven's sake, Madam, how did you behave?

Widow. Why, Sir—how *should* I behave?

Frank H. Upon my soul, I can't tell, Madam—but I think I could contrive to get you a lesson in some married family, between Piccadilly and Aldgate.

Widow. I was always happy to see him return in health and spirits;—his eyes sparkled with pleasure when I met him at the gate—and as

as he introduced me to each new guest—he would say, "This is my wife—look at her—she has a heart as open as my wine-cellar.—My hall is heaven to me whenever I enter it.—Kiss me, my girl,—make my friends welcome—and let's have a good dinner."

Frank. H. And tho' thus neglected—you complied?

Widow. Neglected—I never felt in that sense—the strong prejudice of his education rendered his habits unconquerable; an attempt to counteract them on my side must naturally produce strife:—besides it was his only failing—for he was open, generous, hospitable, and manly—his whole estate was at my disposal—either to gratify my vanity in all the little time-serving foppery of my sex—or in the more solid sensations of extenuating human misery.

Frank H. He was a good man—upon my soul he was a good man—but rather too fond of hunting:—had I such a wife——

Widow. You'd be fond of hunting too: Nay—in open defiance of the laws, trespass, perhaps, upon your neighbour's manor.

Frank H. Upon my word you wrong me, Madam—but your good humour charms me; your eyes first enslaved my heart—and your temper rivets my chain:—how shall I convince you that I love you?—

Widow. To what purpose would you convince me?—You have a heart ventured on another voyage—when it returns, you may calculate the profit and loss—if you find it still marketable—perhaps the bargain may be offered—to our house.

Frank H. Though you speak in my own phrase, I don't understand you, Madam.—

Widow. No—that's surprising:—pray, Sir, have you not visited another lady in this house?—

Frank H. Madam—a—no—ther lady?

Widow. Yes—Sir, another lady;—to whom you were pleased to say, as I am inform'd, abundance of civil things.

Frank H. Madam—

Widow. You were much struck with her person, and felt a lively concern for her misfortunes—

Frank H. Upon my honour, Madam, you—you—yes, at it again—another scrape! *(aside.)*

Widow. A husband—will sometimes be an unmannerly intruder—and, if a gentleman can sneak out of such a situation in a whole skin——

Frank H. He certainly has no right to be displeas'd with his adventure.

Widow. Am I right, Sir?

Frank H. Yes, Madam—the *entries* are pretty fair—but as to the sum total——

Widow. O!—*Errors excepted!*—

Frank H. Ha, ha, ha! That I have accidentally convers'd with a lady in this house. does not admit of a doubt—but let the result of that interview be what it may—my heart approves, and my conscience cannot reproach me with it.

For the Sporting Magazine.

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

Celebrated Canine Performer of Drury Lane Theatre.

NEARLY a century ago, some gentlemen who were not tame spectators of what went forward in the world at that time, perceiving among the play-going people

people of their day, a predilection for the animal creation, proposed the introduction of such beasts and birds as might appear properly qualified to fill up certain parts in the drama. But this scheme, though well-recommended, and although clearly demonstrated to be practicable, even on a very extensive scale, fell to the ground. The public at large was not yet ripe for so great a revolution, nor disposed to see plays acted without some decent proportion of the human species on the stage. The record of it, however, remaining in print, the manager of one of our theatres lately laid hold of it, studied it with great attention, foresaw the possibility of success, and the strongest probability of profit, and determined to attempt a revival of the scheme, by adding a Newfoundland dog to the other performers of a new opera, which was, to use a theatrical phrase, to be got up with all the strength, not only of the house, but of the kennel. An author was accordingly employed, who could write a part suited to the talents of this dumb candidate for public applause; and a fable was invented, such as might exhibit a dog to the greatest advantage. How well the scheme has succeeded, the most crowded audiences of modern times, in the largest theatre ever built, have amply testified every night since the first appearance of this bold project.

It has not, however, been unanimously applauded by the critics, from whom, perhaps, perfect unanimity is not to be expected in any case. Some of them admit of the ingenuity, while they doubt the originality, of the plan, and wish to remind us of the learned dogs, horses, and pigs, which the managers under the auspices of St. Bartholomew, have for many years exhibited in Smithfield. But there are others who think proper to represent the introduction of dogs as an insult to the dignity of the drama, an infringement of the rights of man, and probably as the first step to the entire exclusion of the human species. Here I beg leave to pause. I cannot hastily subscribe to these opinions. I have not that quick apprehension of the dangers of innovation which prompts some politicians to look always to extreme cases. With whatever view the managers introduced this new performer—and my private opinion is, that they had at first but one intention—I am inclined to think that much may be said in favour of the experiment, and much good may be expected, if it can be carried on to what our new philosophers call perfectability. I am certain, at least, that in this conjecture I shall have the approbation of this ingenious and long-sighted philosoper, who declares, that he can conceive the happy days when a plough may perform its operations in the field without the impulse of man or horse. Surely a much less effort may be sufficient to render a dog as good an actor as some who have, in the bills, enjoyed that title for a much longer period. This I trust I may venture to affirm, if the mere question of ability is considered. But there are other weighty points to be attended to; and although the managers may deserve censure for arrogating to themselves the invention of a very old scheme, yet if it tends equally to their advantage, and to the amusement and refined taste of the public—which seems to be the case in the present instance—we ought to make every possible allowance, and even extend our forgiveness, and hail the day on which we have seen a British theatre become a place of "Entertainment for Man and Beast."

In

In this true spirit of candour, then, I already foresee, that, although mere profit is the only ostensible object, our managers have a much deeper design in prospect, by which the public will ultimately be a gainer. It is well known, that of late years, the salaries of performers have been augmented truly enormously. We hear of L.20, and sometimes of L.30 per night, as the salary of certain ladies and gentlemen. It is evident, that, without a suitable encouragement on the part of the public, the treasuries of our theatres must soon be exhausted; and the fact is, as I am credibly informed, that the public has, in many instances, been so remiss in their patronage, that very many losses have been sustained. This fatal disproportion betwixt expenditure and receipt, has been the confutation of that pleasing idea, that great salaries make great performers. Now, in this view of the matter, it must be obvious, that the introduction of four-legged actors, who are equally popular, that is, draw as full houses—which has been the case in the instance before us—must be a prodigious saving.

Another circumstance deserves here to be considered, which has given managers a great degree of trouble and anxiety, and has often been accompanied with empty boxes. The greatest performers, who are at the same time the best paid, are apt to relax in their services at certain times, and that without any intention, or wilful purpose, of disobliging either the manager or the town, but merely from a species of torpor which great actors sometimes feel, benumbing their faculties, and which can be removed only by a fresh stimulus applied to the part affected. The appearance of a rival has, in many cases, proved very effectual in curing this disorder, and restoring to the actor his proper tone and agility.

Now, under the pressure of such difficulties, was it not wise in the managers to start such a rival, who boggled so little about articles of agreement, that he came when whistled for, whose merits the town immediately acknowledged, and who has already produced such houses, of which Shakespear and Garrick might have been proud? The truth is, it was not only wise, but, if my information be not incorrect, it has been eminently successful. The other performers, to a man and woman, are now more alert, and more desirous to regain their popularity, snatched from them by an actor who will not be reasoned with, and who will admit of no improper liberties.

I cannot conceal, however, that perhaps the experiment has been carried too far. Some of the performers are seriously apprehensive lest they may never be able, after the appearance of so popular a genius, to regain their favour with the town, and fill the house as they were wont to do. They say, perhaps with some truth, that if the managers had begun at the bottom of the scale of talents, and produced a bull, a bear, or some more illiterate specimen, whether from Bartholomew Fair, or Bartholomew Lane, it would have been sufficient for a mere experiment, and perhaps have occasioned a very salutary rivalship; but at once to pit so much sagacity and fidelity against the company, was forming a contrast too strong for the present state of dramatic merit.

The justice of these suggestions I shall not stop to investigate, because, in whichever way we determine, our decision can produce no effect. The managers have given the question out of their own hands,

by referring to that tribunal from which there is no appeal; I mean the town, who have decided, as far as numbers and door-money can decide, in favour of the quadrupedal performer. The consequence need not be enlarged upon: it is evident they must proceed in bringing on from time to time a succession of animals, whelped, or littered, or kittened, into performers. I trust, however, with their usual prudence, they will produce them principally in new pieces; and that for two reasons—first, that they may avoid comparisons; and, secondly, to spare the feelings of other actors, which will be humane. Such, however, has been the encouragement and patronage generously and tastefully bestowed upon this experiment, that it must be repeated in one way or other; and whoever knows any thing of zoology, knows that a very wide field is now opened.

So numerous are the talents of the dog, that naturalists have written prolix volumes on the subject, collected from the experience of all nations. Yet it now appears, that some of their most valuable qualities have escaped the most anxious research. They have been renowned principally for watching a house, guarding a flock of sheep, leading the blind, catching a hare or a fox, and many other tricks and stratagems becoming quadrupeds: but what are these, to that merit, hitherto not even hinted at by naturalists, which they have exhibited on the stage, not only in performing their part without the aid of a prompter, or the temptation of a salary, but in attracting the most numerous and brilliant audiences, and in drawing down bursts of applause, which the audiencee seems to think no other performers deserve in the same degree. It is surely no small merit to share that popularity which was once the exclusive property of the works of Shakespear and Jonson, of Congreve, and of Sheridan; and of the acting of Booth and Betterton, of Garrick, and of Kemble, and of Siddons, and of Jordan. Did not our great moralist deserve the name of "Blinking Sam," when he could see no farther than the revolution prophesied in the following lines?

"But who the coming change can presage,
And mark the future periods of the stage?
Perhaps where Lear has rav'd, and Hamlet died,
On flying cars new sorcerers may ride.
Perhaps—for who can guess the effects of chance—
Here Hunt may box, or Mahomet may dance."

This is, on the part of the managers, an appeal to the town, to quicken the efforts of those who appear to have been remiss in their duty. It is an experiment, to try whether the places of those who cannot be soltened by salaries and benefits, may be advantageously filled by those to whom salaries and benefits are unknown. The trial, however, is but begun, and one dog only has been formally engaged. Who can tell how many of that species may not yet be made substitutes for the best of our authors and actors? and when dogs shall be exhausted, who shall fix bounds to the performances of cats, monkies, and baboons? Or, what sublimity of feeling, and what closeness of attention, can the present drama produce, compared to the hopes and fears of an audience, when they shall be treated with the novel spectacle of real tigers prowling for real prey; or the more extraordinary appearance of a real lion sparing a real virgin?

NAMES

NAMES OF HOUNDS.

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

A SPORTSMAN may perhaps find some entertainment in looking over the names belonging to a pack of hounds in a former century. I have, therefore, on that account, inserted the following, from a very old hunting ballad—

Juno and Jupiter, Tinker and Troller,
Hurry and Harkaway, Steady and Stroller,
Singwell and Merryboy, Captain and Cryer,
Gangwell and Ginglewell, Fairmaid and Fryer,
Beauty and Bonnylass, Tanner and Trouncer,
Foamer and Forrester, Bonner and Bouncer,
Gander and Gundamore, Jowler and Jumper,
Tarquin and Tamerlane, Thunder and Thumper.

Out of all these appellations, only two seem to commemorate the party disputes of the age. "Bonner" might refer to the Marian persecution; and "Gundamore" certainly meant the celebrated Spaniard who hood-winked our British Solomon, James I.

In a play of Mrs. Behn's, we find a whig knight calling his house-dog—"Tory."

Your's, &c. J. J. B.

BOXING.

TOM BLAKE, *alias* TOM TOUGH, AND JACK HOLMES.

THE Town has not been known for these many years to be so full of amateurs and patronizers of boxing as it is at present. After the famous battle between the Chicken and Burke, on Monday, the 23d ult. [see page 214 of our last Number] they caused it to be published amongst the fighting squad, that a purse of twenty guineas would be ready in a few days for any two heroes of the fist to fight for, who, on due examination, should be considered as qualified to engage.

Among the numerous candidates on the occasion, Tom Blake, *alias* Tom Tough, and Jack Holmes, a Knightsbridge coachman, were selected. These men, though not much mentioned of late in the fighting world, were nevertheless considered to be in the front rank of pugilists. The Coachman acquired great celebrity from a terrible battle which he fought in Harley Fields, about twelve years ago, which he won, after an hour's severe contest. As for Tom Tough, fighting has been his trade for three years past; during which time he has seen a little service on board one of His Majesty's ships.

The money being deposited in proper hands, on Sunday evening, January 29, the time was also fixed for the battle to take place the next morning, behind St. George's Row, near the Paddington Canal. At eleven o'clock, an immense crowd had assembled, anxiously waiting for the arrival of the combatants, who were prevented from meeting at the time appointed, in consequence of receiving information that the owner of the field had sent for the Bow Street Officers, to clear the ground, and that they might be shortly expected. A consultation was therefore held amongst the subscribers, and it was agreed that the champions should adjourn to Wilsden Green, a distance of about four miles from town. The cavalcade immediately repaired to the spot; and at half past twelve

o'clock the ring was formed, and the two combatants entered it, "eager for the fight." When stripped, the opponents seemed equally paired, in point of size and apparent strength: they produced one of the best fought battles that has taken place for upwards of twenty years, not excepting the celebrated and memorable battle fought between Big Ben and Johnson.

The Coachman took the lead at starting; he put in a blow with his right hand on his antagonist's left side, which staggered him; then, following him up with his left hand, whipped him down. The odds, which were at the commencement six to four against the Coachman, were now the same in his favour.

The Second to the Seventh Round inclusive—consisted of the most severe hitting we ever witnessed. During the time, neither of the combatants tried to evade the other's blows, but stood up manfully, and fought with desperation. On setting to at the commencement of each round, no attempt was made at shifting, but a blow was given by one or the other immediately, and then continued fighting right and left till a blow brought one of them to the ground. No attempt whatever was made to close and throw each other. During the last rounds, the Coachman fell at the end of each; and the odds were about four to one against him.

The Twelfth and Thirteenth Rounds—were decidedly in favour of Tom, who knocked his opponent down each round at one blow. The next four rounds were fought, if possible, with more determined bravery than the former—neither exhibiting any signs of distress.

The Nineteenth Round—was fought with so much spirit, that it appeared as if the whole battle depended upon it. It ended in favour of Tom. The spectators applauded from every quarter.

From the Twentieth to the Twenty-sixth Round—the combatants fought with unabated fury; the odds varying, during the time, six to four on both sides. Shouts of applause almost every round. Tom's left side, at this time, exhibited the marks of many a hard blow, appeared as raw as a piece of beef. Odds, three to one on Tom.

The Twenty-seventh and Twenty-eighth rounds—had well nigh proved fatal to Tom; the Coachman gave him such a blow each round that nearly carried away Tom's bowsprit. On his receiving the last blow, he twisted round, did not fall, but tacked about, and caught the Coachman in the larboard side, when Tom fell, from the violence of his own blow. Odds, three to one in favour of the Coachman.

The Twenty-ninth Round.—Tom came up quite lame; it appeared that he had sprained his knee desperately, and could scarce point his feet to the ground. His seconds wished to take him away, and all the spectators expressed their opinion it ought to be so. Tom insisted on another broadside, and was indulged. He was obliged to wait for his opponent's coming up, when he threw in his left hand, and hit the Coachman a violent blow on the temple, which brought him to the ground. As it was supposed to be a chance thing, and that he could not recover the sprain, ten to one was offered against Tom.

From the Twenty-ninth to the Thirty-fourth Round—Tom observed the same line of conduct; he remained firm, and suffered his opponent to come up to him.

From the Thirty-fourth to the Forty-first Round—Tom invariably had the best of it. On the Thirty-fifth

fifth Round he seemed to be the better of his lameness, and any odds were now offered in his favour. When on the ground together, Tom would often pat the Coachman's cheek, and say, "thou art a good fellow, but must be beat."

Forty-first Round.—The Coachman rallied again, knocked down Tom, and had evidently the best of the round. The fight continued desperate, beyond any former example, to the Forty eighth Round, and appeared throughout in favour of Tom; they both hit as hard as at starting. The Coachman's face was even worse beat, and more shocking to behold, than Burke's, during any of his various combats, while Tom's side exhibited a scene horrid in the extreme.

The Forty ninth Round—was decidedly in favour of the Coachman, having knocked down Tom. Tom took the lead the Fiftieth Round, and continued it till the Fifty-fifth. The Coachman shewed signs of being faint and weak, but never shrunk from a blow, or fell without being hit. Tom fought more sprightly, and having hit his antagonist a violent blow the last meeting, any odds were offered that the Coachman would not *touch collar* again: they were, however, all deceived, as the Coachman rallied again. The next Round he made a wonderful effort to beat down his opponent, in which he succeeded: every amateur stared with amazement.

The last Round—it appeared, was that on which the Coachman chiefly depended for the success of the battle; for though he struggled hard for superiority the remaining Rounds, to the Sixtieth, (which was the last) he failed in his attempt; but the Coachman's defeat was considered more glorious by the amateurs, than any victory that has occurred for many a day.

TO PRODUCE A YELLOW ROSE WITHOUT A THORN.

TAKE the genistella or sweet-broom; cut it down within a few inches of the ground; engraft upon the central stems—for they are always the best, because the sap is there the most nourishing, provided the plant be healthy—slips from the white rose-bush; and if the process be properly managed, you shall not fail to produce the rose without a thorn, and of colour as yellow as the most brilliant jonquil.

TO MAKE AN AQUATIC GARDEN.

DRIVE a strong stake into the centre of your bason, or garden pond; let the upper part of your stake be previously fashioned for the purpose, then place thereon an old cart, coach, or chaise wheel, according to the size of your pond or bason; but before you do this, let the basket-maker weave strong osiers between the spokes, for a bottom, and from the extremity of the wheel, let him raise at least sixteen inches of wicker-work, in a tasty way, or like the turn-over sides of a lady's work-basket, and let this be well painted, of a bright green, or any other colour pleasing to the fancy. Now take some good clay or loam; let it be well kneaded, and the inside of the wheel or basket lined with it to the top, like the bottom of a dish for a pie. This done, fill up with good mould, and raise your heap round or high in the middle. A bunch of the blue iris will do well in the centre, the narcissus round the outer parts, and every kind of aquatic seed you may

may find room for. Water lilies of every description will do well, and every plant that loves a moist soil. Do this at an early time of the spring, and you will have in your own garden one of the brightest hortulanary beauties the imagination can conceive.

The Chinese, who have been for ages the best gardeners, have succeeded in numerous experiments of this kind.

A RAMBLE
FROM
BRISTOL TO MOUNT MENDIP.

Dundry Tor—Anecdote of Sir Edward Pellew—Mount Mendip—The dying Lamb—The Brimstone Pits—The Revery—City of Wells—Wookey Hole—Wells Cathedral—Glastonbury Tor—Fate of Whitting—Glastonbury Town—The Holy Thorn—The Abbey—St. Dunstan's Shrine—A Set-down at Bridgewater.

DUNDRY TOR.

THE purposes which drew me to Bristol being accomplished, I left that mart of noise and industry, just as the sun-beams began to play upon the mingling waters of Frome and Avon; and, mounting to the summit of Dundry, took my first meal in sweetness and rural serenity. Dundry is five miles south of the city, and the whole mountain to the sea producing coal of an excellent quality. The lofty Tor, or stone turret, on its awful brow, first caught my attention; and as I looked down on King Road, I had the singular satisfaction to see the Virginie come to an anchorage, a prize just taken from the enemy by Captain Sir Edward Pellew, of whom I had the happiness to learn the following anecdote.

ANECDOTE OF SIR E. PELLEW.

THE French General's Lady, who was on board the Virginie, being in bed when the action began, was fortunately moved to a place of greater safety; for, in a few minutes after, a shot tore the bed in pieces, and knocked off the head of one man, and the arm of another. She was now carried on board the Indefatigable, and appeared to be overcome with terror and affliction. Sir Edward Pellew remonstrated with her, assuring the lady that all danger was over; that she and her son were in perfect safety, and promised every protection in his power, begging at the same time to know the cause of her despondency. Madam acknowledged, she had been told, if she was taken by the English, she should be ill treated. Sir Edward soon quieted her fears on that head; for, presently after, perceiving an American vessel, he brought her to, and paid the captain a sum of money to carry the lady to her husband at Rochfort. He accompanied her and her son to the ship. At parting, she held out her hand to Captain Pellew, assuring him she had not words to thank him for his kindness; but begged Sir Edward to accept a diamond ring from her finger, which the liberal tar refused, observing, he could not think of a remuneration; that his own feelings were an ample recompence for the little attention he had been able to afford; and then, saluting the lady, returned to his own ship.

Such an anecdote relieves the mind amidst the horrors of war, and speaks with an hundred tongues in favour of our gallant countryman.

MOUNT MENDIP.

"FAREWELL," said I, "to Bristol," as I lost sight of that great city. My head sunk beneath the

the hill of Dundry, and my feet hastened to encounter new objects for my admiration. For seven miles, I found but little worthy of remark: the mug-houses, indeed, were exceptions; they made me conclude the polite arts had seldom or never travelled that way; for every sign I beheld was a blue ball, or a ball of some other colour; so that a stranger might as soon believe the master of the house took in pledges *, as that he sold ale and cyder. At Chew-Stoke, I halted for a little rest, and then proceeded to the top of miserable Mendip; where, if a few solitary blades of grass appeared, they were as thinly scattered as the teeth of a harrow.

THE DYING LAMB.

Scarce had I proceeded two miles among the sheep-walks, when I beheld, in the way before me, a stretched-out lamb. It appeared sleeping, and I prepared to turn aside rather than disturb it; yet I thought there was something singular in the attitude, and stooped to feel its silken coat. It was still warm, and lifted up its innocent eye-lids. I placed it on its feet, but it could not stand. "Poor thing," said I, "how can I assist thee? Is there no shepherd at hand to advise with for thy relief?" I looked round the wide and inhospitable mountain, but saw nothing human. A flight of crows was coming towards us. I took the lamb and laid it on the moss: it breathed its last, and closed its eyes for ever.

I soon turned to look on the place of dissolution: the death-hunters were already descended, and seemed to be merrily fleecing their new-found subject. These hasty executors reminded me of unpleasant circumstances; for I had lately experienced something like their conduct in human society. Having nearly passed the top of this pathless mountain, ten thousand beautiful objects burst at once upon my sight: so quick was the transition from sadness to pleasure, that I became for a moment fascinated; the whole range of valley opened before me—I wish I could say—with its winding streams; but, alas! such are wanting to complete the paradisiacal scenery. At the foot of the heights on which I stood, the ancient cathedral and city of Wells appeared, as it were, tucked under the very side of Mendip, adding great lustre to the whole expansion.

THE BRIMSTONE PITS.

At a small distance on my right, a line of singular appearances caught my attention, and I made towards them. It was formed of a number of little hills, almost at equal distances, rising from the verge of the summit, and I had a great desire to examine their interior contents: but in this I was disappointed, for the workmen had left the place to take their mid-day meal. However, from one of them—a most miserable looking fellow—I presently learned that their business in these pits was, to dig brimstone, which they found in inexhaustible abundance; also to prepare it for the flannel-workers

* In the time of Edward II. the itinerant merchants of Lombardy were permitted to settle in London, in the street that still bears their name. Those bankers who advanced money upon pledges, hung out, as a token to distinguish them from the rest, the arms of Lombardy, a certain number of blue balls upon a white field; and their successors, the pawnbrokers, continue the custom to this day.

of

of Salisbury, and other places; and he farther informed me, that although the Calabrian brimstone was of a more pure nature, this of Mendip had equal strength, would whiten full as well, and suited the home manufacturers better, because it was obtainable at one third the purchase.

THE REVERY.

As I looked from this pleasing elevation, and beheld again the city at the bottom of the mountain, singular ideas mingled with my imagination. "Who knows," said I to myself, "but some evil disposed person may one day or other communicate fire to these repositories of combustible matter, and the city of Wells become another Herculaneum, beneath the lava of a volcano. Much treasure would then be laid up for future antiquaries; but, to counteract this advantage, a great loss might accrue to the established church of England; for the gentle living-holders, who congregate in this place, for ease or indulgence, and wisely leave the drudgery of parochial duty to half-paid curates, would, in all probability, be enveloped by the liquid flames."

THE CITY OF WELLS

Is neat and well paved, but of no great extent. It has but one main street, at the lower extremity of which is its only parish church. Near the middle is a stone conduit of singular beauty and antiquity, and several good inns, for the accommodation of travellers. The town is full of sweet springs; indeed from this happy circumstance it derives its name. At all times the city of Wells is as quiet as it is clean: even during the bustle of election, when the storm rages fiercely through the kingdom, Wells enjoys a stark calm. The number of voters is about five hundred, and these so under the influence of Clement Tudwey, Esq. that he returns himself without any expence; and their old member, Mr. Portman, is also complimented with a return by the corporation. But few manufactories are here; and were it not for the numerous clergy who reside, from mercenary motives, you might walk about for a whole day and not meet a dozen idle persons. At the southern extremity of the town stands its ancient cathedral: but of this I shall speak in another place.

WOOKEY HOLE.

I HAVE just been on a visit to Wookey Hole. It is about a mile and a half from the town, under Mendip; a most romantic cavern, many fathoms deep, in the bosom of a rock. It admits no natural light; the visitor is therefore furnished with a candle by his guide, a very beautiful young woman, about nineteen, entirely unacquainted with those arts acquired in polished society; so that every action, and every word that falls from her tongue, may be fairly taken for the pure emanations of rural simplicity. From the house where you apply for admission, this modest lass conducts you up to the cavern door, which being shut, your entertainment commences. Furnished with a torch herself, she presents you with another, and thus begins her tale, which to be sure is too ridiculous to mention, were it not certain to be the fountain of much merriment—

"They do say, that once upon a time, before our Saviour came upon the earth, that the witch of Wookey lived in this cave; that she had great power; that she knew all things, and could turn all she did touch into stone; that she had an evil spirit to attend upon her; and that

that spirit they do say was the devil; but in this they are not clearly sure. Now when the old witch of Wookey heard that our Saviour was born, to put away all witchcraft, she grew very sorrowful, and determined to destroy herself, but first to turn all she respected into stone. The first thing was her pipe; and here it is,"—shewing something as like a wheel-barrow as a tobacco-pipe;—"and then she threw away her stopper; and they do say the evil spirit helped it in its flight, and that it pitched seven miles off, by the town of Glastonbury, and that the very Tor that now stands grew out of it. This place is called the old witch's kitchen—that is a flitch of bacon—and that a rabbit stripped of its skin, intended for her dinner—and this is her turnspit dog—and here you see the old witch's cupboard, where she used to keep her bread and cheese—and this is a pillar of salt. And now you are in the parlour—and this is the head of the lion that used to wait on the old witch of Wookey—and there, in that great chair, she used to sit, but never could sleep. You are now in the great hall—please to hold up your light, and see the lofty roof, and other shining curiosities, all in petrifaction—and here at the bottom, is a river of fine water, which turns the paper-mill without, and which they do say comes all the way from Chedder, and waters all the villages for many miles; and into this hole they put a living dog, which found its way out six miles under the mountain; and in this water, Master did catch a trout, the other day, that weighed six pounds:—and now you are got to the end of Wookey Hole; and if you please, we will go back again." The custom is, here to salute your conductress, which I did not fail to comply with.

And now, after slipping and sliding, sometimes up, and often down; after beating my sconce against the rocks, and being many times in danger of breaking my limbs; wet with the everlasting drippings from the petrifactions; sinking and mounting; mounting and sinking; to the great joy of myself, I once more beheld the light of heaven, and heard from the thickets above, the song of the blackbird. If ever I am caught in Wookey Hole again, may I be petrified, and shewn among the witch's rarities, as another curiosity to gratify those who, like myself, relinquish ease and safety, for mental gratifications.

THE CATHEDRAL.

Returning to Wells, I now paid my visit to its aged cathedral, a building covered with a profusion of excellent sculpture. But, alas! the wanton hands of fanaticism have been here but too busy—not a saint, a savage, or a sovereign, but wants a head, an arm, or some other member. However, with all its imperfections, it is awfully striking to a stranger, on its first appearance, and leads him involuntarily to venerate the piety and wisdom of our Saxon forefathers.

Among many other absurdities within the cathedral, half-way up the north wing of the bipennated part of the cross, sits a grotesque figure, as large as life. His stockings are painted white, and gartered below knee with sable garters; his head——. But the whole is unworthy description, as I have seen better proportions taken from a gingerbread mould, or cut by a school-boy in a field turnip. The use of this suspended automaton is to tell the time. With his heels he describes the quarters, by kicking upon two bells; and, with hammer

in hand, he clumsily thumps out the hour; while two men, without, clad in ancient armour, perform the same sort of service. There is also a very large clock, of some antiquity, but of very little use. At the top of it, are several horsemen, who, when put in motion, very closely resemble the roundabouts in Bartholomew Fair. In the south wing there is but little for our attention, except the caps of the lower pillars, some of which are beautifully managed by the artist; and one among many, is particularly interesting, and shews the high ability of those early times. The cap is worked into a fig-tree, so as not to lose its proper outline; a boy has climbed the tree, and is in the act of plucking the fruit, when an old man below pinches his ear with a pair of tongs. The characters of the two countenances are well described: the horrors of the tormented boy, and the grin of his tormentor, are worthy the attention of the traveller, who may find a pleasure in contemplating the works of the ingenious. To look up the cross from the west door to the altar, is wonderfully interesting; and the basement of the tower, in its centre, has the effect of an immense cubical mass, cylindrically perforated, and bids fair to bear up its burden, like the basement of a mountain, which nothing can shake but an earthquake. Fully gratified with the rarities of Wells, I left the town about noon; and, after a very pleasant walk of five miles and a half, came in sight of the great Tor of Glastonbury, celebrated for an historical fact of much credit to the framers of the great Reformation, and the downfal of clerical pride.

GLASTONBURY TOR—FATE OF WHITTING.

THE Parliament of England having abrogated the Pope's authority, the King—Henry VIII.—sent Dr. Lee through his dominions, to look into the conduct of those who were the heads of religious houses, with strict orders to report faithfully, that every enormity might be corrected, if disgraceful to religion, or oppressive to the subject. Upon the Doctor's coming to Glastonbury, he met Richard Whitting, the abbot, returning in great pomp to his monastery on the Tor Hill. This priest was attended by an hundred horsemen in rich liveries, and himself—proud prelate like—swelling at their head, as if he were ready to burst; at the same time looking so disdainfully on all beneath, that no tyrant in Barbary could equal his ridiculous self-importance. Dr. Lee, who was perfectly qualified for the task, presently described this conduct to his master, and shortly after was ordered to present a schedule to the abbot for his signature to the king's supremacy; when Whitting, with the greatest insolence, cast it to the ground, using strictures on Henry's conduct not of the most gentle nature; for which the abbot was arraigned, condemned, and hung by the neck, on a gibbet projecting from the top of his own Tor, as a beacon to priestly pride, inordinate arrogance, and uncharitable oppression.

What is particularly remarkable, the fate of Whitting was prophetically told by a monk of his own monastery, several years before its completion; and this I learn to have been the hand-writing on the wall—

From this tall Tor a tree shall rise,
Without or leaf or root;
Yet one strong branch shall glad the eyes,
And Whitting be the fruit.

Turning my back on this celebrated mountain, I entered the town of Glastonbury.

GLASTON-

GLASTONBURY TOWN.

THOUGH at present the bed of dulness, and seat of inactivity, exhibits ample remains of its former splendour and consequence. Of the first it was deprived by the gross impositions of the monks; of the latter, by the impolicy of shutting out the sea, since when, the commerce that enriched Glastonbury has been divided between Bridgewater and Bristol, and Glastonbury become almost as unfrequented as a desert.

ST. DUNSTAN'S SHRINE.

IT was in Glastonbury town the church raised a shrine to St. Dunstan, so rich, and so glorious, that it became the wonder of the world, which, together with the extraordinary miracles wrought by that saint, whom they pretended was deposited with them, brought devotees from all parts of Christendom; and the offerings were so rich and so numerous, that no religious fraternity could equal the church of Glastonbury. "Success makes people vain," says the old proverb; and this was at length fully exemplified by these inflated priests. Their improvidence was their downfall; for, boasting too much of the friendship of St. Dunstan, they raised the jealousy of the archchurch at Canterbury to so high a degree, that the monks, for the honour of their relicks *, burst the iron bars which secured the real tomb of their silversmith saint, and calling all comers to look on his remains, and such testimonies as were incontrovertible, the Glastonbury imposture was soon silenced, and the pride of the monks received so deep a wound, that it could never after recover. Credulity was ashamed of its folly, and all Europe was inclined to resent the imposition, till, from political motives, the arch-powers of the church interfered, and the matter was forbidden to be spoken of by the laity.

HOLY THORN.

I HAD frequently heard of the Holy Thorn of Glastonbury; and of course could not help inquiring after so popular a curiosity. I was recommended where to apply for information, and it is but justice to say met with a very liberal minded gentleman, who was not only willing to inform me, but he also had a full grown Thorn, of the right description, at the bottom of his garden, to which he introduced me; and, as near as I can recollect, told me the following History of the Thorn of Glastonbury—

Shortly after the crucifixion, Joseph of Aramathea landed at this place, for the purpose of converting the barbarous Britons, which they were by no means inclined to listen to, without a miracle to confirm his mission: to this end, he led them to the top of Chedder, on a Christmas day, and striking his staff with great violence into the earth, the holy man, in the name of his master, commanded it to vegitate. In a moment the staff became a Thorn, branching and blowing, though in the time of winter, with as much sweetness and beauty as if it were the spring; and that every cion from the parent stem has continued to bloom on that day, and would, he made no doubt, to the world's end.

I asked this very respectable man if he believed this story himself?

He assured me he did; and that the fact was so well attested by the ancient church record, that he wondered how any one could doubt its authenticity. I told him the monks had been as busy in this fabrication

* See Goslin's walk in and about Canterbury.

as in their shrine of St. Dunstan; and I hoped he would pardon me if I paid no more respect to the history of the Holy Shrub, than to that of the local Saint.

That the broad throat of credulity can gulp down such a tale for truth is not strange, or that the vulgar herd receive it for gospel I do not wonder at, but that the better informed men, given to reason well on other subjects, should defend such traditionary nonsense, strikes me with astonishment. To come nearer the matter, I inquired of a gentleman's gardener, who assured me that if the season was mild the Thorn would blow about Christmas, but if the winter turned out severe it was no more inclined to flower than in more eastern parts; that it was the mildness of the season only that directed its blowing twice in the year; and, as to the miracle, it was quite ridiculous.

THE ABBEY.

The Abbey of Glastonbury is the property of the person who keeps the White Hart inn, in the Town. It is a venerable piece of ruins, and most forcibly intimates the mutability of all earthly grandeur; for now, where the solemn dirge and the exalting hymn once filled the bosom with celestial fire, the mercenary has a fine crop of potatoes; the rich sculptured tower, where hung the matin bell that called the friar from his pillow to his God, is turned into a pigeon-house; and where the bodies of kings, princes, bishops, nobles, and the mighty of the land were solemnly deposited, my landlord puts his sea coal, old iron hoops, and other rubbish dedicated to Cloacina; where the brilliant shrine of St. Dunstan was wont to shine against the day star, and strike the superstitious devotee with reverential awe, while the artful priest drew the golden offering from his distended poke, now (O! mutability) the fattening swine make their filthy locations; while hungry rats feed on the pavement once measured by the sainted foot. To be brief, there is nothing left for our admiration but the great north door; that indeed exhibits, though so much mutilated, the remains of early magnificence: but alas! that, which once formed an arch for the grand entrance of an emperor, is now almost too low for the admission of a pigmy! nor is it likely that one stone may be left long upon another, for the innkeeper is continually selling the fragments; and there is barely a masonic repair made in the town but you may behold, worked in the face of the building, some piece of ornament once belonging to this sacred edifice.

SET DOWN AT BRIDGEWATER.

From this ancient resort of the religious, this Mecca of the Christian pilgrims, I took my road along a fine broad causeway, over the north extremity of the great Sedgemoor, first raised by the church of Glastonbury—the only good thing I have found of their doing, upon record—and, after enduring a heavy tempest, I arrived in good spirits at Bridgewater, where I found a pleasant caravansary; and here I recorded these things for your entertainment. Thus have I been buffeted by the saucy winds upon the mountains, scorched by dreadful lightnings in the vallies, and, on the unsheltered plains, drenched like a soused mackerel; thus have I passed the dreary Mendips, and undergone the perils and dangers of Wookey Hole; and all to gratify insatiable curiosity; which, if you approve, no greater remuneration will be required by your Quixotic friend, T. N.

Farm Yard

Subject of the Second Plate given in this Number,

THE FARM YARD,

A Sketch from Morland.—By Bell.

MAREL POTTER *v.* THOMAS BARNETT.

A Law Case, tried in the Court of King's Bench, February 4, 1804.

THE plaintiff, in this cause, is a dashing belle, in the suite of the Paphian Goddess. She had fitted up a house in all the parade of modern extravagance, in the vicinity of Fitzroy Square; and debts and bailiffs, the natural consequences of such profusion, occasioned some inconvenience. In these circumstances, she applied to Thomas Barnett, an auctioneer, for the loan of L.250, which he advanced to supply her necessities; but as he was too much a man of business, and too little a man of pleasure, to confide in the honour and punctuallity of our British Aspasia, he had a bond of the lady, with a warrant of attorney, to confess judgment, and also a bill of sale of the sofas, pier glasses, girandoles, &c. The auctioneer had an eye to his profits, and lent this money in hope that all would pass under his own hammer. The lady, however, had no such design; she had answered her immediate purposes, and for her less pressing exigencies, she trusted to the politeness and liberality of Col. Antrobus, who was at Newmarket. To him she imparted her painful situation, which the confidence of friendship could alone permit her to disclose. The Colonel flew to her relief on the wings of love, wiped away the tear of affliction, and sent for the defendant, Thomas Barnett, to discharge the debt.

Mr. Festus Philips proved the negotiation, and that he was present when Mr. Barnett, an attorney, and agent for Mr. Barnett the auctioneer, paid to Mrs. Potter the sum of L.250. He stated also, that the same goods were afterwards sold, under an execution, for L.600. In cross-examination, he said he was a sheriff's officer, and sometimes lent his credit to his friends, to recover them the ready in time of need; and in order to oblige his friend Mrs. Potter, he endeavoured to negotiate the business with Barnett.

Colonel Antrobus said, that being at Newmarket, he received a letter from Mrs. Potter, in which she stated, that Barnett had threatened to seize her goods, under the bill of sale. He immediately came to Town, sent for Barnett, and tendered him the L.250, with interest, and L.7: 10s. for his commission upon valuing the goods, as a *douceur*; but Mr. Barnett refused to take it, and insisted upon having L.300, saying, that he had absolutely purchased the goods, and that he had left Mrs. Potter in possession, merely to give her an opportunity of repurchasing them, if she could; and that he would re-sell them for L.300, and not less. The Colonel told him that he was a d——d scoundrel, and that he was minded to kick him out of the house; but, upon better thoughts, he paid him the L.300, to save the goods; being determined to bring an action for the surplus above what he was entitled to. On cross-examination, he said, he kept Mrs. Potter, by living with her in her house, but that the goods were her's. He was now a prisoner in the Fleet, and she voluntarily shared his confinement, to salace his heavy hours; but he denied that he was interested in the event of the cause.

The bill of sale was put in, which, on the face of it, appeared an absolute transfer of the goods.

Lord

Lord Ellenborough told the jury, that many legal instruments, which appeared to be absolute upon the face of them, were only meant to give security for contingent events. He left it for them to say whether, from the circumstance of only half the value being paid for these goods, and the plaintiff was in possession a month after the bill of sale, it was any thing more than a loan.

The jury found for the plaintiff for L.32:0:6, all above the L.250 lent, interest and commission.

The verdict being given, Lord Ellenborough said, he hoped Mr. Barnett would not shew himself again in court in a like character.

PEDESTRIAN WAGER.

ON Friday, the 10th instant, a young man, of the name of Gregory, set out from St. John's Street, to walk fifty miles on the Hertfordshire road, which he engaged to perform in twelve hours. The original bet was for only ten guineas; but a considerable sum was sported, many supposing he would accomplish it in a much shorter time than was allowed. He started at six in the morning, passed through Hatfield between nine and ten, and reached Welwyn, twenty-five miles distant, before eleven, where he stayed a short time, and then returned. He arrived at the place from whence he started, twenty minutes past five in the afternoon, apparently very little fatigued.

The same person has offered to bet any sum, that he will go over the three bridges, beginning at the foot of London Bridge, take St. Paul's in his way, round which he will go twice, then over to the Surry side of Blackfriars, and on to the Middlesex side of Westminster Bridge, in thirty minutes. He will not, however, in this case, be confined to walking; but is, in sporting language, to make *the best of his way*.

AGILITY AND CRUELTY.

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

READING in the last Number of your justly admired miscellany, page 173, the very entertaining ramble of your ingenious correspondent T. N. to Taunton, and its vicinity, it brought to my recollection the following extraordinary instance of agility and cruelty acted in that neighbourhood.

Your's, &c. J. J. B.

Feb. 9, 1804.

IMMEDIATELY after the battle of Sedgemoor, where the Duke of Monmouth's army was defeated by the King's forces, commanded by the Earl of Feversham, he ordered twenty two of the prisoners to be hanged on the spot, four of whom were hanged in chains.

The fate of one man in particular is too extraordinary to be passed over. This person, who was remarkably swift of foot, was prevailed upon, on the condition of being pardoned, to entertain the general with an instance of his agility. Accordingly, having stripped himself naked, a halter was put round his neck, and the other end of it round the neck of a horse. They started at a place called Bussex-rhine, and ran from thence to Brintsfield-bridge, a distance somewhat exceeding half a mile; and, though the horse went at full speed, the man kept pace with him the whole way. But, notwithstanding this exertion of his agility, and the terms of the agreement, the inhuman general ordered him to be hanged with the rest.

FEAST

FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN's HALL.

A CLERGYMAN seeing his son about to drink a glass of brandy, said—"Son, don't drink that filthy stuff; ardent spirits is the worst enemy you have." "I know that, father," replied the son; "but you know we are commanded to *love our enemies*—so, here it goes."

THE Lady of a new-made Knight, being asked to drink a glass of wine, refused, because her physician had put her upon a *regiment*, which was, to drink water. "Then, Madam," said a gentleman present, "I presume you belong to the *Coldstream*."

BON MOT.—A fellow being brought to the bar some time ago, to answer for a misdemeanor, told his prosecutor, that he could convict him of being both a *thief* and a *murderer!*—Upon being required to *prove* his assertion—"Why," said he, "you ugly villain, you killed a *monkey*, and you *stole* his countenance."

IT has been observed of Mr. Lauden Gordon, that though an *interpreter* of *dreams*, he is no *Joseph!*

THE *Kitchen* of a noble duke at the West End of the Town, has been lately thrown into a dreadful uproar, on account of the *Cook* having received a letter addressed, "Thomas ——, *a Skewer*."

THE following is an exact manuscript note, written by a German bookseller to one of his authors—"I have just received half a dozen *lean* English octavos, which you must *fatten* up as so many quartos, for the Leipsick fair. I send you a large quantity of *paste*, with a new pair of *scissars*."

A CALEDONIAN lass, soon after her arrival in London, was sent by a near relation to the *White Hart* in Bishopsgate Street. After examining every sign in the said street, she returned, saying she could not find it; upon which her relative accompanied her, and, pointing up to the sign, said, "This is it." "Oot," replied the North Briton, "do you call this a *Heart?* why it is a great white *Beasty!*"

HEROIC DRUMMER.—In the late war, an English drummer having wandered from his camp, and getting too near the French lines, he was seized and brought before the French commander, on suspicion of being a spy disguised in a drummer's uniform. On being asked who he was, he replied—"A drummer in the English service." This not gaining credit, a drum was sent for, and he was desired to beat a couple of marches, which accordingly he did, and removed the French general's suspicion. However, he desired him to beat a retreat. "A retreat, Sir!" replied the

the Briton; "we don't know what that is in the English service." The answer so pleased the French officer, that he dismissed the drummer, and wrote to his general, commending his spirited behaviour.

LATELY, in the Court of King's Bench, a witness, named Lincoln, was called to prove a hand-writing; and having looked at the paper for some time without speaking, Mr. Erskine exclaimed, "Well, Sir, what is your belief? Don't let the *Devil* overlook *Lincoln*, but give us your belief of the hand-writing." The witness, with great composure, turned round and said—"I did not observe, Sir, that *you* were looking over me; and as for the hand-writing, I can form no judgment." The court was convulsed with laughter.

A YOUNG nobleman, a few evenings since, at Drury Lane Theatre, observed, "that it was a pity Cinderella did not speak." A very beautiful woman, with a pair of bright sparklers, replied, "Then, Sir, I perceive you do not understand the language of the eyes." "Not till this moment, Madam," returned his Lordship, with a languishing look. The lady sent the shaft so forcibly, that it is imagined the wound can be cured only at Hymen's altar.

THE Duchess of Devonshire, while waiting in her carriage one day in the streets of London, observed a dustman, with a short pipe in his hand, looking at her. Having gazed a few seconds with intenseness, he broke into a smile, and said—"Lord love your Ladyship, I wish you would let me light my pipe at your eyes!" Her Grace took it in good part, and was so pleased with the whimsical frankness of the compliment, that when any thing civil is said to her, she often remarks—"Very well; but nothing like the dustman."

ON a great female performer's fainting at the Oratorio, lately, an ignorant attendant poured some *undiluted* hortshorn down her throat. On coming to herself, she exclaimed—"Curse you, you b—g—d, that's *real* hartshorn!"

IRISH BON MOT.—"*Paddy*," said an Englishman, "why are you so apt to make *Blunders*?" "Because, *Johnny*, I have such a regard for my dear friends—the *Bulls*."

ANOTHER DREAM.—A revery of singular import was lately, in Bow Street, submitted to Mr. Bond and Sir W. Parsons, who acted as interpreters upon the occasion. A Mrs. Dietritchen, of Newman Street, exhibited articles of peace against her husband, and, among other outrages, stated, that on Sunday sennight, at breakfast, he told her he had dreamed a dream, and if ever it came true, he would take up the first knife he could get, and stab her. The husband at first declined mentioning the particulars of his dream; but, upon being pressed by the magistrates, declared that he had dreamed his wife was false, and what he had uttered was under the influence of the "green-eyed monster." The interpretation of the dream was so unfavourable to the husband, that, in default of bail, Queen Mab must have paid him her next visit in Bridewell.

INSTEAD of *hearts*, *darts*, and *Cupids*, with their usual *precious poetry*, a considerable portion of the last *Valentines* contained drawings of a beautiful bed with *yellow curtains*, with an annexed statement of some very charming *dreams*.

SPORTING

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

COURSING PRECEDENT.—The case now submitted to the Jockey Club, between the greyhounds of Mr. Durand, from Surry, and Mr. Wright, from Essex, [see last Magazine, page 169] is somewhat similar to one that arose at the last Malton Coursing, in February, 1803.——Mr. Plumer, and Mr. Lee, matched two dogs for a piece of plate against two of Major Topham's, of the breed of Snowball. The weather proving a hard frost on the week of the meeting, Major Topham sent his dogs the week following; when, the dogs of Mr. Plumer and Mr. Lee not appearing, he claimed the forfeiture of the matches; and, concluding he had a right to receive the plate, it was ordered in consequence. The losers appealed to the next Malton Meeting, in November, when it was determined, "That, as the weather prevented the meeting at the time intended, it should be considered as no meeting, and that the matches were off."—Whether this decision will have any influence on that of the Jockey Club is uncertain.

THE Swaffham Coursing Society held another meeting early last month. Mr. Hammond's Wastacre Field is, perhaps, as trying a country as any in England; but the well-bred and high trained dogs of Sir John Sebright, Sir Samuel Fludyer, Mr. Moseley, and Mr. Dashwood, are but too apt to beat all before them.

LORD CRAVEN'S greyhounds, at Ashdown Park, are managed by Mr. Thornhill.—His Lordship's breed are excellent, and can beat any dogs in their own country; but they are not attended to as in the time of the late Earl. The present nobleman seldom visits the meeting.

MR. STEAD, having left Berkshire, has been a considerable drawback. The competition which existed for years between him and Mr. Pickering kept the club alive.

THE Yorkshire dogs certainly are good-bottomed; and, were an equal number of South Country to be matched against an equal number from the North, then indeed "wou'd be the tug of war"—but a dispute about the country has almost invariably broken all plans of such a meeting. From the experience which has already been had, we are apt to conclude that each dog would win in his own country—as was the case between the Ashdown Park Society, and the Swaffham Society.—This arises, probably, from the difficulty of travelling a greyhound so as to continue him in that high condition which is absolutely necessary for such a contest. The poet says—

"Cœlum, non animum mutant, qui trans-mare currunt."

This, however, does not hold good as to the brute creation; for it is known, that both a game cock and

a bull dog degenerate most amazingly when they leave their native country.

LINCOLNSHIRE produces good greyhounds, but they cannot run a hill country—for which both Lord Craven and Lord Orford's dogs were famous.

MR. SWINFEN, who has the whole range of Warwickshire and Staffordshire to breed from, challenges all England. In his training, he is as unrivalled as he is in hospitality.

THE Marquis, and indeed the Marchioness of Townshend, in general honour the Norfolk Meetings, by sending two or three brace of the *old blood*.

MR. MANSFIELD, the worthy Judge of Chester, is among the most ardent admirers of this sport; and what little time he can spare from his valuable public avocations, is generally devoted to attend the Berkshire Meetings—although very near sighted, he is the boldest rider in the field.

SIR C. BUNBURY occasionally runs a dog or two at Newmarket; but, unlike the wag of former days, the worthy Baronet does not like to bet upon things that *can't* speak nor understand.

MR. DURAND, M. P. for Maidstone, alike successful in all his undertakings, where liberality has any influence, can always produce several high bred and well-conditioned dogs; they are, however, apt to *run foul*.—Perhaps, in the whole of his life, or his establishment, it is the only occasion where such an epithet can be applied.

THE Malton Coursing Meeting, which has been so long delayed by the bad weather, was to take place, we understand, on Tuesday the 27th instant. The members were to meet on that day, and the first public coursing day to be the next day, Wednesday.

THE Spring Coursing Meeting, at Ashdown Park, near Lambourn, passed off without any sport, for want of dogs.

PEDESTRIAN MATCH.—The sporting world was much disappointed, on Monday, the 16th instant. They expected to have witnessed a performance, of the pedestrian kind, the like of which had never been attempted—Mr. Barclay, who, it may be remembered, won a considerable sum of money about two years ago, in Yorkshire, by walking ninety miles in nineteen hours, a few days previous to the above date, over a bottle, agreed with a sporting friend to walk twenty-three miles in three hours, for a wager of two hundred guineas. It was intended that he should start a little beyond Hoddesdon, in Hertfordshire, and finish at the Royal Exchange, London; which was the distance required. In order that he might not be interrupted on the road, it was agreed that he should set off at five o'clock in the morning. Mr. Barclay had been living in town for some time, and was rather out of condition to be expected to perform so great a feat; and had only since the previous Saturday to train himself; notwithstanding which, almost any odds might be had that Mr. Barclay would complete his task. Several gentlemen left town on the Sunday, to see the pedestrian start, and accompany him to town on horseback. The crowd that went to meet him on the road was immense; while many of the gentleman's friends waited for him at eight o'clock, at the Royal Exchange; where they expected to meet him according to appointment. Their surprise, however, was great in the extreme, when they waited several hours beyond the time without seeing or hearing from him.

Many

Many of the equestrians went several miles on the Edmonton road, but saw no more than those who remained in town. Whether Mr. Barclay had been taken ill, or his friend paid forfeit, which prevented the match, we are not even now able to say.

Mr. Winter, a baker, for a bet of forty guineas, lately walked from Norwich to Yarmouth, a distance of nearly twenty four miles, in five hours and a half, carrying 40lbs. weight of bran in a basket. He was allowed six hours, but performed it in the time stated with ease.

On Wednesday, the 1st instant, was decided, at Reding Street, Kent, a match of some consequence, 2-mile heat, between Capt. Backhouse's chesnut gelding, Pic Nic, and Capt. Bowles's bay gelding, Slap Bang, rode by the owners.—The race was well contested, and handsomely won by the former, although 3 to 1 against Pic Nic at starting.

One day in the present month, Mr. Claridge started from Hyde Park Corner, about eleven o'clock, to trot his mare thirteen miles on the Richmond road in an hour, for a wager of twenty guineas; which he performed in two minutes and a half less than the given time. At starting, the odds were four to one against her. It was agreed, if she got into a gallop, she was to stop and turn about, which she did several times.

Pontefract Cockings.—The main of cocks fought between the 20th and 25th instant, at the Red Lion, Pontefract, between Mr. W. Lee, (Burnell, feeder) and Mr. E. L. Hodgson, (Fothergill, feeder) for 10gs a battle, and 200gs the main, was won by the former, three a head.

The magistrates of Nottingham have prohibited cock-fighting within the liberties of that town, and have notified to all innkeepers who tolerate such barbarous amusements, that their licences will be forfeited.

Great Riding Match.—We understand a bet has been made, to take place in six months from this time, by a gentleman who engages to ride from the city of London to York in twelve hours. He is to change horses on the road as often as he pleases.—The bet is for 1000gs.

It has long been a matter of regret, that several idle fellows should be suffered to parade the fields in the vicinity of the metropolis, on Sundays, with guns in their hands, for the purpose of shooting small birds, but which too frequently endanger the lives of people passing within gun-shot. An accident, however, was occasioned on Sunday the 19th instant, by a person of the above description, which may be the means of putting a stop to such practices in future. Three men were shooting larks in Battersea fields, when they followed the birds so near to a house, that, on firing, one of them shot a little boy who was playing at a short distance from the door. As soon as the cries of the child convinced the man of his imprudence, he threw down the gun and ran away. He was pursued without success; but his two companions were taken into custody.

Legal Anecpote.—In the Court of Common Pleas, a few days ago, a cause was tried, in which a horse-dealer was charged with having sold an *unsound* horse. The circumstance is a common one; but it induced Lord Alvanley to tell the following story—

"Some years ago," said his Lordship, "an action was brought against

a gentleman at the bar, respecting a horse, which he wanted to go the circuit. The horse was taken home, and his servant mounted him to shew his paces; when he was on the animal's back he would not stir a step. He tried to turn him *round* and *round*; but all would not do; he was determined not to go *the circuit*. The horse-dealer was informed of the animal's obstinacy, and asked how he came to sell such a horse. "Well," said the dealer, "it can't be helped; but I'll tell you what I'll do—give me back the horse, and allow me L.5, and we'll settle the affair." The barrister refused, and advised him to send the horse to be broke in by a *rough-rider*. "Rough-rider!" said the dealer, "he has been to rough riders enough."—"How came you to sell me a horse that would not go?" replied the barrister. "I sold you a horse, *warranted sound*, and sound he is," said the dealer; "but as to his going, I never thought *he would go*."

On the 10th of February inst. Robert Coates, of Hadleigh, whitesmith; James Payne, of the same place, blacksmith; and Robert Reason, of the same place, labourer; were severally convicted before the magistrates at their petty sessions there, viz Robert Coates in the penalty of L 10, and James Payne, and Robert Reason—upon their own confession—in the penalty of 20s. each. for tracing a hare. on Sunday the 8th day of January last, in the day time. The magistrates acting for the Hundred of Cosford, having reason to believe that this abominable practice of profaning the Sabbath by poaching, is a growing evil, are determined to put the existing laws in full force, and in future to convict all persons guilty of this offence in the heaviest penalties inflicted by the Game Laws.

One day this month, Mr. Gwynne shot, on the margin of Lewes river, Sussex, a Manchot, or Southern Penguin, a bird but rarely seen in these parts. The feathers on its breast and belly were white, and bore a gloss equal to the finest satin.

On Saturday the 21st ult. a milk-white woodcock was shot by the gamekeeper of A. Ludlow, Esq. in the woods adjacent to Heywood House, near Westbury, Wilts, which is preserved as a great curiosity.

Lately died, at Newmarket, Mr. Thomas Wormald, journeyman blacksmith to Mrs Edmundson, supposed to be the most experienced shoer of race-horses in the kingdom.

Deaths of Sportsmen.—At Tinderhook, in America, Mr. Beverly Bennett, a worthy young man, aged 25, was killed in the following manner—With some other young men, he was setting off on a fowling party; some of them were pushing off the canoe, in which a gun was laid—the lock supposed to be half-cocked, when the motion of the canoe shaking the piece, it went off and discharged the contents into Mr. B.'s head, blowing out his eyes, and entering the skull, by which he fell down dead.

On the 31st of January, died Mr. Benjamin Wood, of Benckhole, near Dorchester, aged 71, a well known fox-hunter.

On the 2d instant, died, aged 97, Mr. John Hill, of Turley Green, county of Salop. He was well known in his neighbourhood for his wit and vivacity; and such was his love for the sports of the field, that he joined in the chase only a fortnight previous to his death.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

THE HEN AND HAT-BOX.

YE Captains brave, who guard the land,
And 'mong our misses raise a racket,
May Fortune take you by the hand!
O'er hat and helmet spread her power,
Like an umbrella in a shower,
That not a drop may stain a jacket!

Fear not, my lads, my harmless muse;
Like you, she's fond of noise and joking;
In gall her pen she ne'er imbues.
Fear not, she rules a harmless quill;
Fear not a yard-long taylor's bill,
Or challenge, ague fits provoking.

In Dublin, where all people smile,
And bless the May'r and Corporation,
A Captain from the sister isle,
Whose phiz out-circled harvest moons,
Gave law to forty light dragoons,
A very honour to the nation.

Prudence he had—a gift so rare—
And liv'd in economic manner;
Could calculate all wear and tear,
And from his pay could save a store,
Which never wight could do before,
Who follow'd regimental banner.

He had a hat, and eke a box
To shield it—though no longer sable—
And as he knew full well that cocks
Are rather free of horses' corn,
To watch the forage night and morn,
He chose his lodging near his stable.

An egg he lov'd—but then the price!
A penny! monstrous! 'twas exceeding!
So he thought him in a trice,
And bought a fowl for eighteen pence,
And turn'd her to the yard—with sense—
To fatten upon gratis feeding.

And watching each succeeding day,
He knew the hour, the very minute,
When fertile chuck her egg would lay.
To catch the prize he hied well pleas'd,
—The hat turn'd out—the box he seis'd,
And caught poor chuck, and clapp'd her in it.

One morn, to chase the teeming hen,
He early left his bed and bolster.
Lo! orders came to march his men:
Loth thus to lose a fowl, our buck
Wrung the poor neck of faithful chuck,
And clapp'd her, smoking, in his bolster.

BRIMBER CRACK.

SONG.

TUNE—*I sit like a Turk.*

EACH has his humour and whim—and why not?
Let enterprise nourish what spirit begot.
If hobbies are harmless, as hobbies may be,
You all may have hobbies, my hearties, for me.

Let

Let fancy have swing, in your choice unconfin'd,
Let each choose his hobby, and mount to his mind:
But, thanks to our host, we're well mounted already;
Then push on with spirit—and, damn it, sit steady.

Let's cast an eye round upon life's Rotten Row:
All mounted, see hither and thither they go;
The head some bestride, some the tail, some the middle;
One rides a huge jack-boot, another a fiddle.

One gallops about on the news of the day;
Another on pictures, another on play;
A Hector rides bold on the thousands he slew;
A sage ambles soft on a stuff'd cockatoo.

The knight, on the star that to knighthood is due,
Or high on a ribbon, red, orange, or blue;
The turtle-fed cit, on a knife, fork, and spoon;
And Will, on a telescope, right to the moon.

With heart ever open, and eye-lids half shut,
A jolly, bluff dog rides across a full butt:
By Jove he's well mounted, we all love a glass;
But the hobby of hobbies, my lads, is a lass.

BRIMBER CRACK.

PROLOGUE
TO
THE SOLDIER'S DAUGHTER.

Written by the Author of the Comedy.
Spoken by Mr. Pope.

THE wretch condemn'd, who pines in silent sorrow,
And fears the dawn of th' all-dreadful morrow,
When, from this earth, his soul must take her flight,
The realms to seek of all-eternal night—
As he the awful scaffold slowly climbs,
And dreads the vengeance that attends his crimes—
Hope—like a smiling cherub, opes her gate,
And points out Mercy on her throne of state!
Justice, obedient to the white-rob'd maid,
Sheaths her drawn sword, and grants her willing aid.
So—the scar'd author of our play to-night,
Dreads—ev'n these lamps, that bring his crimes to light.
The' chilling dew-drops mark the culprit's fear,
He knows your justice—if his cause you hear;
But shou'd his guilt excite th' critic fury,
His hope is—Mercy—from an English Jury!
A home-spun fabric he presents to view,
Devis'd, constructed, and prepar'd, for you:—
From Nature drawn—and fed with Nature's food,
His men and women—merely flesh and blood!
Thro' his rude scenes Benevolence holds place,
To chase the tear from off pale sorrow's face;
Cheer the sad husband, and the faithful wife,
And fain wou'd smooth the rugged road of life.
A youthful merchant ventures on this shore,
(Where many a merchant has been seen before),
Ye Sons of Commerce, grant your pow'rful aid,
And give your voices—in support of trade!
He adds thereto—to fill his vary'd scene,
A sprightly fair one of no vulgar mien,
From Nature's school, with virtue's precepts taught her,
A Yeoman's Widow, and a Soldier's Daughter.

All

All English growth—from garden, forest, field—
Some perfum'd flowers—while some a poison yield;—
Who, from his native land, all ill can root?
Ev'n Eden's garden nurs'd forbidden fruit!
Our author, therefore, if his schemes you scan,
But shows the danger, to preserve the man.—
If, in these home-made scenes, he bade me say,
You ought can find to send you pleas'd away;
If woe domestic can its griefs impart,
Or sportive pleasure animate the heart,
If both he aims—and shou'd his schemes succeed,
Your generous plaudits make him blest indeed!
If with your smiles you greet his first endeavour,
You bind him yours, for ever and for ever!

EPILOGUE TO THE SAME.

Written by the Author—Spoken by Mrs. Jordan.

BEFORE the fatal knot is fairly ty'd;
Before I change the widow for the bride;
Once more at this tribunal I appear,
Nor doubt your favour to a Volunteer.
Such am I now—though not by martial laws,
I volunteer it—in an author's cause;
This, his first bantling, could your candour spare,
And take his offspring to your fost'ring care—
Nurtur'd by you, the tendril slip may root,
And fairer blossoms from its branches shoot.
Like puppies born are all dramatic brats—
For nine long days they are as blind as bats;
Poor crawling creatures, sons of cats and night,
Then let this live till it can see the light;
And shou'd you foster it to twenty-one,
Why then——Oh, no——
Dramatic bantlings never go alone:
Unlike mankind, if once the nurse forsake 'em,
They die by inches—and the dogs won't take 'em!
Say, is the day our own—how goes my cause?
You needn't speak—I'll judge by your applause.
'Tis well—this approbation's cheering;—
I claim some merit from my volunteering;—
Not like the hardy sons of Albion's soil,
Disdaining peril, and severest toil;
A mass of subjects in one loyal band,
To save the spoiler from their native land;
And future tyrants teach that dost to fear
Who boasts the name of British Volunteer!
Ladies—I one proposal fain would make,
And trust you'll hear it, for your country's sake—
While glory animates each manly nerve,
Should British women from the contest swerve;
No!——We'll form a female army—of Reserve;
And class them thus—Old Maids are pioneers;
Widows, sharp-shooters—Wives are fuzileers;
Maids are battalion—that's—all under twenty—
And as for *light troops*—we have those in plenty!
Vixens the trumpet blow—Scolds beat the drum—
When thus prepar'd—what enemy dare come?
Those eyes that even Britons cou'd enslave,
Will serve to light poor Frenchmen to their grave;
So shall th' artillery of British charms
Repel invaders, without force of arms!——
If this succeeds—as I the scheme have plann'd,
I expect, at least, the honour of command:—

I have—an Aid—De Camp—behind the scene
Who all this winter in the Camp has been;
Inur'd to service in the tented field,
She can, with ease, the pond'rous musket wield!
The martial skill she shall impart to you,
Which on this spot, so oft has had review;—
Then, tremble France! since British women can
A firelock handle—as they do a fan!
Now, Brother Soldiers—dare I sisters join?—
If you this night your efforts should combine,
To save our corps from anxious hope and fear,
And send out mercy—as a Volunteer!
To whose white banner, should the critics flock,
Our rallying numbers might sustain th' shock,
The sword shall drop—then cease impending slaughter,
If mercy's shield protects the—Soldier's Daughter.

LINES,

On the Death of Mr. Charles Russell, Rectorial Clerk of Bath, well known for his vocal Abilities.

FAREWEL, honest fellow! poor Russell, farewel!
How sad on mine ears strikes that dull muffled bell,
Proclaiming, with solemn and slow-pacing sound,
"For a much-valued brother, prepare the cold ground;
His book is now clos'd, all his duties are o'er,
And responses devout will he utter no more!"
Poor Russell! how oft the deep tones of thy voice
Made this bosom, now throbbing, with rapture rejoice!
How oft has thy converse, and sterling sound sense,
Wit and humour divested of guile or offence,
Enliven'd the hours of winter's long nights,
And made them one scene of dear social delights!
With superiors how chaste, how prudent thy plan!
Unassuming, yet never forgetting the man;
What was due to superiors still ready to pay,
Yet with spirit repelling pride's arrogant sway!
In harmony's round, I thy merits can trace,
How perfect thine ear, and how mellow thy bass!
In thy duties to God, thy first and last care,
How attentive, how fervent, how pious, sincere!
All who knew thee, lament thee, most valued of men!
Chaunt sad thy *Finale*, and sigh thy—*Amen.*

HUNTING SONG.

AS health, rosy health, from cheerfulness flows,
And sloth draws old age on apace,
To avoid sad disease, and such mortal foes,
By cheerfully joining the chace,
To the woods then let's haste—Diana invites,
And thus does the goddess report—
"If you wish to gain health, with much joy and delight,
Mount your coursers, and follow the sport."

For nature, gay nature, imparts in the chase,
Those charms which but hunters enjoy,
There we see a strong picture of life's eager race,
In a pastime that never can cloy:
Then at night, when the chase has bestow'd all its charms,
And we're snug o'er the joy-giving bowl,
To repose we retire, in beauty's soft arms,
Where transports envelope the soul.

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

OR

MONTHLY CALENDAR

OF THE

TRANSACTIONS OF THE TURF, THE CHASE,

And every other DIVERSION interesting to the

MAN OF PLEASURE, ENTERPRISE, AND SPIRIT.

FOR MARCH, 1804.

CONTAINING

Carlo ..... Page 295
Fox Hounds and Hunting 295
Stag Chase in Kent 296
Coursing 296
Schoolboy's Challenge 297
Recent Elopement 298
Duelling, a Letter on 299
Duel—Lord Camelford and Mr. Best 300
Curious Parallel between the Chase and the various Pursuits of Human Life 301
An Eagle taken 303
Dicky Birds, Wasps, and the like 304
Bear Hunting 305
Description of a Favourite Dog 306
Sketch of Dick Terrible 307
Incivility happily corrected 308
The Jackdaw, a ludicrous Circumstance 308
Wild Cats in England 309
Remarkable Escape 309
Classical Gallantry 310
Precipitate 310
Sporting with Fashionable Failings 311
Present State of the Gambling Houses at Paris 313
Splendid Female Swindler at Vienna 314
Dash-Egg 315
Migration of Birds—Extraordinary Powers of Digestion, &c. 316
Genius Genuine, by Samuel Chifney, of Newmarket 317
Trial of the Rev. Lockhart Gordon, and Lauden Gordon 325
Blood Hounds, particular Properties of, and the manner they were employed by the Spaniards in St. Domingo 333
Elephants, curious Particulars of 335
Horse-Racing, Uses and Abuses of 337
Deer 337
Theatricals.—The Paragraph 338
The Counterfeit 339
Reply to Medical Observations 340
Eccentric Character 343
Feast of Wit 344
Sporting Intelligence 346

POETRY.

Hunting Song 349
Songs from the Paragraph 350
Fox-Chase in L——rshire; or, The Sporting Baboon 351
Epigram 351
Battle of Tom Blake and Jack Holmes 352
Winter 352
Index 353

Embellished with a beautiful Engraving of Carlo, to serve as the Frontispiece for the 23d Volume. An Etching of Deer. And a Vignette Title Page—The Wild Boar.

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ADDRESS TO THE PUBLIC.

ON THE COMPLETION OF THE TWENTY-THIRD VOLUME.

NOTWITSTANDING the duty which custom has imposed upon us, calls for all the acknowledgments which a generous and distinguishing Public can confer, we have but very little more to offer, than the cordial expression of a due sense of their favours; and these by no means confined to our recent exertions, but extended to the whole of our work, from the early period of its commencement;—the best proof of which, consists in the multiplied Orders we continually receive for COMPLETE SETS of the SPORTING MAGAZINE, and the unceasing obligation we are under for reprinting the former Numbers that are out of print.

With these substantial vouchers for the acceptance of our labours, we presume, that as it will be the duty as well the interest of the Proprietors, to keep up the spirit of every department, whether of the Author, the Artist, or the Printer, in every Volume to come.

We further hope, our task in future will not be a whit less congenial to our own feelings, and those of our numerous Subscribers, than that of the present.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Independent of, and unconnected with, the article partially inserted in this Month's Magazine, on the subject of a recent Duel, the Publisher has it in contemplation to give, monthly, in portions, the LIFE of LORD CAMELFORD—to shew how far that Nobleman's example has injured or assisted the cause of HUMANITY, RELIGION, and MORALS.

Several favours are received from A. B. &c. &c. which shall appear in our next.

The proposals made to us by a new Correspondent, last month, we are sorry to inform him, came *too late*.

Gentlemen disposed to favour the Publisher of this Magazine with Original Paintings of Sporting Subjects, are assured that the utmost care shall be taken of them, and of their being safely returned. The Engravings thus taken, will be executed by the most approved Artists, and in the first style of excellence.

THE

SPORTING MAGAZINE;

FOR MARCH, 1804.

CARLO.

Frontispiece to the Twenty-third Volume.

THE Frontispiece to the Volume, given in this Number, is a representation of the celebrated dog CARLO, of Drury Lane Theatre. Upon his merit and performances, we shall not dwell; but, after the manner of the sacred writers, say—"Are they not written in the Book of the Sporting Magazine, No. 135, for December, 1803?" Or, in more modern and quaint terms—See account of the Caravan, a Farce, in the above Number, page 148.

FOX HOUNDS & HUNTING.

Leicester March 15.

A LEARNED Poet says—"*It is the pace that kills*;"—which, we hear, Lord Sefton *now* feels fully verified; his Lordship having bred his hounds in shape and speed so like greyhounds, that he finds he is totally unable to ride up to the head hound in the *burst*, and keep company with the *Feathers*, and therefore declines attempting it any longer, and has made a handsome offer of all his horses and hounds to Mr. Loraine Smith, with a tender of a very large subscription from the Meltonians and gentlemen of the county, if he will undertake the management. Mr. L. Smith is thought to be the only sportsman able to conduct so great a concern, being a favourite of the farmers, and very popular in the county, and the most likely person to be able to keep the forward riders in *order*. We understand that the *high weights* among the Subscribers—called the *Welters*—are desirous to breed the hounds to run slower, and to cross the breed from Mr. Ward's pack, or some of the heavy slow-hunting sort; but the *Feathers* violently oppose this measure. Under this dilemma, we understand, Mr. L. Smith has not given his definitive answer, and is gone to town to consult Mr. Meynell.

A correspondent remarks on the foregoing article—which first appeared in a newspaper—that, by the reading, it would be supposed that Mr. Ward's are *slow going* hounds, which, however, he says is not the fact; for, though they are not so fast as Lord Sefton's, he has found it no easy task to keep up with Mr. Ward's, though on one of the best hunters in the county.

THE annals of Fox-hunting can hardly boast a better run than the North Shropshire or Lee Bridge subscription hounds had, on the 21st ult. They found on Whixhall Moss, ran through part of Flintshire into Cheshire, near to Malpas, where the fox was headed, and returned to Whitchurch; then to Tilstock, Cotton Wood, and was killed near to Wem—a chase of at least 50 miles, in four hours and a half. Out of sixteen horsemen that set off with the hounds, only Captain O. Roberts and Mr. Clement Hill were in at the death. One horse died upon the field.

A STAG CHASE IN KENT.

Canterbury, March 20.

A FINE Stag, brought down by subscription, chiefly of the military officers of this district, was turned out, on St. Alban's Downs, on Tuesday morning last, before a selection of dogs from the East Kent pack.

At first he looked rather shy, but soon after taking a bound, went off in a capital style: the dogs, being unused to the sport, did not immediately hit upon him; but, after a short space, getting the scent, followed him in full cry, attended by about one hundred and fifty horsemen, making a course across the country towards Folkstone. He afforded an excellent run of about two hours and a quarter; and was at last taken in a thicket on the farther side of Swingfield Minnis. The appearance of an animal so unusual in this part of the country, considerably alarmed the inhabitants of the villages through which he passed.—Another was to be turned out the next morning, at ten o'clock, on Adisham Downs.

COURSING.

UFFINGTON last Coursing Meeting this season was adjourned to Attingham.

First Match — Mr. Williams's brindled dog Smoaker, against Captain Walford's dog Hector. On this match a considerable sum of money depended; and, after a very severe course, the umpires decided in favour of Smoaker.

Second Match—Mr. Wynne's blue bitch Blue, against Mr. Zouch's black dog Smoaker. They ran three undecided courses; but the fourth, which was very hardly contested, was given in favour of Mr. Zouch's dog.

Third Match—The Rev. H. Burton's dun bitch Ruby, beat Mr. Molineux's black bitch Whimsy.

Fourth Match—Mr. Molineux's red dog Weaver, beat the Rev. H. Burton's black bitch Fly. This was supposed to be one of the best courses ever ran in this county.

Fifth Match—Capt. Walford's light red bitch beat Mr. Molineux's blue dog.

Sixth Match — John Corbet, Esq.'s Rodney, against Mr. Harden's red dog Westcar, undecided.

Seventh Match—Mr. Molineux's black bitch Whimsy, beat the Rev. H. Burton's dun bitch Ruby.

A SCHOOL-

A SCHOOLBOY'S CHALLENGE.

ON Saturday morning, the 24th instant, a foreign gentleman, a friend of the Prince De Conde, who resides at Wansted House, Essex, attended before Sir Richard Ford, at the Public Office, Bow Street, to give information that a young gentleman, of the name of Etienne Du Cas, a relation of the Prince De Conde's, had received a letter from a gentleman, whom he did not know, calling him "a coward," and making use of a deal of abusive language; and concluded with challenging him to fight with pistols on Saturday afternoon. The latter acknowledged he was unknown to the party he was addressing by name; but stated that he would be in the ride in St. James's Park, at five o'clock on Saturday afternoon, mounted on a bright bay horse, with a white handkerchief in his hand; and on their meeting, would adjourn to a proper place to fight. The letter concluded with stating the writer's address to be "Edward Stephenson, Esq. No 50, Great Ormond Street."

In consequence of this information, Sir Richard Ford issued warrants against the challenger and the foreign young gentleman. Rivet and Parkes, the officers, were dispatched in pursuit of the challenger; and Baker, the patrole, after the challenged, to his residence at Laytonstone, in Essex.

On Saturday evening, about eight o'clock, Etienne Du Cas, attended by his relation, the Prince De Conde, and a friend, appeared before Aaron Graham, Esq. the sitting magistrate, in the custody of Baker, the patrole; but the other party had not arrived. The magistrate investigated the business of the parties present, and discovered that they had a knowledge of each other by sight; and the dispute was acknowledged to be about an amour. Mr. Graham then observed, he should not like to detain Mr. Du Cas in custody; and asked his friend if he had any objection to enter into a recognizance, that Mr. Du Cas should not break the peace, by being provoked to fight by Mr. Stephenson, which was agreed to, and was about to be taken by the clerk; when, lo! *a Lilliputian mighty hero*, who had caused so much alarm, entered the office, in the custody of Rivet and Parkes, to the no small amusement of every one present—even the magistrate could not resist laughing—for he proved to be a schoolboy, and a mere child, only fourteen years of age, but dressed in the extreme of fashion, as a Bond Street lounger, with a very thick neckcloth, and his shirt collar up to his ears, and only about three feet two inches high; and on his being placed by the side of Mr. Du Cas, who is about seventeen years of age, and near five feet eight inches high, it was impossible for a burlesque scene, of a similar circumstance, in a pantomime, to have a more ludicrous appearance. After the magistrate had recovered from his astonishment, at the appearance of the infant before him under these circumstances, he examined Master Stephenson as to the challenge sent Mr. Du Cas, which he denied to be written by him, but acknowledged it was sent by two elder boys, who were at Chigwell School with him, and they signed his name by his consent. The offence given by Mr. Du Cas was, that he had been on a visit in the neighbourhood of Chigwell School, and had paid some attention to a Miss

Miss H——n, whom Master Stephenson *fancied* himself enamoured with.

The magistrate gave the youth a very proper but severe reprimand; and told him, if he did not make a very sufficient apology to Mr. Du Cas, he would commit him to prison. This seemed to have the desired effect upon him, and he appeared sensible of his folly; he expressed his sorrow, but Mr. Du Cas very handsomely said there was no occasion, and gave him his hand, and forgave him.

Mr. Graham said, he should send for Masters George Leath and Joseph Harris, who had assisted in manufacturing the letter, and should hold them to bail to keep the peace.

Captain Mitchel, a brother-in-law of Master Stephenson's, attended him to the office; and Mr. Graham addressed him, and said, he hoped Master Stephenson's father would pay the expences of the gentlemen, who had been brought a number of miles out of the country, by the folly and imprudence of his son, and satisfy the officers for their trouble; both of which the captain assured the magistrate should be complied with.

RECENT ELOPEMENT.

A RECENT fashionable elopement is now become the subject of general conversation; we therefore feel ourselves at liberty to mention the following particulars—

Lady G. the fair Elopé, is second daughter of an Honourable, Reverend, and Venerable Dean, who resides in the South of Ireland, and is presumptive heir to an Earldom. About five years ago, Sir John G. was quartered with his regiment in the neighbourhood, and became acquainted with the family. He was ordered suddenly to England; and, on his leaving his quarters, Lady G. then Miss C. followed him to Dublin, where they were married. From Dublin they came to England, where they have since lived apparently in the greatest felicity. The Lady had a beautiful cottage near Windsor, a splendid equipage, &c. Sir John G. is a very handsome man, several years younger than the Lady or her gallant. All ladies, in her situation, are presumed and declared beautiful. Hitherto, however, Lady G. has been allowed to be just pretty, and not more. The Hon. Capt. B. the gallant, was the friend and brother officer to the injured husband. He was his inmate at the time of the discovery. The Lady, it seems, had stolen unheeded to her lover's chamber, and was caught in the act of coming out of it by her husband.

The conduct of Sir John G. upon this painful occasion, was that of a gentleman and a soldier. He produced a case of pistols; but the Hon. Capt B. said he would not aggravate the injury by firing at the man whom he had wronged, and declined the challenge. Sir John then sat down and wrote a letter to the Lady's friends, requesting their advice. Some time after the Lady eloped, and the Hon. Capt. B. sent a letter to Sir John G. informing him that as he had neglected poor *Pyne*—Lady G's Christian name—it became his duty not to let her *pine*, but to take her under his protection.—The criminal intercourse is supposed to have subsisted about four months. Lady G. has a daughter about five months old.

DUELLING.

DUELLING.

MR, EDITOR,

THE several recent and fatal occurrences which have taken place between gentlemen of the nicest honour, wherein the conduct of all parties, and particularly that of the seconds, has, according to my ideas, been altogether erroneous, have induced me to take up my pen.

I am a very young man, and shall not pretend to any experimental knowledge; having, happily for myself, never hitherto been called forth either as principal or second.

I am perfectly aware of the great disadvantage under which my sentiments will be obtruded upon the public, when I profess myself a strenuous advocate for duelling, as a material link in that chain which forms the civilization of polished society.

To principals in affairs of honour, it were almost absurd to address myself. A man, who feels his reputation so essentially wounded as to be compelled to stake the decision on the event of a duel, cannot be supposed to be in a state of mind for calm and deliberate reflection. To him, therefore, it would be lost time to speak.

But when a man has sustained such an offence, he immediately flies to a friend, in whose hand he reposes his cause; and it is to such gentlemen that I make a most solemn appeal on the importance of those duties, which it is indeed seriously incumbent upon them to perform.

I consider the first duty of a second to be the endeavour to *adjust* any misunderstanding, rather than to *revenge* it. For this purpose the principal, generally speaking, should give him a *carte-blanche*, trusting his character wholly in his hands, and binding himself to abide by any arrangement which his friend may make for him. If, for example, I were to be decidedly the aggressor in a quarrel, and my antagonist were not to be unreasonable in the terms of an apology, I should think my second perfectly justified in refusing to remain on the ground, if I were not disposed to coincide.

It may, however, happen, that disputes arise of so irreconcileable a description, that it is impossible to think of accommodation. The duty of a second is there indeed a very important one.—He must consider the number of paces to be measured between the combatants, and in this point he must by no means give up his opinion, on account of the violence of dispute.

If a meeting must take place, it should be conducted as a meeting between civilized beings, and not between savages; and it is an insult to a second to say, that I insist on placing myself within a distance, perhaps murderously short.

A second does not come to the field, like a sheriff to a gallows, to witness the execution of the law upon a criminal; but he stands as a full witness to the good or ill behaviour of the disputants; and in that capacity is not only responsible for their acts, but is of no less material import, for his own. His first aim should be to accommodate the difference before this dreadful alternative is resorted to; and the next, to give satisfaction, and *no more than satisfaction*, for the injury sustained.

When there are misunderstandings between real gentlemen, it is not so difficult as may often be conceived, by mutual concession, to facilitate mutual reconciliation; however,

ever, where this cannot be effected, in no case can I consider a second free from blame, who will permit his friend to go out the same day in which the difference may have happened.

These suggestions being very hasty, I am fully aware must also be very insufficient. They may, however, call forth the observations of some one who may be better qualified to offer them.

At all events, I think they may have a good—and cannot have an evil tendency. If they occasion a second to reflect ever so little on the points I have touched upon, wherein he is concerned, I shall think myself very fortunate in having brought them forward, and be satisfied that I have done some service to my country.

J. J. S——.

London, 15th March, 1804.

DUEL.

LORD CAMELFORD & MR. BEST.

With the Death of the former.

THE benefit arising to the public from a monthly publication, in preference to the diurnal prints, proceeds from the time given to the Editors of the former to collate and correct the hasty and imperfect statements of the latter; to do away the false impressions of the hour, and to acquire the best information, on subjects of peculiar interest and import, to connect the facts in such cases, and to lay them fully and impartially before the public. Had the seconds published a report of the transaction, it would have better enabled us to perform our duty, in this particular. But it will be seen, that the seconds could not publish, or make avowal of being concerned in the duel, as, by so doing, they would confess themselves—however excusable—as parties in the crime charged by the Coroner's Jury. We must, therefore, be satisfied with the materials we have obtained, and the contents of a pamphlet published by a Reverend Gentleman on the subject.

To proceed — Lord Camelford conceiving himself affronted by Mr. Best, a gentleman of Wimpole-street, and some hasty expressions taking place between them on Tuesday evening, the 6th instant, at the Prince of Wales's Coffee-house, in Conduit-street, a meeting was appointed for the next morning, in the grounds of Holland House, Kensington. When the parties, with their seconds, &c. had arrived at the place agreed on, Mr. Best endeavoured to appease his Lordship, and to divert him from the purpose of fighting a duel. Lord Camelford would hear of no accommodation whatever; and each took his station. Mr. Best fired, and shot his Lordship in the right breast: he was conveyed to Mr. Ottey's, in the neighbourhood of Holland House, where he breathed his last, on the Saturday evening following, about eight o'clock. The Hon. Mr. Devereux is named as the second of Lord Camelford, and Captain Barrie as the second of Mr. Best.

As many particulars will come out in the subsequent part of this narrative, we have here been purposely brief, in order to give place to an account of the Coroner's Inquest, and an extract from the Pamphlet above alluded to—and which we shall commence in our next Number.

(To be continued.)

CURIOUS

CURIOUS PARALLEL

BETWEEN

The Chase and the various Pursuits of Human Life.

I WAS lately in a company where I heard the following question put to a fox-hunter—"Whether a being—suppose him dropped from the moon—totally a stranger to the diversion of hunting, would not, upon the first view of a fox-chace, necessarily conclude the sportsmen all mad?" It is looked upon as a good logical answer, not according to the Aristotelic, or Socratic, but the Shandean system, whenever we are put to a nonplus by any question, immediately to ask the querist another. Whether the sportsman had learnt this rule, or whether he hit upon it by chance, I cannot say; but, however, he observed it even to supererogation; for he immediately asked his antagonist two instead of one, viz. Whether such a being, upon his first view of any of the other pursuits of mankind, would not conclude the same of the whole human species? and whether, upon a better acquaintance, he would find reason to alter his opinion? The opponent being either afraid to engage the respondent at such odds as two to one, or else convinced that truth would declare for him, remained tongue-tied, and so left his adversary in possession of his acquired superiority.

Being myself a brother of the Couples, I was not a little pleased to see the impertinent aggressor thus humbled, but much more so, to find that our worthy fraternity were allowed as good a title to a sound understanding as the rest of mankind.

Upon my retiring from the company, I could not help pursuing the subject in my thoughts; and the more I reflected, the more I was convinced, that the said appellation of Hunters is equally applicable to all orders and degrees of men whatsoever, as well as those who are vulgarly called so. In short, no one simile so well exemplifies human life as that of a chase: the hacknied ones of a race, a game, a journey, a feast, and a farce, are not worthy to be named with it in the same page. The best of these can represent life only in a very few of the contingencies to which it is liable; whereas this will represent it in all circumstances, properties, relations, and modes whatsoever. But, lest it should be asked, if this simile is so wonderfully pat for this purpose, how comes it to have escaped the application both of ancients and moderns? With regard to the first, I answer, that notwithstanding the warm encomiums they have passed upon this noble exercise, they were but mere novices in the art, and therefore could not be supposed to see its propriety in this respect. The dog, after he had traced the game by his nose to its place of retreat, pursued it afterwards by the eye, till he had either taken it, or driven it into some toil or gin. This was all they knew of the *odora canum vis*.

As for the moderns, who have brought hunting to its present state of perfection, the reason why they have neglected to apply it to the use I am mentioning, seems to be this—that they have been so intent in working upon the materials left them by the ancients, that they have scarce ever bethought themselves of adding any thing of their own to the now exhausted fund.

I must, however, do my countrymen this justice to own—and I urge it as an instance of their allowed good sense—that they seem, by several of their phrases and allusions, to have hit upon the propriety of this simile. Thus, for instance,

those in quest of preferment in church or state, are called levee-hunters, who probably, when at the university, were called jest-hunters. Others, who have singled out a silly girl, with a good portion at her own disposal, or the more sly widow, with a good jointure, are called fortune-hunters. A random schemist is said to be upon a wild-goose chase. When we are unlikely to succeed in our enterprises, we are said to be upon a wrong scent; if actually disappointed, we are then thrown out. Our poets, too —the principal branch of whose trade is simile-making—have frequently exemplified particular circumstances in life, by parallel ones in the chase, but never applied it in the catholic sense I am now contending for. It is reserved, I think, for me to demonstrate its fitness for this purpose; which I shall endeavour to do by an induction of particulars, not doubting but that "Life is a Chase" will, in time, commence a moral apothegm; that men will be called brother-sportsmen, as well as brother-passengers; and I cannot but deserve well of the community for pointing out another common tie of brotherhood, and consequently of benevolence.

Admitting the insanity of hunters, that of men may be proved with very little difficulty. Every individual can readily enough discern his neighbour's, and as charitably recommend him to Monroe; and his not perceiving his own, is an infallible sign of it. The more ingenious, indeed, will own they are infected with this epidemic disorder; but then it is always with the (mental) salvo of the poet—

> We all are mad, tho' not in same degree;
> Each thinks his neighbour further gone than he.

The hunter's rising early in the morning, his anticipating, in idea, the pleasures of the chase, his impatience till he finds the game, is no ill emblem of a young man just entering upon life, elate with hope, impetuous, and ever in quest of new adventures. As in life, so in the chase, there are the pursuers and the pursued, or the oppressors and the oppressed—

> Beasts their fellow-beasts pursue,
> And learn of man each other to undo.

The different dispositions and capacities of men seem to be properly enough displayed by the difference of steeds on which the sportmen are mounted. There are your steeds of strength, fit to carry weight, slow and sure, resembling your men of phlegm and gravity, calculated for the drudgery of business. There are your high-bred, high-mettled tits, that beat the field with a light weight, and above ground, not unlike your men of genius, whose imagination will make wonderful excursions — "will glance from earth to heaven, from heaven to earth;" but cannot brook the fatigue of a long or close application. In short, there is as much variety in horses as men, and as little judging of one as the other by appearances —*fronti nulla fides* is equally applicable to both.

The nature of the passions is admirably well held forth by a pack of dogs. How many have been ruined by indulging their passions? How many, Acteon-like, have been devoured by their own dogs? When the game is first started, the dogs commonly pursue it for some time with great impetuosity, which sportsmen term a Burst. This is commonly succeeded by cold hunting. Thus, when the violence of passion is abated, consideration takes place. Sometimes, indeed, the chase is nothing more than an arrant burst; and how many men, or rather bipeds, are there, so eagerly

gerly bent upon the gratification of their passions, that they hurry themselves out of life, without ever giving themselves time to think?

The office of the huntsman seems to be parallel to that of reason. It is his part to encourage, or check the dogs, as he sees occasion; to remark their good or bad qualities; to pay due regard to those whose truth he can confide in, and to give the liars or babblers the discipline of the whip—It is her's to observe the good or bad tendency of the passions; to encourage their virtuous, to check their vicious propensities; and to keep them all within their proper bounds.

Man, it is true, meets with numberless misfortunes. But does he meet with more than the hunter? or is his happiness more precarious? What set of men suffer more than the hunters from the inclemency of the weather? When the weather will permit them to hunt, how frequently are they disappointed of game? If they find game, what a number of causes frequently concur to prevent its pursuit? If a bad scenting day, the dogs cannot run; if they run, what accidents is the sportsman subject to? With some, their horses tumble; some tumble off their horses. Sometimes their horses are tired, sometimes bemired. In short, if we view the chase, as we frequently do life, only on the dark side, we are apt to exclaim, in a moralizing strain, that the hunter, as well as man, is "of few days, and full of trouble." But place them both in another light, and view them only on their bright sides, or through the medium of a flowing bowl, we then, *Uno Jove Minores*, join the jolly chorus—"Who are so happy, so happy as we."

Does not the same generous emulation that fires the man animate the hunter? How zealously do they strive to outstrip each other in the field? Nor can it be denied, that this generous emulation sometimes degenerates into envy. The more disingenuous will secretly chuckle, when they see a brother in tribulation, or ingloriously lagging behind; and repine at the chosen few whose lot it is to come in before themselves at the end of the chase: though, to do them justice, there is, I believe, more honour, generosity, and disinterestedness, among sportsmen, considered as such, than any other society of men.

It must be confessed, the pursuits of mankind are so numerous, that we cannot find a parallel for them all among hunters. And indeed some of them are so mean, that they are not worthy to be compared with any species of game pursued by sportsmen. Their pursuers must be contented to be ranked with rat-catchers, or mole-catchers.

AN EAGLE TAKEN.

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

IT is seldom that eagles are to be met with in the midland counties; but, in December last, as —— Roberts, Esq. of Manuden, and Joseph Lifford, Esq. of Stanstead, near Bishop Stortford, Herts, were shooting in that neighbourhood, they put up a large bird from among some sedgy underwood. Mr. Roberts instantly fired, and brought it down. It was but slightly wounded, and made a most desperate resistance against themselves and the dogs; and it was not till their united efforts had been some time tried, that it was secured, when it proved to be the *Falco Fulvus* of Linnæus, or *L'Aigle Commun* of Buffon.

This species of eagle is not unfrequently met with in Scotland, and includes two varieties, the brown and black. This specimen was of the brown kind, and measured, with expanded wings, near seven feet. It was sent to Hall's, in the City Road, London, to be preserved, and now graces the hospitable hall of Mr. Roberts. Had not Mr. Roberts come upon it unawares, so as to be within twenty-five yards when he sprang it, there is little chance that, with common shot, it would have been sufficiently hurt to have been brought down. On the ground from whence it was sprung, there was blood, and the remains of some bird it had nearly devoured. I am, Gentlemen, your obedient servant,

EQUINUS.

ON DICKY BIRDS, WASPS, AND THE LIKE.

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

SOME time ago, a very sensible correspondent of your entertaining and useful Magazine, wrote an able defence of the feathered creation, with the farther advantage of its being couched in a pleasing style and in very elegant English. The communications of such writers form the true ornaments of a periodical publication, and stamp its value as a source of instruction, as well as amusement, to readers of every class. However, it is always necessary to make some small allowance for the zeal of a professed advocate; and, in this case, it is doubtless so to a certain degree.

The possessor of a fruit garden, who should flatter himself that his feathered visitors will require no part of the fruit, as a reward for their labour in protecting it from the ravages of insects, will find himself woefully deceived. Tythes must be paid for defence against insects, as well as for the labour of instruction in the insecto-theology. Nothing can be better established than the fact, that both jays and magpies will devour vast quantities of fruit; and, unless bulfinches are wickedly belied, they will occasionally make great havock, both with the fruit and the blossom. This exception yet militates not, in the least, against the general principle of the ingenious advocate of humanity—a part must be sacrificed for the preservation of the proportion to be enjoyed; and this loss may be much reduced by timely vigilance. But were those indiscriminate measures of general destruction, so often recommended by unreflecting people, to be put in force against birds, instead of losing a small portion of our fruit, as we annually do and must, the voracious insect tribe would shortly become so multitudinous, that we should be at once eased of all solicitude, by having no longer any fruit to lose.

Such are the sentiments inculcated in a celebrated agricultural treatise—the New Farmer's Calendar—the author of which, however, strongly recommends a war of extermination, against certain of the animal and insect tribe, from which nothing but mischief to the interests of human nature seems ever to result, and the utility of which, in the scheme of creation, is a problem not easily solved. These are rats, mice, field vermin; not forgetting foxes, vipers, adders, hornets, wasps, &c. Among other plans, the above cited author has proposed a curious one for the destruction of wasps, which is, for every family in early spring, to make a point of killing all within reach;

reach; relating, that, in the year 1791, he murdered twelve hundred for his own share, beside many hundreds which escaped the tally. It ought to be noted, that a single wasp or hornet, killed early in the season, may be an anticipation of the fate of many scores unborn; and that, without the most distant idea of joke, a total eradication of this malignant race might be expected from perseverance.

Being just now under the influence of the *birdo mania*, two anecdotes relating to these cheerful friends and enliveners of the rural scene, present themselves to my memory.

During my residence in Surry, many years ago, the following just act of retaliation was put in force against my delinquent groom, by a pair of much injured sparrows, whose house in an adjoining shed he had robbed, and whose young he had wickedly made his prey. He had also taken a nest of young gray-linnets, just ready to fly: these he placed in their nest in a cage, hanging the cage at his chamber window, which was directly opposite a general rendezvous for the birds. The old sparrows watched this transaction, and approving the young linnets as foster-children, fed them regularly for near a week, when judging them ready to fly, the hen was observed by myself to make various forcible attacks, both with her wings and her beak, on the door of the cage, which, at length, she actually succeeded in tearing open, the young brood flying off with her in triumph, whilst I stood musing at the oddity of the adventure, and approaching only as the last bird escaped, which the old ones, fluttering around, seemed, with much apprehension, to hasten.

Were I a pious man, I should here dilate on various topics, appropriate to such an occasion, with *Laus Deo*, in Surry, and so forth; instead of which, I hasten to tell my last story about birds.

It has been supposed by some, that canary birds might, by degrees, be habituated to the climate of the southern part of this country, and that they would exist abroad, and breed like the natives. The following fact will show there is no just ground for such an idea. Fourteen or fifteen years since, a gentleman, in a southern and western county, whose residence was sheltered and surrounded by woods, from some accident—I believe by the doors of his aviary being left open by workmen—lost his whole stock of canary birds, to the number of many dozens. They were seen in the woods during the summer, and dispersed about the country, to the distance twenty miles. Some few of them were caught; but I never could learn that an individual of them was seen the following year, or any thing like a mule bird, proceeding from a conjunction between them and the natives of any species. I am, Gentlemen, yours, &c.

DICKYBIRDICOS.

BEAR HUNTING.

Described by Baron Tess, Preceptor to the Crown Prince of Sweden.

SEVERAL of our Swedish kings have had a taste for bear-hunting. It was the favourite diversion of King Charles XI. at times when a public peace, and leisure from the affairs of government, permitted him any diversion. Our late

late King Frederic I. killed several hundred bears with his own hands; and one enormous bear, in particular, which had reached within half a Swedish mile of the city of Stockholm, fell by the hands of the king, assisted by his huntsmen. I myself, as well as others, have often seen that intrepid monarch in great danger, in an encounter with those furious animals; but though he was always brave in defending himself, he was modest and great in leaving to others the praise of his heroic resolutions.

Our valiant and intrepid Charles XII. had a method of catching bears peculiar to himself. He selected the late Admiral Count Sparre, and Lieutenant-General Baron Horne, for the office, as men of distinguished strength and stature. They had no other arms than strong wooden forks, with which they seized the neck of the bear while he was engaged with the dogs, and held him till the huntsman had time to tie his fore-feet, and gag him with a piece of wood; after which he was led, upon two feet, to Kongsoer. In this manner that prince relieved the fatigues and serious employments of a hero, by heroic amusements.

DESCRIPTION OF A FAVOURITE DOG.

By Baron Tess.

WE have a picture here—at Drottingholm—painted by D. Klocker, of which men of judgment speak in high terms. Upon this picture, I conceive your Royal Highness will not be displeased to hear my comment.

It represents a favourite dog of the Court of Sweden. He was of the Danish breed; and was drawn in the year 1686. His employment was, probably, that of spoiling the chairs at Drottingholm, and the dress of the ladies; of running before the coach, attending the pages, robbing the cook, frightening the milk-maids, and harbouring fleas. By these means he led a pleasant life, and obtained, without any solicitude, that which so many anxiously earn by hard services—the smiles and favour of the prince. The rest of his exploits are unknown to me; but, in all probability, he was well fed; and his name, memory, and actions, like those of many men, are buried in oblivion with him.

It would appear somewhat extraordinary, that dogs should be so much valued for their fidelity, by a creature so often unfaithful and inconstant as man, were it not well known, that virtue is highly esteemed, even by the vicious. As this dog was of an uncommon size, it is probable that, like most other great dogs, he was gentle. This part of his character conveys a moral lesson—

The more powerful men are, the less it becomes them to abuse those beneath them; and the greater they are, the more indecent it is to exalt themselves. The prince is powerful, who shews himself gracious: he is great while he supports the dignity and reputation of his faithful servants. Whereas, on the other hand, that prince is weak and impotent, whose grim aspect is universally dreaded: and he demeans himself, who studies to be alone respected as great; for by that means he is surrounded by flatterers, the worst of human dogs, because such have the most vicious hearts.

SKETCH

SKETCH OF DICK TERRIBLE.

For the Sporting Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,

PERMIT me to present you with an extraordinary oddity, who has come under my knowledge, in the person of Dick Terrible. This gentleman is possessed of an easy fortune, which he enjoys in a very strange manner. Having, in the early part of his life met with some crosses and misfortunes, his mind has taken an unparalleled bias, and he is become a complete misanthropist. He suspects every one he is acquainted with has a design either upon his purse or his life; and never goes into any house where he has not been before, without immediately inquiring whether there is a distilling instrument in the house, and whether the host is acquainted with the properties of laurel water. If he is answered in the affirmative, he immediately decamps without sitting down.

He plumes himself upon having entered into the true idea of the sublime and terrible, and cherishes this notion, upon every occasion, to its full extent. He has been twice in Italy, to enjoy the prospect of the eruptions of Mount Vesuvius; but laments, that on neither occasion their explosions came up to the summit of his ideas of the sublime and dreadful. He was so fortunate as to be present at Lisbon at the time of the earthquake, and, though he narrowly escaped with his life, declares he never saw so fine a picture of horror and distress in all his life—it was truly sublime and terrific.

He regrets, with pungent sorrow, that he was so unlucky as not to be in the West Indies during the late hurricanes and earthquakes, which he thinks must have gratified his feelings of the sublime and dreadful to their full extent. He, however, consoles himself with having been in the metropolis at the time of the devastations made by the great storm in January 1802.

The tumults and depredations in the kingdom of Ireland, afforded him a fine field for gratifying his passion for the sublime and terrific: and he declares, he was on the stone gallery at St. Pauls, when the Albion Mills were on fire, which produced such a glorious prospect as he had never before beheld.

Dick never fails attending the theatres when the Tempest and Macbeth are represented; and once performed the part of Zanga, in a strolling company, to have the heart-felt pleasure and sympathetic joy, of pronouncing the first passage in that play, which probably he uttered with more energy, if not with so much propriety, as Kemble, Cook, or Cooper—

Whether first Nature, or long want of peace,
Has wrought my mind to this—I cannot tell;
But horrors now are not displeasing to me:
I like the rocking of the battlement.
Rage on, ye winds! burst clouds, and waters roar!
Ye bear a just resemblance of my fortune,
And suit the gloomy habit of my soul.

Perhaps, Mr. Editor, you may think by this time, that Dick's frantic turn of mind may very justly qualify him for being a tenant of a madhouse; or, at least, that he is entitled to a lodging between the curables and incurables in Moorfields. This, Sir, is a point I will not determine upon; but I can aver, that, take Terrible from the sublime and dreadful, he is as composed

composed a being as any man within the bills of mortality. However, I think he merits a niche in your gallery of oddities; and, in the persuasion that you will coincide with me in this opinion, I have transmitted him to you.

I am, with the highest respect and admiration of your invaluable publication, your very humble servant, A HUNTER

Of extraordinary Oddities.

Hanley Green, Feb. 28, 1804.

INCIVILITY HAPPILY CORRECTED.

FORMERLY the scholars of Oxford had a silly custom, when in their frolics, to twirl round the hats of those who sat near them, and call them cuckolds. Dr. W. Pope, who was educated at this learned seminary, while travelling in France, one day after dinner, took up a gentleman's hat, and tossed it, with the customary exclamation. The other, instead of knocking him down, ran and embraced him, observing—"I am more obliged to you than any man breathing." "And why, Sir?" rejoined the Doctor. "Because," said the other, "you have picked me out for so good natured a man, that would not take this action of your's for an affront."

The Doctor replied, with shame —"Sir, you have cured me; I humbly thank you for it. Had I met with a person of less discretion, who could not distinguish betwixt an ignorant stranger's frolic, and a designed affront, it might have endangered my life; whereas I shall now only lose an ill custom."

THE JACKDAW.

A ludicrous Circumstance.

THE following curious circumstance happened, a few days ago, at Doncaster: a traveller having put up at an inn, and received the necessary refreshment, retired to rest, but was disappointed; for his head had scarcely reached the downy pillow, when he was alarmed by a violent knocking at his chamber door, accompanied with (loudly vociferated) "Ostler! ostler! ostler!"

The traveller replied, that the ostler did not sleep there, and begged the person to desist knocking and hallooing. He had scarcely composed himself for rest when the noise again commenced. The enraged fatigued traveller at length resolved to see who the nightly intruder was; and having opened the door, and seeing no person, concluded that his answer had satisfied. He then went to rest again, when the knocking and hallooing "Ostler!" was again repeated with redoubled vigour. The traveller, at a loss to conceive from whence such repeated noise could issue, and having had his imagination distorted by the *ghostly* accounts in the different newspapers, concluded that the knocking, &c. must proceed from some supernatural cause, and frightened himself to such a degree, that he began to cry out "Murder! thieves! fire!" which soon alarmed all the persons in the inn, who immediately hastened to his chamber to know the cause, where they found the poor traveller almost frightened to death. At length, the cause was discovered: a jackdaw, belonging to the inn, from the frequency of the expression "Ostler!" had learned to pronounce it so distinctly,

distinctly, that a stranger might mistake it for a human voice; and had made the knocking with his beak —a trick taught him by the ostler to awaken him in the morning.

WILD CATS IN ENGLAND.

For the Sporting Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,

YOU affirm, in a number of a distant date, that there are no wild cats existing in this kingdom; but I must beg leave to demur on this subject; for, as one of my sporting acquaintance, a Mr. W. Halder, of Congleton, Cheshire, was shooting the other day, his attention was suddenly attracted by the violent barking of one of his dogs, at the mouth of an old rabbit hole. Upon approaching him, he was very much surprised to see, at the mouth of the hole, a large animal, of the cat kind, which was growling very fiercely at his dog; which, upon approaching nearer to the hole, the cat very violently attacked; but, having its rear well covered by the hole, the dog could not lay hold of it; and, upon his approach, before he could level his piece, it retreated into the hole out of sight, though he could still hear it swearing. Concluding that all hopes of taking it were at an end, he left it for that day; but walking the same way the next morning, he removed the earth about the hole, till he arrived almost at the animal; and, stopping up the passage at the mouth, he made a hole directly above it, large enough to admit an iron paddle, with which, by a strong pressure, he broke its back-bone: then digging it out, he found it to be a prodigious large wild cat, perfectly answering the descriptions given of this animal in our natural histories.

A REMARKABLE ESCAPE.

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

THERE are, in my opinion, none of our periodical publications which possess more genuine merit and amusement than the Sporting Magazine. I wish not to compliment; but merely to pay to its merits the due tribute of applause. If any communication it is in the power of an obscure individual to make, will be the least worthy your acceptance, it will give me very great pleasure to contribute to so meritorious and entertaining a work.

I know few stronger proofs of the very great fascination which sporting carries with it, than the approbation of the studious and retired part of mankind. Dr. Johnson is known to have acknowledged, that the most grateful praise he ever experienced, was when he was commended for his skill in horsemanship, and was also exceedingly fond and ambitious of being esteemed a sportsman. But, to return—

The servant of a friend of mine —Mr. Porson, a gentleman in Staffordshire—was manuring a field, and was driving, in a small tumbrel, an exceedingly fine powerful carriage-horse, in a field divided by two separate rows of railing: by some accident the horse took fright, and cleared the first rails, but not being able to clear the next, the tumbrel was dashed to pieces, whilst he wonderfully escaped the slightest injury.

If the inclosed hunting Song—*see Poetry of the present number*—be deemed worthy of a place, you will greatly oblige me by inserting it. It was written by the beautifully descriptive author of "The Chase."

Your's, &c. VENATOR.

CLASSICAL GALLANTRY.

THE following account of a new species of amorous refinement, as practised by a gentleman at Paris, is related as a fact in a Tour through France—

"Mr. B—— had made it a rule to gratify his five senses to the highest degree of enjoyment of which they were susceptible. An exquisite table, perfumed apartments, the charms of music and painting; in a word, every thing most enchanting that nature, assisted by art, could produce, successively flattered his sight, his taste, his smell, his hearing, and his feeling.

"In a superb saloon, whither he conducted me," says this gentleman, "were six young beauties, dressed in an extraordinary manner, whose persons, at first sight, did not appear unknown to me: it struck me that I had seen their faces more than once, and I was accordingly going to address them, when Mr. B——, smiling at my mistake, explained to me the cause of it. 'I have in my amours,' said he, 'a particular fancy. The choicest beauty of Circassia would have no merit in my eyes, did she not resemble the portrait of some woman celebrated in past ages: and while lovers set great value on a miniature, which faithfully exhibits the features of their mistress, I esteem mine only in proportion to their resemblance to ancient portraits.

"Conformably to this idea,' continued Mr. B——, 'I have caused the intendant of my pleasure to travel all over Europe, with select portraits, or engravings, copied from the originals. He has succeeded in his researches, as you see, since you have conceived that you recognised these ladies on whom you have never before set your eyes, but whose likenesses you may, undoubtedly, have met with. Their dress must have contributed to your mistake: they all wear the attire of the personage they represent; for I wish their whole person to be picturesque. By these means I have travelled back several centuries, and am in possession of beauties whom time had placed at a great ditsance.'

"Supper was served up. Mr. B—— seated himself between Mary Queen of Scots, and Anne Bullein. I placed myself opposite to him," concludes the gentleman, "having beside me Ninon de l'Enclos, and Gabrielle d'Estrées. We also had the company of the fair Rosamond and Nell Gwynn; but, at the head of the table was a vacant elbow-chair, surmounted by a canopy, and destined for Cleopatra, who was coming from Egypt, and of whose arrival Mr. B—— was in hourly expectation."

PRECIPITATE.

IN our last Magazine, we gave an Engraving of this celebrated horse, and promised his pedigree and performances in the present number. Without referring to the Calendars, we find the article ready prepared for us, in Taplin's Sporting Dictionary, vol. ii, p. 188.

"Precipitate—a horse of much recent celebrity, whose name was truly applicable to his decent. He was bred by Lord Egremont, foaled in 1787, got by Mercury (a son of Eclipse), dam by Herod, granddam (Maiden) by Matchem, out of Mr. Pratt's Old Squirt mare.

"In the first Spring Meeting at Newmarket 1790, when three years old, he won the first class of the Prince's Stakes of 100 guineas each,

each, beating Thunderbolt, Chanticleer, and Sir Pepper; four having paid forfeit. In the same week, he won the Bolton Stakes of 50 guineas each, beating Dragon, Chamboo, and Pallafox; seven paying forfeit. Second Spring Meeting, he won the third class of the Prince's Stakes of 100 guineas each, beating Thunderbolt; seven paying forfeit. In the same week, he received 100 guineas forfeit from Lord Grosvenor's Rhadamanthus. In 1792, he won L.50 at Guildford, beating Doge, Thunderbolt, Seringapatam, and Stout. The next day L.50 at the same place; beating Cardock and Griffin. The King's 100 guineas at Lewes, beating Scyskraper at three heats, the first being deemed a dead heat. After which he became a stallion in his Lordship's stud, at 12 guineas a mare.

"He is the sire of Jonquille, Petworth, Matrannee, Rosalba, Chesnut Colt out of Bobtail, Chesnut Colt out of Rosemary, Humbug, Lazarus, Raginer, Apollo, Gulliver, Tag, Louisa, Tipstaff, and many others now in training.

SPORTING WITH FASHIONABLE FAILINGS.

MR. EDITOR,

AT such a brilliant period of philanthropy, blazing throughout Europe, I am very much surprised, that one class of unhappy sufferers have escaped the notice of the children of humanity. There are many charitable institutions for the relief of the poor; but it is astonishing that there are none for the relief of the rich. Considering, therefore, the deplorable condition of many of this class, and their total want of assistance, some charitably disposed persons, among whom I am proud to rank myself, have entered into an association, to be called—"The Society for Bettering the Condition and Increasing the Comforts of the Rich." They have done me the honour to appoint me their Secretary; and, in discharge of this important trust, I think it my duty to submit their laudable plan to the public, that, by the assistance of the humane, we may be enabled to extend our relief to all the pitiable objects of our charity. This, I think is most effectually to be done through the medium of your publication, which, by reflecting its own character on our institution, will give it consequence, and procure it encouragement.

Upon diligent inquiry, our committee have found, that one of the greatest of the distresses of the rich is—the want of money. I am aware, that this will at first appear extraordinary; perhaps, to some, incredible. But, Sir, the days of prejudice are past; and for the truth of their observation, I need only appeal to daily experience. In company, who do we hear complain most of the expence of living? Why, the sober old gentlewoman of fortune, who, accustomed to the comforts of an ancient carriage, with fat coach horses, a good table, and a rubber at whist, dreads ruin, because she cannot lay by so much as formerly for a spendthrift heir. Who are they that bawl most against taxes, and cry the nation is ruined? Why, some certain commoners and certain lords, possessed of thousands a year, who, from the increase of taxes, &c. find they cannot conveniently risk so much as formerly at the pharo-table, cannot keep their *chere amies* in so high a style, or cannot run so many horses at Newmarket. Who are they

that, to oblige their creditors, or, to speak plainly, for want of money to spare from pleasure, and from debts of honour to pay debts of honesty, take lodgings in the King's Bench? Why, the rich, if we may judge from the *necessary* comforts they enjoy, even in confinement, from their wines carefully iced, their fine lodgings within the rules, their curricles, and their hunters, both for themselves and their attendant state of a bailiff, disguised in a magnificent livery, or not disguised, with a plain frock and a cropped head, like a groom or a man of fashion, and their other appurtenances. Who are they that, in the city, cry—"Money is scarce; Bonaparte is ready to invade us; and he will soon be here to rob us of the little cash we have?" Why, the rich Jew, or the rich Jew-Christian, who wants to buy two hundred thousand pounds *light-horse*, and only regrets, in the distresses of his country, that he has not got more money to make a bolder push, before the stocks get up again. Who is it that borrows of this rich Jew at exorbitant interest? The wealthy man of pleasure, who, born to affluence, has always been in want, and who, to support for the present hour, his horses, carriages, and houses—his girl, his son's girls, and his wife's faro-table—in short, just to go on in the easy style required by his condition, ruins his fortune as fast as his son ruins his health, and his wife her honour. In short, was not the wealthy Elwes always in want of money? And Daniel Dancer, though possessed of enough to keep a German prince almost as well as an English citizen, did he not, from prudential motives, and the want of money, live with no better an establishment than the poorest inhabitant of St. Giles's, and die from want and inanition?

I shall now proceed to another of the distresses of the rich, of the most pitiable nature. This is a certain disease, which, however baneful in its effects, and frequently obscure in its origin, has been, to the great misfortune of this set of patients, hitherto entirely neglected by physicians. The first symptoms of this distemper are, unusual gravity, a certain stiffness in the joints, particularly in the vertebræ of the back-bone, and very remarkable absence of mind. By degrees, the patient becomes morose and ill-tempered, except to a few persons, perhaps still more infected than himself with the same disease. If a man, he is afflicted with a stiff neck; if a woman, with a certain volatile action of the spirits in the brain, that keeps the head and neck continually tossing. In both sexes, the face becomes distorted, the nostrils and upper lip drawn up, the lower thrown out, and the eye-brows knit. What a misfortune this, for the pretty mouth and arched eye-brow of a female patient, more detrimental to her beauty than the seams of the worst species of small-pox! The memory also, as in many other diseases which, like this, affect the brain, is soon impaired; so much so, that, in many instances, persons labouring under this malady, particularly those who from newly acquired wealth are more subject to the infection, have been known utterly to forget their oldest friends, &c. their eyes become so short-sighted, that they frequently do not see their nearest relations when they meet them, particularly in public places—which, I suppose, with all deference to the faculty, is owing to their eyes being dazzled with the unusual brilliancy of their situation—and especially if those relations, not being rich, are themselves uninfected. This disease, with

with some, has gained such a height, that they are obliged to have recourse to glasses to assist their injured eyes; though frequently I have observed that such persons derive no benefit whatever from the use of them; for I have often remarked, that when they looked at a person, even through their glass, though he was an old friend and intimate companion, in the days of their sanity, they have been utterly unable to distinguish his features sufficiently to recognise him. This last alarming case has so often occurred of late, that an eminent oculist of my acquaintance thinks it may ultimately produce ophthalmia. The sight is not only weakened, but it also becomes strangely erroneous, by reason of which, those afflicted with this distemper are apt to think others shorter, and less consequential, than they really are, and themselves much taller. Indeed, I have known some, though themselves as diminutive in stature as a Jew, be so utterly deceived by this defect in their optics, as to strain their poor necks, and make great efforts, standing on tiptoe, in order to overlook others really much greater than they were, and even fancy they succeeded; or, if imprudently undeceived by some plain-speaking person, they would be extremely angry, and affirm that the tall man behaved very ill, stood on a stool or a chair, or got on some great man's back. The vulgar call this instance of the disease in question, holding the head high.

This malady is so general among the rich, and even in some constitutions among the poor, more especially if they are related, or wish to be allied to the rich, so malignant in its nature, and frequently so unaccountable in its effects, that it calls for every exertion to eradicate it; and I hope, Sir, that the faculty, from the suggestions and imperfect hints thrown out in this letter, will take it into their most serious consideration, and endeavour to find some remedy adequate to the evil. Perhaps, extract of rue might prove of some avail, if any measure could be adopted for inducing the patient to swallow it; towards which, however, I have been told, they discover an extreme aversion.

But, that I may no longer trespass upon your indulgence, and that of your readers, I will, for the present, conclude; reserving the further account of the sufferings of the rich, and of our plan of relief, for future communications, should this be honoured by your approbation and insertion.

I am, Sir, your obedient humble servant,

CLEMENT BIRCH, Sec.

PRESENT STATE OF THE GAMBLING HOUSES AT PARIS.

FORMERLY no public gambling houses were permitted in France; but after Fouche, the present Minister of Police, began to rule, the privilege of keeping gambling houses has been let out as openly and as publicly as the king's ministers farmed out the duties upon salt, tobacco, or wine, to the farmers general of the revenue. Cards of address to gambling houses are distributed in all parts of France, in the same manner as quack bills in London. This scandalous and immoral transaction brought into Fouche's pocket upwards of ten thousand pounds per month. The late prefect at Lyons, Vernignac, learnt, to his cost, how dangerous it was to meddle with this *lawful* income of Citizen Fouche;

Fouche; for, having ordered the suppression of all gambling houses at Lyons, Fouche represented him in such a light to Bonaparte, that he lost the honourable place of prefect, and was sent, in disgrace, as minister, to Switzerland; a situation no prefect's secretary would by choice accept, on account of the unsettled state of that country, and the disagreeable and difficult part a French minister had to perform there.

Besides what the farmers of the gambling houses paid to Fouche every month, they were obliged to hire and pay 120,000 persons employed in those houses at Paris, and in the provinces, as *croupiers*, from half-a-crown to half-a-guinea a day; and these 120,000 persons were all spies for Fouche.

SPLENDID FEMALE SWINDLER AT VIENNA.

LAST autum, a lady, calling herself a Baroness, arrived at Vienna, in a brilliant equipage, attended by four men-servants and two maids. She took very elegant apartments, which she furnished in style. All her expences were paid in ready money, and in gold. She was presented at court, and in the first circles, as the widow of a Prussian colonel, immensely rich. In November, she received a letter of credit from a banking house at Hamburgh, upon one of the first bankers at Vienna, for 50,000 florins. Her expences and insinuating manners, with a tolerably good person, and the character of a widow in affluence, procured her numerous admirers, and a number of suitors; amongst others, several of the young nobility. She declined, however, all offers of marriage, having determined upon an eternal widowhood, in gratitude for the large fortune left her by her ever-regretted husband.

She went regularly to church, and to confession; was irreproachable in her conduct, and chaste in her manners and conversation. She was looked upon as a model of virtue and religion, and soon became the envy of her own sex, in becoming the admiration of the other. She was very charitable to the poor, visited often the hospitals, and subscribed largely to philanthropic institutions.

The house opposite to her apartments belonged to a young man, son of a grocer, who had a very high opinion of his own person and merit, because his father had left him 300,000 florins. He addressed himself to one of her servants, to have a letter delivered to the Baroness, with an offer of his hand and fortune; but was repulsed with indignity. For a large present, the same servant undertook again, though at the risk of losing his service, to carry another letter, which met with a less severe reception. The Baroness being smitten with the person of the young man, whom at last she admitted privately into her presence; and, after many prayers, sighs, tears, and presents, she agreed to give him her hand next Easter; but having refused so many great people, the young man was laid under strict secrecy, and their marriage was to be celebrated at Berlin.

In December last, she received a letter, importing that her younger sister was promised to a Silesian nobleman. She consulted her secret lover, whom she had persuaded to believe that she had a fortune of 200,000 florins in the year, about the present she should make her sister on her wedding-day, and it was

was agreed that it could not be of less value than 60,000 florins laid out in diamonds; and as she wanted to choose, the young man was desired to bring 200,000 florins worth from his uncle, a jeweller, whom she said she would pay in ready money for what she determined to keep.

The diamonds were brought in the evening, and left for her inspection until the next day. But when the young man called at the appointed time, the servants said their mistress was ill, and could see no company before the day after; and when the duped lover then returned, he was informed that the Baroness, with one of her female servants, had, forty-eight hours before, left the house; but previously left orders to declare her ill if inquired after, as she was going to the Urseline convent to make her devotions.

She had indeed been there, but swindled the superior of a brilliant cross of the greatest value, which the late Empress Maria Theresa had given to the statue of a miraculous Virgin, and the Barroness had borrowed it as a pattern for one she intended to give her sister. She had the same day been at her banker's, and, upon pretence of buying jewels for her sister's marriage, had obtained in gold, and in bank notes for bills on Hamburgh, 100,000 florins more than she had credit for. It has since been found out, that she had played the same tricks at Berlin, Dresden, and at Naples.

Couriers have been sent every where after her, but in vain; the only information obtained is, that a lady, nearly answering the description, had embarked last month at Embden, either for England or for America. It is said that her disconsolate and deserted lover is now on his way to this country; and if he can find her out, intends to forgive and marry her. She is about twenty-five years of age, speaks fluently most European languages, has a fine taste for drawing, and plays the piano-forte in exquisite style.

DASH-EGG.

An old Game revived, at Newcastle-upon-Tyne.

AN account from this place, dated February 25, speaks as under—"We are sorry to observe, that the shameful practice which has been carried on here for two or three years by the boys, called Dash-Egg, is again revived with seemingly redoubled energy. In every street, from Ouseburn to Skinnerburn, and from the Close to the Barras Bridge, crowds of boys are assembled—many of them stout fellows—during the whole of Sunday, busily employed in this new species of gaming; and such is the eagerness with which they are engaged in the business, that wherever they are assembled, nothing but uproar and wickedness prevail; their mouths being filled with horrid oaths and imprecations, according to their good or ill success. And such is their anxiety for the sport, that the last two or three market-days, they had, by 11 o'clock, bought up half of the eggs brought to market, leaving the other half to be bought by the inhabitants at double the price they would have cost; nor had they patience to wait until they could get them boiled, but were actually combating with the raw eggs in the very market. We hope the churchwardens of the different parishes will exert their endeavours to put an end to a practice so injurious to the interests of the inhabitants, and destructive to the morals of the children of the lower classes.

MIGRATION

MIGRATION OF BIRDS, EXTRAORDINARY POWERS OF DIGESTION, &c.

To the Editor of the Sporting Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,

THE following is a Table of the Migration of several of our British Birds, taken on the average of about twenty-six years, from the observations of Mr. Markwick—

	FIRST SEEN.	LAST SEEN.
Swallow	April 18	October 31.
Swift	May 9	September 3.
Cuckoo	May 1	July 10.
Wheatear	May 4	September 26.
Land Rail	September 1	October 20.
Quail	August 20	———
Field Fare	November 21	April 10.
Red Wing	November 20	March 18.
Woodcock	October 20	April 1.
Snipe	November 20	March 20.
Jack Snipe	December 26	March 16.
Roystor Crow	May 22	March 26.

These observations were made in Sussex. The time must considerably vary, owing to the impossibility of seeing them on their immediate arrival, and the impossibility of ascertaining the departure of the last of the species.

It has been affirmed, that the peculiar notes of all birds are acquired, and by no means natural to them. Thus, it is said that if a sparrow were taken, when very young, and placed in the nest of a bullfinch, it would chirp exactly in the same note But I think, from actual observation, that little reliance is to be placed upon this opinion, as it is universally known that a cuckoo never rears its own offspring, but lays its eggs in the nest of some other bird—see Bewick on Birds,—and leaves them to be hatched and reared by their foster-parent. If, then, the young bird always acquired its note from hearing the old one's note, how could we possibly ever hear the voice of the cuckoo, since it must necessarily, according to this mistaken opinion, use the same song as the bird that reared it? On the contrary, also, young cuckoos have been reared by other birds, without once hearing the voice of a cuckoo, and have still uttered their native "Cuckoo." Besides, if this mistaken notion took place with regard to birds, it must also have the same effect with regard to beasts; and, although experiments of that description have frequently been tried, I challenge the world to produce an instance of a cat that has been reared by a bitch, barking—or of a squirrel reared by a cat, mewing.

Mons. Reaumur, a celebrated French naturalist, has demonstrated, that if you stop up the pores of an egg with varnish, or a thin covering of mutton-suet, it may be preserved perfectly fresh, and generally fit for incubation, five or six months after it has been laid.

The stomach of a cock, in twenty-four hours, wore away the angles of a piece of glass, it was made to swallow for the sake of experiment,

experiment, and, on inspection, the gizzard was found not to be in the least lacerated or injured by it.

Twelve strong tin needles were firmly fixed in a ball of lead, the points of which projected about a quarter of an inch from the surface. It was forced, in this state, down the throat of a turkey. The bird retained it almost two days, without the least appearance of uneasiness. The points of all the needles were broke off close by the ball, except two or three, of which the stumps projected a little.

In the same manner, twelve small lancets were given to a turkey-cock. On dissection, nothing appeared but the naked ball, the twelve lancets having been broken all to pieces, while the stomach was perfectly sound and uninjured.

These are authentic facts, and I hope you will deem them worthy of insertion. In the hope of which I beg leave to subscribe myself your most devoted admirer,

AUCEPS.

March 1, 1804.

GENIUS GENUINE.

By Samuel Chifney, of Newmarket.

IN our last Magazine, page 231, we began an account of Chifney's book, and meant to have followed him in our own way, by extracts, &c. but a very sensible and judicious writer, in another publication, has performed the task in a manner so congenial to our own ideas, that we shall avail ourselves of his sentiments; and the more so, as we have occasionally been favoured with articles on sporting subjects from the same intelligent quarter.

"The contents of the book," says our friend above alluded to, "consist of an account of his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales's racing transactions, and their management, previous to his abandoning the turf in 1791; of various races, which, by analogy, may tend to explain the mysteries of October the 20th and 21st, 1791; of the particulars relative to Escape's races on those days; of Chifney's examination by the Jockey Club, and of the consequent general prejudice against him; of various turf characters; of infamous arts in practice; of the nature of race horses, with advice respecting their preservation and improvement; also of hacks and hunters, and of a mode of riding a race peculiar to Chifney.

"To come, at once, to the main object of this publication.—On the 20th of October, 1791, Chifney rode the Prince of Wales's famous horse Escape, by Highflyer, in a sweepstakes, from the Ditch Inn, a distance of about two miles, against three horses, named Coriander, Skylark, and Pipator, the former of which three won the race. On the following day, Chifney rode Escape against the same horses, over the Beacon Course, a distance of four miles, and won; beating in his turn the horses which had beaten him the day before. The betting on this race was four and five to one against Escape.

"The manner in which these two races terminated, as is still fresh in every one's memory, occasioned very general dissatisfaction. It was publicly said, and without hesitation, that Chifney had ridden booty; that he purposely lost the first race, by which manœuvre, the odds running very high, next day, against his horse, an immense sum was won, by backing or betting upon

on the horse, to his own considerable emolument. Even the gentleman who had the management of his Royal Highness's betting and racing concerns, as soon as the event of the race was known, riding up to the Prince, said, 'I give your Royal Highness joy; but I am sorry the horse has won; I would sooner have given a hundred guineas!' The Prince, severely mortified by these suspicions of the conduct of his jockey, having taken steps for the investigation of such a disagreeable affair, left Newmarket the following day; and, some years after, the writer of this was assured by a friend of the gentleman above hinted at, that his Royal Highness had never thenceforth honoured him with a single word.

"Preparatory to bidding a final adieu to Newmarket, the Prince ordered the attendance of Chifney, and demanded of him whether he was prepared to take such necessary steps as might be proposed to him, tending to clear his own character from suspicion, and to give all possible satisfaction to the parties concerned. Chifney having declared his readiness, his Royal Highness proposed, that he—Chifney—should make oath as to his bets on the two races, and to such other circumstances as might be deemed explanatory of his conduct; and that he should undergo an examination by the Jockey Club.

"The affidavit required was forthwith made by Chifney, before the Rev. Dr. Frampton, at Newmarket, to the following purport, and has been since repeated—March 13, 1801—before Mr. Justice Collick, of London; to wit, 'that Chifney had no bet whatever upon the race with Escape, which was lost October 20th, 1791; and only twenty guineas, and no more, upon the race which Escape won on the following day; that he was not interested or concerned, directly or indirectly, in any other bet, either against or for Escape, on either of the aforementioned days; that he neither did, nor caused, nor procured to be done, any thing to check, hinder, or prevent, the said horse Escape from running; but, on the contrary, did every thing which his judgment suggested to him, and his powers enabled him, to make Escape won the race on the 20th of October; that in no place in which he had lived from 1784, had he won a guinea against any horse that was beaten, and which he either trained or rode; that he had never been arrested at Ascot Heath, and that Mr. Vauxhall Clark never did pay any money for him.'

"It had been reported, it seems, to the Prince of Wales, that Chifney had been arrested at Ascot Heath races for three hundred pounds, and that Vauxhall Clark—the well-known better—had paid the money for him. This Chifney represents as a mere calumny, invented to give colour to the false accusation of riding booty brought against him, because Clark usually betted money for Chifney, and the calumniators sought to have it believed, that the betting on the two races was managed by Clark, as a joint concern: it had been reported, that Chifney had won six or seven hundred pounds upon the race which he caused Escape to lose, and six or seven hundreds more upon the race which he won, the bets having been made by the aforesaid Vauxhall Clark.

"On the morning of the day on which the Prince left Newmarket, being upon the course, his Royal Highness called Chifney, and, addressing Sir Charles Bunbury, one of the stewards of the Jockey Club, informed him of Chifney's readiness

to

to be examined in any mode which the Club might judge proper, desiring Sir Charles to take every possible pains to obtain satisfaction; afterwards remarking to Chifney—'Sam Chifney, this business should be explained.' To which Chifney answered—'Your Royal Highness, I don't know how to explain it.'

"The gentlemen of the Jockey Club appointed to examine Chifney, were, Sir Charles Bunbury, Bart. Ralph Dutton, Esq. and Thomas Panton, Esq. All the questions asked him had already been answered by Chifney on affidavit. Sir Charles Bunbury, it is stated, had the earliest and strongest suspicion of Chifney, and was the most severe upon him.

"In order to render intelligible an investigation of this business, it may be necessary to explain to most readers certain terms appropriate to the technology of the course. *Premierment*, the grand and important division of race horses, in respect to their qualifications, is into *the stout* and *the speedy*; the first term indicating such as are stout of heart, cool in temper, and firm in constitution; generally not remarkable for readiness and speed, but calculated to succeed in a long race. Of the second, it is usually said, *speed is their best*; by which is meant, that they are best qualified for a short race, possessing a promptitude in the higher degrees of velocity, which must necessarily be of a relative short duration. This description are generally free, and of a warm temperament; sometimes, but not invariably, of a weak and washy constitution. It may be easily conceived, that the degrees of variation or approximation in these respects must be infinite, rendering it frequently no easy matter to determine positively to which class a horse belongs; whence numberless errors, both in those who give directions, and those who ride. As to the extremes, there are horses which have barely racing speed, their sole virtue consisting in their great powers of continuance, by which, in a four-mile race, they wear out their more speedy antagonists. On the other hand, there are such as no measures of art can enable to come through a long course in the company of reputed running horses: these have their distance, beyond which Nature has put it out of their power to excel. Of this description were Fireaway, Masquerade, and Rocket, of former days. The two first were most successful at the distance of a single mile; the last, at that of one quarter, or half a mile at most. It is not in the course of nature, that phenomena like Childers and Eclipse should be often produced, uniting the extremes of both speed and stoutness, giving the go-by and the distance to all possibility of competition. The most useful racer, perhaps, is he which partakes in a nearly equal and considerable degree of both qualities, but with a superior turn towards speed: such was the famous Shark, and such, in Chifney's opinion at least, was the famous Escape. The term to make the play, or to go along, will be easily understood, as leading away in a race, at a pace of very considerable speed, upon a horse which is presumed to be stout and long-winded, in order to distress those antagonists which are known or supposed to be inferior in stoutness; to the end, that the being fatigued and exhausted, by long and sharp running, they may not have it in their power to reserve their superior speed for the last push. Amongst horses of equal game, the play may be made by those which are in the best condition. Waiting, or making a waiting race, is plainly the

opposite practice: here, the rider of the speedy, weak, or jadish horse, always aims to keep in the rear, and go as slow as possible, until the last few hundred yards, where he well knows his power of speed will turn to the best account.

"Chifney entered into the service of the running stables in 1770, and was regularly trained to his vocation, under the celebrated professors Fox and Prince. Riding, he says, 'he learned himself.' Like Homer's heroes under similar circumstances of calumny and depreciation, Samuel assumes the undoubted right of speaking in his own praise. Hear him—'In 1773, I could ride horses in a better manner in a race, to beat others, than any person ever known in my time. In 1775, I could train horses for running better than any person I ever yet saw.' His own word, however, could not afterwards convince the Prince, his master, who seemed to estimate his skill in training as inferior to his judgment and powers in public riding: so uncommon it is for even a great man to be uniformly great! He farther tells us, that his knowledge is the result of 'practice with genius;' after which we will no longer wonder at the title of his book. In 1784, he lived with Lord Grosvenor, riding his Lordship's race horses. He afterwards entered into the service of Thomas Panton, Esq. with whom he continued four years, until his engagement in the service of the Prince. During his continuance with Mr. Panton, he rode most of the Duke of Bedford's race horses; and tells us, he was assured by Mr. Panton that 'the Duke of Bedford was the very best pleased with his riding, as he always rode to a T, as his Grace told him.' His Grace is well known to have been very precise in his directions to his jockies; and appears to have been so well satisfied with this, that, in all probability, had not his Grace then meditated a total relinquishment of the turf, he would have engaged Chifney for life, who was, immediately on quitting the service of Mr. Panton, engaged by his Royal Highness the Prince, at a salary of two hundred pounds per year.

"Chifney has been candid enough to give us a marked trait in his own character. He was looked upon by many of the sporting people, and particularly by the training grooms, as obstinate and bigotted to his own opinions; and it was commonly said, that 'Chifney would always ride as he pleased; or, that he was at his tricks again.' These opinions he attributes to the ignorance, prejudice, or knavery of the parties. By his own account, he appears to have acted in this way only when latitude and discretion were allowed him; but it is probable, in doubtful cases, he was apt to take upon himself too great a responsibility. In the Prince's service, the orders seem generally to have been discretionary; and the discretion appears to have been lodged with the gentleman who managed his Royal Highness's racing concerns and the jockey, jointly. A difference of opinion between the two, and the firm adherence of each to his own judgment, seem to have bred much confusion of management; unless, indeed, we allow that the inconvenience was, in a great degree, obviated by the firmness and practical experience of Chifney.

"This difference of opinion is particularly striking in respect to the horse Escape, which the Prince, the manager, and the train-groom, always valued for his stoutness or game; whilst the jockey, who so often rode him, appears thoroughly convinced that speed was his best. The unpractised will recollect the

past

past definition of these sporting terms. Nor need the sincerity of such opposite opinions be doubted; for I have seen perpetual instances of similar discrepancy of opinion, during my acquaintance with the votaries of the turf. Mere betters, although their whole lives may have been spent in the business of horse-coursing, seldom know or care any thing farther about racing than what they derive from the market-rate of betting: and I have heard many of them declare their total incredulity as to the pretended qualities of horses, and the distinctions of speed and stoutness, referring all to *management*, chance, and speed. Gentlemen sportsmen, unaccustomed to ride themselves, trusting entirely to the representations of their grooms, and repeating implicitly their stable phrases, will seldom attain a thorough and practical knowledge of a subject in which they yet take so great a concern. Even jockies themselves, misled by a very common approximation of opposite qualities, by the necessary variation of running in horses, or from the considerable difficulty of nicely calculating the effect of contingencies, are not a little liable to form erroneous judgments. It may be truly averred of the business of the turf, that, estimated in all its various relations, in all its divisions and calculations, in all its pro's and con's, it will afford ample scope for the exercise of the keenest wit and the most profound judgment.

"From a detailed account—p. 40 to 66—of Escape's trials and public races, he clearly appears to have been a most uncertain runner; to have possessed capital speed, and even great powers of continuance, when well to run; but to be materially affected by very slight and very usual errors in training; to be subject to have the edge of his speed totally blunted by a few degrees of over work, and his powers, both of speed and continuance, paralyzed and rendered inert, by want of due exercise, or by errors in feeding, more particularly near the time of his running. There also most assuredly is—and they who do not practically know, have free liberty to laugh at the idea—a perfect analogy of nervous sensibility, of irritability, and vacillation of fibre, between the human animal and the race horse; a sharer, at least, in the labours and anxieties, if unfortunately not in the profits and satisfactions, of his master. As men differ, so do horses; and the warm-tempered, free, unequal, and nervous Escape, ought to have had for his trainer and manager, as well as his jockey, that man, who, if we may judge by his account of himself, seems, in so many respects, an exact counterpart of the horse. Hard-headed and indiscriminating grooms of the common type, could entertain no apprehension of the delicacy, vigilance, and care, with which such an animal required to be treated. Of this Chifney has not failed full often to remind his reader.

"Escape beat the best horses in England, over the course, or four miles, and was himself beaten on the same course by middling horses. He beat Nimble, one of the speediest horses of his day, across the Flat, a distance of a mile and a quarter; and was beaten on the same course, in a private trial, by Don Quixote, and Lance, horses, I believe, of inferior speed to Nimble, several lengths before half the course was ran, and very easily, and a great way, at the end: yet, in another trial, two miles over Epsom, he beat Baronet and Pegasus, giving the former, a horse of his own year, and a winning racer, the enormous weight of twenty pounds; which horse

horse—Baronet—nevertheless beat him, at the same weight and distance, a few days after, at Ascot. Chifney did not ride Escape either in the trial or the race.

"On the former of the two questioned races, October 20th, 1791, we learn that the Prince appeared to be sure his horse would win, which sanguine hope of his master, Chifney endeavoured to moderate, as he says, from a conviction that Escape, though he looked well, was not in good condition, or well to run; yet he thought the horse might win, 'without being quite well to run;' whence a degree of uncertainty remained on his mind, and prevented his speaking decisively to the Prince: however, from what was said, his Royal Highness determined not to back the horse in that race, it being probable the odds would be high upon him. The orders of his Royal Highness to his jockey, as usual, were discretionary upon the whole; for, although he was positively directed by the Prince 'to make strong play with Escape, if no other horse made good play,' yet, having afterwards met with the gentleman who managed, and given his opinion in preference of making a waiting race, he had that gentleman's permission so to do; the gentleman engaging 'to go immediately to the Prince, and make every thing perfectly pleasant.' Here is a very striking instance in Chifney of volunteering, and taking upon himself a very dangerous responsibility. 'The horses started, he waited with Escape, and was beaten.' The race was won by Coriander. The jockies all waiting, there was no running until the last half mile, which Chifney says was very severe, and in which he was frightened to find Escape could not run as fast as Coriander or Skylark. Finding his horse beaten, within a few yards of the winning post, he gave up the contention, Skylark being three parts of a neck before Escape, and about two lengths behind Coriander. Escape was at no time, throughout the burst, able to head Skylark: although Chifney asserts, that never, during his riding, had he known any horse to have so many severe runs.

"When the horses had run in, his Royal Highness said—"Sam Chifney, you have lost this race by not making strong play with Escape, as I desired you; for Escape certainly would have won, if you had done so;' adding, pleasantly, 'and I do tell you, Sam Chifney, that I am a better jockey than Mr. Lake and you both.' The Prince afterwards seriously demanded of Chifney, why he suffered Escape to be beaten that day, since he had represented that horse as the best in the world. Chifney replied, that he still thought Escape the best horse in England, but that he was then unfit to run, it being 'a fortnight, or a fortnight and a day, since Escape ran last, during which time he had not a sweat, nor was tried, but had been tenderly treated.' Indeed he appears to have had nothing to do with the management of the horse in the intermediate time, nor to have been apprized of the intent to start him, but at a very short interval before the race.

"Notwithstanding the inferior form in which Escape ran this race, Chifney gave the strongest encouragement to run him over the course the following day; and even recommended to the Prince to back him to the amount of six or seven hundred pounds: his reasons for this advice he states to be, 'that the sharp rally to-day had not fatigued the horse, but had caused a good perspiration, so as to lighten him of his flesh, and open his pores; that he will run both faster and longer

longer to-morrow; and had he not ran to-day, Chifney would not have advised to back him to morrow.'

"On the morrow his Royal Highness came up to Chifney, upon the course, and gave his orders to the following effect—'I will give you your orders again to-day, and let me beg of you to make no mistake. I wish you, Sam Chifney to make play with Escape to day; but I will not compel you to make play. Should there be tolerable good play made by any other horse, you may then wait with Escape; but should no other horse make tolerable good play, you must make good play. God bless you.' His Royal Highness promised to back Escape; but, on Chifney's application to Mr. Lake, soon afterwards, for the same purpose, that gentleman declared, 'he would have nothing to do with it: so many unpleasant things happen.' Skylark, fast, a slug, and a jade, in Chifney's opinion, made strong play in this four-mile race; a very preposterous method, granting he ran to win, and that such was his real character. But Chifney seems to think, from what he felt during the race, that, had Skylark been otherwise managed, the success of Escape, from the not altogether perfect state of his body, would not have been quite certain; otherwise, entirely so.

"As to the merits of the question, and to what degree it affects Chifney's character, these are my sentiments. A former groom of mine rode at Newmarket at that time. He was a shrewd fellow, and must have both seen and heard what was going forward; but, on very closely questioning, I could never get any thing more from him than the common charge—'that it was well known to all judges, that Chifney rode foul, and that a vast sum was won by the confederates on the second race.' This general charge I have heard from all quarters, and farther, that, as a jockey, Chifney was a suspicious character; but I could never obtain any other proof than a repetition of the charge, accompanied by a remark, that his conduct spoke for itself. So many years out of the habit of conversation with sporting people, granting there be a secret, it is very unlikely that I should be in it; that I can proceed only upon known facts and the best deductions I am able to make from them, and, as far as these will go, it appears evident to me, *that no man had, or has, a right to fix that foul charge, concerning the two races of October*, 1791, *upon the character of Samuel Chifney*.

"It may be asserted, that Chifney was insincere in his pretended opinion that speed was the best of Escape; and that, inwardly knowing the contrary, he had waited with him, on the first day's race, on purpose to get him beat; but a mere opinion of a man's intentions, however universal it may be, can never form a just ground of crimination. Open and explicit as he has been in his publication, and letting out every thing which came uppermost, whether it make for or against him, he may demand, at least, an equal degree of credit for his own statements and assertions. Notwithstanding Chifney's profound skill in the close and delicate points of a race horse's character, I am sometimes strongly inclined to suspect his judgment, in relation to Escape, and to adopt the opinion of his Royal Highness. It appears to me, that, for the two days in question, at least, Escape's game was the best of him; and that, as it has naturally and fairly happened in a thousand instances, he was outfooted

outfooted in the short race, and won the long one by his stoutness: for although, in the last race, Chifney tells us he waited, they must have gone the course through at a choak-jade rate, since Skylark made such strong play. Could this opinion be rationally adopted, the question would be at rest for ever; but, even if not, Chifney's arguments are both strong and rational, and must be valid until answered with equal reason and strength.

"In order to satisfy the minds of those who, perhaps, without mature consideration, had backed his horse at four and five to one on one day, and betted four and five to one against him the next, the Royal sportsman appears to have done all that could be required of a man of honour, a gentleman, and a prince. His Royal Highness put his servant to his oath on all the points in dispute, and commanded him to submit himself unreservedly to the examination of his accusers. By Chifney's account, the Prince won, on the second race, 'under four hundred guineas, and near four hundred guineas.'

"Wrongfully accused, oppressed —as this man states he has been— and his innocent family injured in their livelihood, he is perfectly justifiable, and even commendable, for his appeal to the public. The matter and language of his book are doubtless his own, whatever aid he may have received in their arrangement; and, if it be written with too keen a resentment, it certainly bears many and various marks of a fund of natural good sense, of a simple mind, but of a man, perhaps, whose 'heart lies too much in his tongue.' Nothing can be plainer upon the cards, than for a jockey to be fond of a cross; and this man, for aught I can ascertain to the contrary, may be an arrant knave; but, were it decent or proper, I could give the name of a Noble Earl, whose opinion would have some weight in the world; and that opinion is, *that Chifney is both a good jockey, and an honest man.*

"Chifney and his sons have been accused of insolence. If they are guilty, I do not defend them—but even the earth-worm will turn when trodden upon. I have observed, he speaks rashly of his supposed enemies, and includes in the number, although with unusual respect, Sir Charles Bunbury, who is no man's enemy, and himself without an enemy on earth; the kindest master living, whose service is an inheritance; the best brother, the warmest and kindest relation, as a numerous family fully testify.

"But, waving the other parts of Chifney's character, there is even a transcendent merit in my eyes, to be allowed him, from the whole tenor of his book, which is humanity and kindness to his horse. In a sweepstakes—p. 56—in which he rode against Escape, and observed that horse to be thoroughly beaten, he wished very much for an opportunity to call out to the rider, to pull him up, 'that he might not be abused, after having been so much beaten.' Going another time to see Escape in his stable, 'he coaxed him, kissed him, then left him.'

"His fine part in riding a race, I must acknowledge I cannot clearly understand; and I should not wonder if he has found it in the books of some of our veterinary surgeons, who have imported something of the kind from France; and Chifney, supposing it a *fine thing*, has made haste to apply it to the service of the turf: it is to ride

ride a race horse with a loose rein. I have occasionally ridden in public, and sufficiently often in trials, through a course of years; but, in truth, I can scarcely see how a horse is to be ridden with a slack rein in a waiting race, or even in making the play, without the risk of bursting him; far less can I tell how the loose rein can 'keep a horse better together.' But I am not yet too old, too opiniated, or too heavy, to take a lesson of Sam Chifney.

"Exclusive of the entertainment to be found in Chifney's book, there are matters of high interest to every gentleman who keeps running horses, and has consequent dealings with grooms and jockies. His reasons for the uncertainty and changes of horses in their running, and for their degeneration, I have a strong conviction are generally well founded; and his advice on those heads, and other subjects of the turf, are entitled to the utmost attention."

Thus far the language of our friend. We have received an additional ill-natured letter from a correspondent, respecting the price of Chifney's book. With regard to the publication and the price, Chifney's intent is, doubtless, to rescue his character from obloquy; and, as he has suffered from what he deems ill usage, his meaning is, to ask those noblemen and gentlemen who are his friends, in their generosity, to give him either five, two, or one guinea.

The writer from whom we have made the foregoing copious extracts, says, in conclusion—"The book is now said to be very high priced; but I should conceive that it must be worth many times the sum to a considerable majority of those who train race horses."

THE TRIAL
OF
THE REV. LOCKHART GORDON, AND LAUDEN GORDON.

IN our last Magazine, p. 242, we gave copious articles on the subject of Mrs. Lee—whom we there call the Helen of Bolton Row—and the Gordons. The following trial is not from the first hasty accounts, as published in the newspapers, but obtained from various sources, and faithfully collated.

At the Lent Assizes, 1804, for the county of Oxford, held at Oxford, the commission was opened on Monday the 5th of March. The Grand Jury consisted of the following noblemen and gentlemen—

The Marquis of Blandford, *Foreman.*
Right Hon. Lord R. Spencer.
Sir Christopher Willoughby.
John Fane, Esq.
Oldfield Bowles, Esq.
Wm. Lowndes, Esq.
Thomas Stonor, Esq.
Francis Pennystone, Esq.
John Spencer, Esq.
Henry Calveley, Esq.
Geo. Fred. Stratton, Esq.
John Lenthall, Esq.
Alex. James, Esq.
Charles Brown, Esq.
Thomas Toovey, Esq.
Wm. Henry Ashhurst, Esq.
Robert Peers, Esq.
George Clarke, Esq.
John Bush, Esq.
Francis Wastie, Esq.
William Farmor, Esq.
Michael Corgan, Esq.
William Jemmet, Esq.

Sir Soulden Lawrence, the Judge, addressed the Grand Jury in the following terms—

GENTLEMEN,

"It will not be necessary for me to detain you long, explaining the law on the different cases now to

be brought under your consideration. They are but few in number; the most considerable, and that which will require your most attentive consideration, is the one founded on the Act of the 3d of King Henry VII. which makes it a capital felony for any person forcibly to take away a woman, for the purpose of enjoying her property, marrying her, or defiling her person. This statute very properly provides for the safety of those who, either by hereditary descent, marriage, or any other means, come into possession of considerable property, who would otherwise be liable to fall a prey to violence and injustice. Now, in order to prove a felony, and bring it within the meaning of the statute, it is necessary that I should state to you, that three things are requisite, in order to prove the crime against which this statute was wisely enacted, and has since been particularly enforced. In the first place, the statute supposes that the woman is possessed of property; secondly, that the person who takes her away is actuated with the lucre of gain, and has a design upon that property; and, thirdly, that he takes her off, either with the design of marrying her, or violating her person. With regard to the first, it is supposed that a woman has property; but when she is married she cannot have any property of her own; however, if her affairs are in the hands of trustees, and her property invested with them, it amounts to the same thing, and is equally felony, and comes within the meaning of the statute. Secondly, it is supposed that the possession of property lays at the foundation of this crime, and that the person offending is instigated by the hopes of obtaining it, which he endeavours to accomplish by illicit means, and to prevent which this Act was very properly made; for if the property of women, whether hereditary, or howsomever entailed on them, be not secured by law, infinite mischiefs would accrue to society, by the rapacity and profligacy of individuals. The third thing necessary to constitute the crime, is the marrying the woman forcibly taken away, or defiling her person. It is hardly necessary that I should explain to you what this means; it signifies that carnal knowledge or connection between the sexes, which, when force is used, would be denominated a rape. In order to constitute this a capital offence, it must be proved, that force has been used; and in order to bring it within this indictment, it must be shown that force has been used in this county. Now, though force may have been used in another county, if it is not proved to your satisfaction that it has been continued in this county, where the indictment is laid, you cannot receive such evidence as sufficient to warrant the conviction of the prisoners; but if the evidence adduced before you be sufficient to prove that force has been continued in this county, that will be sufficient to establish the guilt of the prisoners, who will then become liable to the penalties of the statute. Suppose a man who is indicted for larceny, steals goods in one county, and exposes them to sale in another, he is guilty of stealing them in the place where he carries them, and is obnoxious to punishment equally as if he stole them there. Gentlemen, if the fact of force be proved to your satisfaction, that is, if she has been forcibly brought out of another county into this, against her own inclination, and by compulsion from the prisoners, it will be sufficient to criminate them; and it will not be material

material to inquire, whether the defilement of her person took place by force, or with her own consent. This distinction would have been necessary in the case of a rape; but the charge here is of a more serious nature, and depends entirely upon the question, whether force has been used to bring her into this county?—The other offences, Gentlemen, to be brought under your consideration, are of an inferior nature; one, indeed, for taking money out of a letter sent to the Post-Office, is of an alarming nature, and regards the security of society, the welfare of individuals, and the prosperity of the revenue. Gentlemen, you will decide on these cases in proportion to the evidence you receive, and make your report accordingly."

The Grand Jury, after sitting several hours, and examining sixteen witnesses, returned, at six o'clock, a true bill against Lockhart and Lauden Gordon.

Next morning, Tuesday, the 6th of March, at seven o'clock precisely, the Judge, Sir Soulden Lawrence, Knt. and J. Langston, Esq. the High Sheriff, arrived; but were unable to ascend the staircase leading to the Crown Court for a considerable length of time, the javelin-men and the constables having long before been prevented from keeping any thing like a passage to the principal entrance.

The Court, however, being at length assembled, about eight o'clock, Mr. Lockhart Gordon, and Mr. Lauden Gordon, were put to the bar. The indictment contained sixteen counts, and charged them generally, with forcibly taking, seizing, and carrying away, Rachael Fanny Antonina Lee, for lucre of substance, from her house in Bolton Row; and afterwards defiling her at Tetsworth, in the county of Oxford, to the great displeasure of Almighty God; to the disparagement of the said Rachael; to the discomfiture of her friends; to the evil example of others; against the form of the statute; against the King's peace, his crown and dignity.

To this indictment the prisoners pleaded Not Guilty.

The Court was occupied for the space of near two hours before a jury could be found to answer the wishes of the prisoners' counsel—Mr. Abbot and Mr. Peake—who challenged and refused a considerable number. A suitable jury having, however, been at length completed and sworn, the business proceeded by the clerk's reading the indictment as recited above.

Mr. Mills, leading counsel on the part of the prosecution, then addressed the jury, in a very long speech, in the course of which he stated the law on this very interesting subject; recited some particulars of Mrs. Lee's history, and entered into a detail of the various particulars which led to and followed her being forcibly taken away by the prisoners. He said, he felt it a very painful duty imposed upon him, to explain the nature of that crime, and the aggravating circumstances attending it, with which the prisoners were charged, and which, if brought home to them, would make them deeply responsible indeed. He was in possession of facts, attrocious in their nature, and highly criminal when attached to the prisoners at the bar—gentlemen who, from their education and condition in life, certainly knew better, and must be well acquainted with the awful consequences which impended over their unworthy and wicked conduct: one of them in particular, who, from his sacred profession, and public situation in life, should have set a bet-

ter example, and have held out in his practice those moral precepts which that holy religion inculcates, of which he has proved himself to be an unworthy minister. It is an aggravated crime in these gentlemen, said the counsel, who are placed above necessity, that they should be instigated by those base and unworthy motives, for which the law provides a proper punishment, and which it is my duty now to lay down. It is extremely necessary, in a country like this, where extensive property flows in such numerous channels, that unprotected females should be shielded from the unprincipled and designing, and their property guarded by law. This was wisely provided for by the statute of 3d Henry VII. ch. 2, upon which this prosecution is founded. By that statute it is enacted—"That if any person shall for lucre take any woman, being maid, widow, or wife, and having substance either in goods or lands, or being heir apparent to her ancestors, contrary to her will, and afterwards she be married to such misdoer, or by his consent to another, or defiled, such person, his procurers and abettors, and such as knowingly receive such woman, shall be deemed principal felons." This crime was deemed, by our ancestors, to be of such an aggravated nature, that they thought it necessary, four hundred years ago, to pass the above law. About one hundred years after this act passed, it was thought necessary to amend it, by taking away those privileges which appertained to the clergy. This was effected by the statute 39th Elizabeth, ch. 9, by which the benefit of clergy was taken away from all such felons who shall be principals, procurers, or abettors, before the fact; so that as the law now stands, it is a capital felony for any person to take away a woman, provided the violence be effected from the following considerations—1st, It must be alleged that the taking was for lucre. 2dly, In order to shew this, it must be proved that the woman has substance, either real or personal, or is an heir apparent. 3dly, It must appear that she was taken away against her will. 4thly, It must also appear that she was afterwards married or defiled. Gentlemen, if it be proved to your satisfaction, that that the charge against the prisoners at the bar comprised these ingredients, you cannot but find them guilty of the crime. But, gentlemen, I must forewarn you, that before you can find them guilty of this crime, you must be satisfied that force has been used in this county. For though you may be satisfied that force was applied, in order to take her from her own house, yet you must be perfectly satisfied that this force was continued till they arrived in this county, which, if it be made appear, will bring home the whole charge against the prisoners. The learned counsel then said, he would wish to guard the minds of the jury against any impudent falsehoods, or indecent statements, which had been conveyed to the public through the medium of the newspapers. He mentioned this, to fortify them against any prejudice they might have received from the erroneous accounts that came through the channel of the press, particularly Mrs. Lee's dream, which had been grossly mis-stated. He would now advert to some particulars of her history, which would be necessary to elucidate what follows. She was the natural daughter of Lord Le Despencer, and was born in the year 1774. Lord Le Despencer died in the year 1781, leaving Mrs. Lee a child about seven years of age. He also left a son by the same mother, and shared between them

them property to the amount of L.70,000. Mrs. Lee being left at that tender age, was put under the care of trustees, and became a ward of Chancery. Her guardians put her to school with Mrs. Gordon, the mother of the prisoners, who kept a school at Kensington. Here she first became acquainted with the prisoners, when they were at home for the holidays. On her examination, it appeared that she was not at this school quite two years; she thought not much above a twelvemonth. In 1794, before she was of age, she was induced to go off with Mr. Lee to Scotland, and was married to him at Haddington. This having been done without the consent of the guardians, when they came to London, Mr. Lee was arrested by order of the Chancellor, and confined in the King's Bench, till such time as the Court of Chancery could arrange the disposition of her property. Early in the year 1796, the business came to a settlement, and the Chancellor's Court decreed that half her property should be settled upon her, to be disposed of as she pleased by will. This property amounted to the annual sum of about L.1200. On her examination, she said from L 900 to L.1200. Some disagreeable circumstances arising, which it will not be necessary to mention here, she was separated from her husband the latter end of the same year, after they had lived together only a few months. It was fortunate for Mrs. Lee, that she was in a situation of life capable of supporting herself; and in consequence of this, she took a house in Bolton Row, Piccadilly, and kept up an establishment of her own. Here we trace her at the latter end of the year 1803. From the time she left Kensington, till this year, she had not seen or heard of the Gordons. Lauden Gordon had been for many years in the West Indies, and did not arrive in London till the latter end of that year, about September, when he went to lodge with his brother Lockhart, who had lived in Alsop's Buildings, New Road, about three years It was in the latter end of December that her acquaintance was renewed with Lauden Gordon, by means of Mr. Blackett, a respectable apothecary, who had attended her for some years. She had not seen Lockhart during the whole three years he resided in London. Mrs. Lee was of a very retired disposition, engaged in little pleasure, and received very little company. She was of a studious habit, and spent much of her time in reading and writing; her seclusion from society arose from a natural habit, which many people term a nervous disposition, to which she was inclined. From the latter end of December to the 12th of January, Lauden might have called three or four times, but did not see her every time. During this interval, several letters passed, in which she desired him to desist from all ideas of any thing more than a common friendship. On the 12th of January, Lauden called on Mrs. Lee in the morning, and at that time she told him to bring his brother Lockhart the next time he came; and Sunday being fixed upon, it was settled they should come on that day. In the course of the evening of the 12th, Lauden Gordon called again, and left a letter written by himself, and also one from his brother Lockhart, in a separate cover. These letters were afterwards read in Court; she identified the writing of Lauden, but could not swear to that of Lockhart's, as she had never seen his writing before. In Lauden's letter, he declares his passion in very strong terms; and Lockhart engages to support him with

with all his interest, and even with his own life. Sunday, the 15th of January, the day appointed, being come, they went to dine with her at the time agreed on, about five o'clock, and were ushered into the drawing-room. On her examination, it appeared that their conversation before dinner, which was but a short interval, related to the subject of the letter alluded to; in which she took occasion to point out to them the barrier which lay in the way of the accomplishment of their wishes; shewed them the imprudence of urging it any further; and begged that the conversation might be diverted from that subject. They then went to dinner, when the conversation was on general subjects. The cloth was withdrawn at six o'clock. At seven, Lockhart pulled out his watch, and said—"It is time the chaise was come; I wonder whether it is arrived?" Upon this Mrs. Lee expressed her surprise, and asked, what chaise? The events that followed have been already described, and it will be unnecessary to repeat them here.

Several witnesses were called to support the prosecution.

Elizabeth Westcraft lived in Alsop's Buildings, and was mistress of the house where Lockhart had lodged for three years. She knew him in the character of a clergyman, but had never heard him officiate. Since Lauden had lived there, which was about two months, he had been very much in debt, and desired her to deny him to every body that came on any day, except Sunday. She, herself, in conjunction with Lockhart, had once bailed him for L.10. She said, that on Sunday the 15th of January, they ordered her to get a post-chaise in readiness, and to drive to the end of Bolton Street, at seven o'clock precisely. She accordingly sent the chaise at the hour appointed.

Mary Davidson, a very material witness, was next called. She was servant to Mrs. Lee, and had been in the habit of waiting upon her for seven years. She had lived in the family of Mrs. Lee's father for twelve years, but at that time was not acquainted with Mrs. Lee. She corroborated the most material facts of the Gordons coming to dine with her mistress on the 15th of January, and their subsequent conduct. She perceived her mistress to be agitated, when she slipped out of the room, and said, she was afraid they were going to take her away; when the witness replied—"They cannot take you out of your own house." She saw them force her mistress down stairs, and ran to her assistance, when Lockhart presented a pistol to her, and threatened to blow her brains out, if she did not remain quiet. She followed them out into the street, crying—"Murder! thieves! fire! they are taking away my mistress!" when she saw them drive away as quick as possible.

Sarah Hunt, cook-maid to Mrs. Lee corroborated the evidence of the last witness.

William Martin, Mrs. Lee's footman, had lived with her fifteen months. He let the prisoners in on Sunday the 15th January, about five o'clock; waited at table during dinner-time, and withdrew the cloth about six o'clock. At seven o'clock, Lockhart sent him for a hackney-coach. In the mean time they conveyed Mrs. Lee out of the house; and on his return, finding what had happened, he pursued the chaise, but without effect, as it soon got out of sight. He was cross-examined, as to how many times Lauden Gordon had called on Mrs. Lee, and the length of time

time he stopped each time, which he, as well as the other servants, agreed was never more than two hours. He could not say how often he had called there; but remembered his mistress being out once when Lockhart called, and left his card—"The Rev. Lockhart Gordon." His mistress had given him general orders to deny her to every body that might come, except a few persons. One day, when Lauden called, he denied his mistress to him; but she being on the stair-case, and hearing who it was, ran down, and desired he would walk up. This circumstance was corroborated by Mrs. Lee, on her cross-examination.

The counsel for the prosecution, Mr. Mills, Mr. Darncy, and Mr. Fuller, questioned this witness, as well as the two last, very particularly, whether their mistress was not of a very retired disposition; if she was not of a nervous habit, and given to much reading and writing? To all which they replied in the affirmative. The counsel moreover strictly questioned them if she was of a religious habit, and was accustomed to go to church? But neither of them ever knew her to have been at church above twice for a number of years, and that a long time since.

The design of the counsel on the part of the prosecution, in urging this question, was very important, as appeared from a very material circumstance which came out in Mrs. Lee's cross-examination, and which would have quashed the prosecution, had the fact of violence been proved to have continued till they reached Tetsworth.

The two post-boys were next called. The first proved his being sent to Bolton Row, where he stopped at the end of the street; that he there took up a lady and two gentlemen, who desired him to drive fast, and threatened to shoot him if he did not make haste. When he arrived at Uxbridge, they got into another chaise, and Lockhart Gordon gave him half-a-guinea. The counsel asking him if he was not uncommonly well paid, he confessed he seldom received so much. On cross-examination, Mr. Abbot asked him, whether any force was used towards the lady, and if he observed any thing more than commonly happens when a gentleman and lady get into a chaise? To this he replied, that there was no force used whatever; that the lady laughed when she got into the chaise; and that he observed nothing out of the common way. The same question was put to the post-boy who drove them from Uxbridge to Tetsworth, and the same answer was returned.

Mrs. Lee was then called, and a chair being placed for her, her examination commenced, and lasted for the space of three hours. The principal part of her evidence was to corroborate the facts stated in Mr. Mills's address to the jury, which it will not be necessary to recapitulate. She very strongly denied her acquiescence in being taken away, and said she had frequently advised them to desist; that when they got to Uxbridge, she asked for a post-chaise to take her back; but they said it was impossible. She said, that in various parts of the transaction, she was so much agitated as not to know what was going forward. When questioned as to the time and circumstances attending the different visits of the Gordons, and the letters that passed, she appeared to have had frequently but a very vague recollection on the subject. She admitted to have received the following letters—

MY DEAREST MADAM,

"If you assent to my proposition, I shall gain an inexhaustible mine of felicity, and you will only lose the pity of the ignorant and the prejudiced. I have been matured in adversity, but have still left me the most valuable gift, of the *mens conscia recti*, which can neither be stolen nor purchased. Though my fortune is not great, I have to offer you strength of body and mind; I have consulted my heart, and would have plucked it out had it been unfaithful. I have applied to my reason in a low, yet distinct voice, and it has whispered—Faith. The world is unworthy of you; and if there be a union of souls, surely there should be a union of bodies. Consult the God of Nature, and tremble at disobedience. I have obeyed your injunction, and for two days have not seen the splendour, nor felt the vital warmth of that Sun which must either illuminate or destroy me.

LAUDEN GORDON."

Jan. 12, 1804.

DEAR MADAM,

"I assent to all Lauden had said in his answer; and if he deceives you, I'll blow his brains out, and then we shall both meet that we shall so richly deserve. Burst the fetters of ceremony, and think, that in Lockhart Gordon you have found a heart to feel, a head to conceive, and a hand to execute, what may tend to your happiness.

LOCKHART GORDON."

Jan. 12, 1804.

Mrs. Lee was then cross-examined by Mr. Abbot. She acknowledged, that when she was at Kensington, and first became acquainted with the Gordons, that familiarity took place which is common among children. It appeared that when she heard that Lauden Gordon had returned from the West Indies, she sent the first invitation to him through the medium of Mr. Blackett, her apothecary. That when Lauden called on her at any time, she made him fix a time for coming again; which circumstance Mr. Abbot brought to her recollection, by reciting a particular occasion when he sent her a polite note, expressing his sorrow that he could not attend her appointment, being unavoidably engaged somewhere else. Mr. Abbot asked her, whether they were not upon terms of familiarity from the time of his first visit; and whether it was not customary, when they parted, for him to give her a salute, either on the lip, or on the cheek, after the French fashion? This she admitted, but denied any further familiarity. He then asked her, if she did not recollect telling Lockhart, on their journey, to take care that the sheets were well aired? which she not seeming to remember, he said he would bring it to her recollection. She must remember Lockhart Gordon's falling asleep in the chaise; and on his awaking, and finding the window open, expressed himself sorry that it had not been shut, as he was not well, and it might be injurious to him to catch cold.

Mr. Abbot then asked her, if, when she left her house, she had not a steel necklace about her neck, to which was suspended a bag with camphire in it? Whether it was not customary with some people to wear such a thing as an amulet, or charm, to stifle passions, more particularly the passion which one sex have for the other? This she admitted. He then asked her, if she did not remember throwing it out of the chaise-window, on some part of her journey, with such an expression as this—"I have no more need

need of this charm—I have given myself up—Now, welcome pleasure!" This she likewise admitted.

Mr. Abbot then pressed her to say on what part of the road this circumstance took place; but she said she could not remember. He then asked her, if she did not recollect the second time Lauden called upon her, asking him why Lockhart did not call? at the same time remarking—"I suppose that he has heard the report that I am a sceptic, and, as he is a clergyman, he does not like to come into my company; but you may assure him he need not be afraid; for, if he comes, I shall always avoid introducing the subject of religion." Mrs. Lee admitted this as a fact. Mr. Abbot then asked her, if she ever went to church? To which she replied, No; she had not been to a church for several years. "I suppose, Madam," said he, "you do not approve of the doctrines of our church; you do not give your assent to them?" To which she replied—"No." He then asked her, if she had not sceptical notions of religion? To which she frankly answered, that she had; that she did not approve of it; and that she had been sceptically disposed for several years.

Mrs. Lee further admitted, that when she went to her bed-room at the inn at Tetsworth, she desired the chambermaid to tell her husband to come in twenty minutes—Lauden came to bed, was there all night, and that which passes between man and wife, Mrs. Lee admitted then passed.

Upon this the trial stopped; when the judge entered into a conversation with Mr. Abbot, and the counsel on the part of the prosecution, who admitted, that no compulsion was used to bring her into the county of Oxford, she having declared her free consent when she threw away her charm, &c.

Here the trial ended.

The prisoners were then led from the bar, and, as they left the Court, the mob cheered them with loud hazzas.

Mrs. Lee was compelled to wait within the court-yard till the mob was dispersed, who had all along shewn a disposition to insult her.—In answer to a question put to her, respecting her dream, she said, that the letter containing it was in the possession of Mr. Gordon, and he might produce it. This, however, was declined.

The trial, as far as it went, lasted from eight in the morning till five in the afternoon; and, had the prisoners been put upon their defence, from the number of their witnesses, it must have lasted till midnight.

Lauden Gordon was detained for debt, but Lockhart was set at liberty.

PARTICULAR PROPERTIES OF BLOOD HOUNDS; AND

The manner they were employed during the Maroon War carried on by the Spaniards in St. Domingo.

THE Alcade Provincial, Don Manuel de Sejas, commanded about six-and-thirty chasseurs, who were in the King's pay. The dogs carried out by these chasseurs were perfectly broke in; that is to say, they will not kill the object they pursue, unless resisted. On coming up with a fugitive, they

bark at him till he stops; they then couch near him, terrifying him with a ferocious growling, if he stirs. In this position, they continue barking, to give notice to the chasseurs, who come up and secure their prisoner.

Each chasseur, though he can hunt only with two dogs, properly, is obliged to have three, which he maintains at his own expence, and that by no means inconsiderable.—Those people live with their dogs, from which they are inseparable. At home the dogs are kept chained; and when walking with their masters, are never unmuzzled, or let out of ropes, but for attack. They are constantly accompanied with one or two small dogs, called finders, whose scent is very keen, and always sure of hitting off a track. Dogs and bitches hunt equally well; and the chasseurs rear no more than will supply the number required. This breed of dogs, indeed, is not so prolific as the common kinds, though infinitely stronger and hardier.

The animal is about the size of a very large hound, with ears erect, which are generally cropped at the points; the nose more pointed, but widening very much towards the after part of the jaw. His coat or skin is much harder than that of most dogs, and so must be the structure of the body, as the severe beatings he undergoes in training would kill any other species of dogs. There are some, but not many, of a more obtuse nose, and which are rather squarer set. These, it may be presumed, have been crossed by the mastiff: but if by this the bulk has been a little increased, it has added nothing to the strength, height, beauty, or agility of the native breed.

The common employment of these dogs is to traverse the country, for the purpose of pursuing and taking up all persons guilty of murder, and other offences, in which they seldom fail of success, no activity on the part of the offenders being able to elude their pursuit.

An extraordinary occurrence happened during the last war, at Havannah. A fleet from Jamaica, under convoy to Great Britain, passing through the Gulf of Mexico, beat up on the north side of Cuba. One of the ships, manned with foreigners, chiefly renegado Spaniards, being a dull sailer, and consequently lagging astern, standing in with the land at night, was run on shore, the captain, officers, and the few British hands on board, murdered, and the vessel plundered by the Spanish renegadoes. The part of the coast on which the vessel was stranded being wild and unfrequented, the assassins retired with their booty to the mountains, intending to penetrate through the woods, to some remote settlements on the south side, where they hoped to secure themselves, and elude all pursuit. Early intelligence of the crime, however, had been conveyed to the Havannah, and the assassins were pursued by a detachment of twelve of the Chasseurs del Rey, with their dogs. In a few days they were all brought in and executed, not one of them being the least hurt by the dogs when captured. The head and right arm of each of these criminals were last year yet suspended in frames, not unlike parrot-cages, which were hung on various gibbets, at the port, and other conspicuous places on the coast, near the entrance of the harbour.

The animal seldom lives longer than six years; but the greater their activity, the longer their lives.

CURIOUS

CURIOUS PARTICULARS OF ELEPHANTS.

For the Sporting Magazine.

MR. EDITOR,

THE following anecdotes of Elephants, which, during a long series of actual experience, I have collated with great assiduity, and which, during an extensive range of reading, I have extracted from scarce and valuable books, are, with the highest admiration of your repository of amusement, sent to bear the candid test of your inspection. If they are thought worthy of insertion, the honour will amply repay the trouble, and gratify the vanity, of your very ardent admirer,

NATURÆ INVESTIGATOR.

THE Elephant is used in India as a beast of burden. He will carry burdens on his neck, tusks, and even in his mouth; and, uniting sagacity with strength, he never injures or breaks any thing committed to his charge. From the margins of waters, he will put these bundles into boats, without wetting them, laying them gently down, and arranging them in right order; and if a cask or pipe roll, he goes, of his own accord, in quest of stones to prop and render it firm.

"I was," says Mr. Phillippe, "an eye-witness to the following facts—At Goa, there are always some elephants employed in the building of ships. I one day went to the side of the river, near which a great ship was building, where there is a large area filled with beams for that purpose. Some men tie the heaviest beams with a rope, which is handed to an elephant, who carries it in his mouth, and, after twisting it round his trunk, draws it, without any conductor, to the place where the ship is building, though it may only have been once pointed out to him. One of these sometimes draw beams so large, that more than twenty men would have been unable to move them. But, what surprised me still more, when other beams obstructed the road, he elevated the ends of his own beams, that they might easily run over those which lay in his way. Could the most enlightened man do more?"

At Mahie, on the coast of Malabar, Mr. Toreen tells me, he had an opportunity of admiring the sagacity of an elephant. Its master had let it for a certain sum per day. Its employment was to carry, with its trunk, timber for a building, out of the river, which business it dispatched very dexterously, under the command of a boy, and afterwards laid each piece one upon another, in such exact order that no man could have done it better.

A soldier, at Pondicherry, was accustomed to give a certain quantity of arrack to one of these animals, every time he got his pay; and having one day intoxicated himself, and being pursued by the guard, who wanted to put him in prison, he took refuge under the elephant, and there fell fast asleep. The guard in vain attempted to drag him from this asylum; for the elephant defended him with his trunk. Next day, the soldier having recovered from his intoxication, was in dreadful apprehensions, when he found himself under the belly of this enormous animal. The elephant, which unquestionably perceived his terror, relieved his fears by immediately caressing him with his trunk.

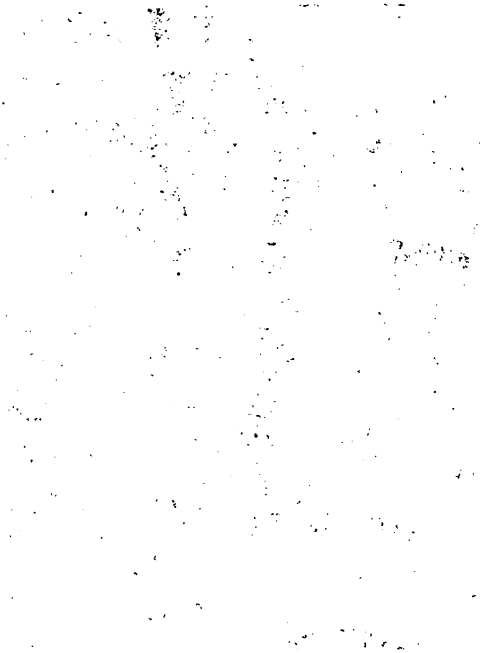
The following instance of the sagacity of this animal, was mentioned by Dr. Darwin to a gentleman of my acquaintance. The Doctor had received it from a person of undoubted veracity, and distinct observation, who had been much conversant with our Eastern settlements. The elephants that are used to carry the baggage of our armies, are put each under the care of one of the natives of Hindostan; and whilst this person and his wife go into the woods to collect leaves, and branches of trees, for his food, they fix him to the ground by a length of chain, and frequently leave a child, yet unable to walk, under his protection; and the intelligent animal not only defends it, but, as it creeps about, when it arrives near the extremity of the chain, he wraps his trunk gently round its body, and brings it again into the centre of his circle.

During one of the wars in India, many Frenchmen had an opportunity of observing one of the elephants that had received a flesh-wound from a cannon-ball:—after having been twice or thrice conducted to the hospital, where he extended himself to be dressed, he afterwards used to go alone. The surgeon did whatever he thought necessary, applying sometimes even fire to the wound; and though the pain made the animal often utter the most plaintive groans, he never expressed any other tokens than those of gratitude, to this person, who, by momentary torments, endeavoured, and ultimately effected, his cure.

I saw, the other day, in the Philosophical Transactions, a story of an elephant having such an attachment for a very young child, that he never was happy but when it was near him. The nurse used, therefore, very frequently to take the child in its cradle, and place it betwixt his feet; and this he became at length so much accustomed to, that he would never eat his food except when it was present. When the child slept, he used to drive off the flies with his proboscis; and when it cried, he would move the cradle backwards and forwards, and thus again rock it to sleep!

At Paris, some curious experiments have been lately made on the power of music over the sensibility of the elephant. A band of music went to play in a gallery, extending round the upper part of the stalls in which were kept two elephants, distinguished by the names of Margaret and Hans. Dead silence was procured. Some provisions, of which they were fond, were given, to engage their attention, and the musicians began to play. The music no sooner struck their ears, than they ceased from eating, and turned in surprise to observe from whence the sounds proceeded. At the sight of the gallery, the orchestra, and the assembled spectators, they discovered considerable alarm, as though they imagined there was some design against their safety. But the music soon overpowered their fears, and all other emotions became completely absorbed in their attention to it. Music of a bold, expressive tone, excited in them turbulent agitations, expressive either of violent joy or rising fury. A soft air, performed on the bassoon, evidently soothed them to gentle and tender emotions. A gay and lively air, moved, especially the female, to demonstrations of highly sportive sensibility. Other variations of music produced corresponding changes in the sensations of the elephants.

USES



Deer.

USES AND ABUSES OF HORSE-RACING.

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

I WAS a few evenings since in company with some gentlemen who have in many respects approved themselves friends to their country; and also some sportsmen of eminence, who keep their running horses, and plume themselves on their excellence. The conversation turned upon the utility or disadvantage of horse-racing to the state.

The patriots insisted, that it was very pernicious; that it diffused a spirit of gaming throughout the kingdom, encouraged idleness amongst manufacturers and labourers, promoted vice in many instances, particularly amongst the winners, who, finding their money so easily got, never minded how it went; that it was the mart of notorious gamblers, and professed sharpers. They concluded from these premises, that nothing could be offered from the sporting gentlemen that could counterpoise these cogent and positive arguments.

Nevertheless, one of the gentlemen of the Jockey Club stood forth in defence of horse-racing. He said, the gentlemen's reasoning he allowed to be specious; but it was not conclusive. There are always two sides of a medal; therefore let us now reverse it. It must be admitted, on all hands, that horse-racing occasions a great circulation of money, and that, in many places, the innkeepers and victuallers are so distressed, that, were it not for these occasional resources, they must absolutely be demolished. Add to this, it is the chief, if not the only stimulus, for keeping up a fine breed of horses, which determine our superiority, in this respect, all over Europe. The farmer finds his *douceurs* in paying great attention to his colts; and, if they are any way promising, by great assiduity he may bring some to be capital upon the turf: and, to his certain knowledge, a farmer in great distress has, by these means, cleared the world, and become as good a man as ever. That it gives a great circulation of money in various branches of business, is self-evident; and, at a time when there is such a scarcity of cash in London, it is a lucky thing for the metropolis to be supplied with it from Newmarket, &c. through the channel of sadlers, stable-keepers, jockies, and the like.

The arguments to me seemed very specious on both sides; but as I was not master of the subject, I could not engage in them: but should be glad to hear from some of your correspondents their sentiments on a subject that is of great national importance, trivial as it may appear upon the first face of it.

SCRUTATOR.

DEER.

An Etching by an eminent Artist.

THE representation of these animals is so truly natural, that we have no occasion to speak of the merit of the artist, who drew and etched them. Our greatest concern is, that we have not more subjects from the same masterly hand.

THEATRICALS.

THEATRICALS.

THE PARAGRAPH.

Covent Garden.

THIS new Musical Entertainment was brought forward here for the first time, on Thursday, the 8th instant.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Mr. Toppit	Mr. Munden.
Frank Toppit, his Nephew	Mr. Fawcett.
Fieldair, an Apothecary	Mr. Blanchard.
Herbert, Nephew to Fieldair	Mr. Braham.
Sir G. Rattle, Major Yawn, Baron Bias (Fashionable Friends of Frn. Toppit)	Mr. Claremont. Mr. Simmons. Mr. Klanert.
Solomon, Mr. Toppit's Steward	Mr. Emery.
Eliza, Frank Toppit's Sister	Signora Storace.
Mrs. Toppit	Mrs. Davenport.

Mr. Toppit, an honest tradesman, after many years of industry, retires into the country, leaving his business to his nephew, Frank Toppit, a dashing character, whose vanity makes him ashamed of his relations, and leads him to associate with young men of fashionable and expensive habits of life. His extravagance ruins him, and he resolves to apply to his uncle for assistance.

As he is setting out, he reads in the newspaper an account of his uncle's death, and, elated by the prospect of succeeding to his wealth, makes a party with his friends to dine at his uncle's house; first sending an express to Solomon, the steward, announcing his approach, ordering a sumptuous dinner, and strictly enjoining all the servants not to mention his uncle's having formerly been in trade.

Old Toppit, for want of occupation, is become a valetudinarian, and, tormented by his wife's love of company, shuts himself up in his chamber, and sends for Dr. Fieldair to prescribe for him, by whom he is disinterestedly dissuaded from taking medicines, and recommended to make trial of air and exercise only.

Mr. Toppit has just began this new regimen, when the express arrives from his nephew to Solomon, at which, being much exasperated, he avails himself of the mistake respecting his decease; and, to mortify his nephew's vanity, hangs up a sign at his gate, and orders him to be received as at an inn, himself appearing as head-cook, and serving up the dinner. Frank's genteel friends, on these appearances, leave the house in disgust; and Mr. Toppit, having reproved his nephew's follies, good-humouredly determines to return with him to London, and re-establish his affairs.

The mistake has originated from a frolic of Eliza, Toppit's niece, who hoped to frighten her uncle from his preposterous love of physic, by inserting his death in the newspaper. On explanation, he forgives her, and likewise consents to her union with Herbert, a nephew of Fieldair's, who had long been in love with her.

The plot of this light and pleasant piece, though extremely simple, is not without a sufficient degree of interest to enliven the attention of the audience. The incidents are well connected, and the business of the piece proceeds without interruption to the *eclaircissement*. It is, we understand, the production of Mr. Prince Hoare; and the dialogue, like most of his compositions, is neat and appropriate. The characters are distinctly marked and judiciously contrasted, particularly those of Old Toppit and his nephew.

Nearly

Nearly the whole comic strength of the company is introduced in the cast of characters; and the rich humour of Munden, the spirit of Fawcett, the sound judgment of Blanchard, and the *naivete* of Emery, were happily exerted in favour of the piece.

The music, composed and selected by Braham, is more remarkable for suitable and well-combined movements, than for its originality. All the airs and duets were encored, with the exception of one. Of the poetry—a portion of which appears in our present Number—it may be fairly said to be superior to most productions of a similar nature.

The Paragraph was received with general applause, by an audience which overflowed in every part of the house.

THE COUNTERFEIT.

Drury Lane.

TUESDAY, the 13th instant, a new Farce—the production of Mr. Franklin, a gentleman well known in the dramatic world—called The Counterfeit, was brought forward for the first time.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Governor	Mr. Powell.
Colonel Ormond	Mr. Holland.
Squeezall	Mr. Cherry.
Simon	Mr. Purser.
Dizzy	Mr. Collins.
Addle	Mr. Bannister.
Palmira	Mrs. Sparkes.
Letitia Harcourt	Mrs. Harlowe.
Betsy	Miss Tyrer.
Nancy	Mrs. Bland.
Jenny	Mrs. Scott.

The scene lies in this country.—The Governor of one of our settlements in the East Indies has a large estate in this country, intrusted to the care of Squeezall, an attorney, his agent. Squeezall is a dashing rattling fellow; and the Governor, being apprised of his misconduct, gives Colonel Ormond, who is about to return to England, a power of attorney to supersede Squeezall as his agent. On his voyage to Europe, the Colonel is taken by the enemy; but his servant, Addle, escapes, bringing with him the power of attorney, and certain papers, directed to Squeezall, which he secures.

On his return, Addle presents a letter from the Governor to Squeezall, who mistakes Addle for the real Colonel Ormond, which suggests to Addle the idea of assuming the character of his master, to get possession of the estate. This he accomplishes; and Squeezall afterwards joins with him in future schemes of dissipation and folly; but while indulging in their frolics, the Governor returns from India to England, who is immediately apprised, by his steward, of the excesses committing by the supposed Colonel Ormond.

The Governor, mortified at the conduct of his friend, is ruminating within himself as to what steps he shall pursue, when the real Colonel Ormond's name is announced, and they, consequently, have an interview. The Governor, imagining him to be the culprit he is described, receives him coldly; an *equivoque* follows, and a challenge is the consequence.

The Colonel having quitted the room, Letitia Harcourt, who follows him from India, and who is dressed as an officer, introduces herself to the Governor as such, and says that she has come to England to revenge the wrongs of her neglected sister. She complains of Ormond's conduct, who, from calling

ing at Addle's, she supposes refused to see her. The Governor, knowing the family, confides to the supposed Captain the duel in which he is engaged, and gives her a letter, directed to Colonel Ormond, to settle the preliminaries, which is delivered, but, through mistake, to the fictitious Colonel.

The letter having reached COUNTERFEIT Ormond, he communicated it to Squeezall; and the latter, for the pleasure of making a dash, stimulates him to the conflict with the challenger, whom the attorney does not know, because the letter has no signature. The parties at length meet with pistols; great confusion, and numberless mistakes, are the consequence; but the mystery is at length disclosed, by the appearance of Colonel Ormond, who recognises, in the Governor's antagonist, his servant.

The complete exposure of Squeezall, and the great contrition of Addle, appear manifest; and the piece concludes with the union of the lovers, and the reconciliation of the Governor and the Colonel.

The fable contains many incidents well calculated to afford much diversion to a mixed audience.—The part of Addle is whimsically drawn, and is enough of itself for the support of a farce, by the ludicrous extravagance of his conduct. Squeezall, or Dashing Bob, as he is called, is another character prominent in the piece, and very diverting in effect. There is something laughable, though not absolutely new, in the Deaf Clerk, and his mistakes are very entertaining. Palmira is also a part of strong effect, and the scenes in which she is engaged excite much merriment.

The mock-procession, in honour of the pretended Colonel Ormond, is a good burlesque.

The piece was supported by some pretty music, which was well sung by Mrs Bland and Miss Tyrer. The performers all exerted themselves with great spirit, particularly Bannister, Cherry, and Collins.

It was announced for a second representation, with the hearty consent of the majority of a very numerous audience.

REPLY
TO
MEDICAL OBSERVATIONS.

To the Editors of the Sporting Magazine.

GENTLEMEN,

IT was not till within a few days past, that I had opportunity to read attentively the Medical Observations of your correspondent P. I. in your entertaining publication for the month of January last; and although it may neither be thought strictly prudent, nor professionally political, to enter the lists of literary controversy with an anonymous opponent, yet the cause of general improvement, and the promotion of a public good, are considerations of so much magnitude, that it is impossible to resist the temptation of embarking in the candid disquisition of a case which so powerfully demands public investigation. This, Gentlemen, is the present destructive use of an article well known to medical practitioners, under the appellation of Tartar Emetic; and upon which your correspondent P. I. in his introductory matter, observes, that Mr. Taplin has, in his Sporting Dictionary, stated this particular medicine to be an unsafe and dangerous article in veterinary practice, and

and says, "he shall endeavour to prove, that the effects produced by that medicine are not as Mr. Taplin asserts; and he hopes its superiority as a medicine, in many cases, will occasion it to be brought into more general use."

Gentlemen, you who have occasionally quoted so much from the productions of Mr. Taplin, are not now to be informed, or reminded, that the very ground-work of his different publications upon veterinary subjects, is replete with humanity, originally tending to the much and long wished-for improvement in the former system of farriery; and this tenderness, it may be fairly inferred, induced him most probably to go farther into minute medical inquiry, than those who had gone before him. Indulging no desire to go over unnecessary ground, or to take up too much room, by following your correspondent through a repetition of quotations, from the Sporting Dictionary, Stable Directory, or Compendium of Farriery—in the last of which the article alluded to is the most largely treated on—it must suffice to say, for the comprehension and accommodation of your numerous sporting and scientific readers, that the question now at issue—and nothing can with more propriety become a subject of public inquiry and explanation—is, whether that article can, with safety and consistency, be given in such large doses—half an ounce at each—as it is now declared to be by those desperate speculators, and inexperienced adventurers, who, from the very nature of their initiation, must be so little acquainted with the preparation and property of the powerful and dangerous medicines they bring so confidently into use. It is a matter universally known, that Mr. Taplin has, in a variety of instances, not only professed himself an enemy to a practice of such dangerous uncertainty, but has, in his successive publications, demonstrated the inconsistency and folly of so ridiculous and unjustifiable an introduction. Any of your readers interested in the decision, will, by referring to the publications already mentioned, find that Mr. Taplin has advanced this fair and unequivocal position, as a candid and undisguised consideration—or, more properly, a criterion—for the decision of any medical practitioner, or veterinarian of judgment and experience in the kingdom.

"Can it be prudent, proper, or safe, to administer to a horse, as much tartar emetic at one time, as there is the most indubitable reason to believe would put an almost immediate period to the lives of any twenty men in existence?"

Your correspondent P. I. who accuses the above author of "asserting an opinion founded upon no proof," produces, in the style of a hero on horseback, a Drawcansir, or a Bobadil, paradoxical, or rather imaginary proofs, in confirmation of his own opinion; that if the present writer were in possession of the least personal or professional pusillanimity, he might be induced to bow implicit obedience to the *ipse dixit* of such high-sounding authority as the following words, extracted from his production in the number of your Magazine before alluded to.

"I here am authorized to say, from what I have seen myself, and been told by practitioners of celebrity, upon whom I can certainly depend, that, so far from half an ounce of tartar emetic producing a hurtful effect, it is constantly made use of in doses of half an ounce twice a day, and, in some cases, continued for a week or a fortnight." Previous to which bold and unconfirmed de-

claration, he has politically availed himself of no inapplicable prelude to so singular an assertion of hearsay certainty, by observing, that "this insensibility of the stomach may, in some degree, be accounted for, from its peculiar structure; half of it being lined by a cuticle totally insensible, possessed of very little vascularity, and performing no secretion." This, it must be admitted, is a collateral corroborative, couched in, and ornamented with, true technical ambiguity; it might, however, have been less "*cavare*" to the multitude, as well as to the sporting world, if he had simply said, without any attempt at anatomical sublimity, that the "half" of the stomach—he mentions—had been case-hardened at the Veterinary College, and was thereby rendered totally insensible—*alias* invulnerable—to every kind of poison whatever.

Now, gentlemen, as a discovery of the truth can alone decide between this difference of opinions—and that may probably be the present wish of both parties—a truce to satire, and every idea and intent of opposition, to observe, that the author, whose assertion upon the property of tartar emetic is attacked by your correspondent P. I. has, in some one of his publications, recited as follows—"That, alarmed at having been called in twice or thrice, to different horses dying in agonies, where large doses of this article were acknowledged to have been given, he was induced, in a casual conversation with one of the examining surgeons of the Veterinary College, to ask, in his opinion, how much of this medicine might be given to a horse in health—or labouring under disease—without endangering his life?" To this the immediate reply was—"Half a drachm." This, gentlemen, is no more than thirty grains, and which, by the bye, will destroy two of the human species to a certainty; but your more fertile, and more courageous correspondent, "out-Herods Herod!!!" and not only tells us, that eight times this quantity "may be given twice a day for a week or a fortnight together," but concludes thus—"If Mr. Taplin will go to the utmost of what I have said, and try an ounce, I will answer for it, that though a horse 'has not,' according to Mr. Taplin, 'the power to regurgitate and throw off the offending consequence by vomit,' yet he will not find him 'ready to burst with the effervescent conflagration raised within."

Now, it cannot be supposed that Mr. Taplin, whose principles of humanity in respect to animals are tolerably well known, can condescend to put this proposal into execution; because it is natural to conclude, he cannot condescend to the degradation of hazarding the life and safety of any man's horse, for the proof of a professional experiment, or the decision of personal opinion. So far that appeal to trial, on the part of your correspondent, falls of course to the ground: but, as one interested in a matter of so much importance, not only to every class of veterinarians, but to the property of thousands of individuals amongst the public at large, I beg to submit to your correspondent, and such other gentlemen as may feel disposed to promote the inquiry, or are interested in the event, the following plan, to ascertain the effect of the article in question, and put an end to the diversity of opinions hitherto supported on the subject—That a small subscription shall be entered into, by such as are disposed to contribute, for the purchase of two low-priced subjects, in Smithfield, or elsewhere, upon which the necessary experiments may

may be made, in such quantities, and in such way, as by a majority of the medical subscribers shall be thought the most truly scientific and systematic, to discover the true and undisguised effect of a medicine that, in so many illiterate and injudicious hands, holds forth such a variety of "loops to hang a doubt upon." No precise sum to be fixed upon for each subscriber; but that every contribution be accepted, from half-a-crown to a guinea; and that the publisher of your Magazine do become the treasurer, and receive subscriptions accordingly. The small aggregate required being collected, a few professional subscribers might announce a meeting, from amongst whom might be selected three, or five, to execute the trust which would be reposed in them, and faithfully report proceedings to the public. So anxiously ready am I for the promotion of a plan calculated to ascertain a discovery so truly necessary to be known, that I not only inclose you my name and residence, but am ready to subscribe the first guinea, and equally willing to embark personally and professionally in the most elaborate part of the undertaking. Should any coincidence of opinions—or a sufficiency of subscriptions—be addressed to you in the course of the month to come, a proposal shall appear in your next Magazine, and every proper step be speedily adopted for a truly correct, just, and impartial investigation, and final decision, upon what is, in its present undefined state, a matter of perpetual controversy.

In earnest anxiety that a plan so easy and eligible, may be carried into early execution, I beg to be considered

Most sincerely your's,

VETERINARIUS.

March 15, 1804.

ECCENTRIC CHARACTER.

LATELY died, at Cowpen, in Northumberland, in the 99th year of his age, Marlow Sidney, Esq.

For many years he was excessively tortured with the gravel, and latterly passed a number of stones, on an average from six to ten in the course of a day, several larger than a pea; and, what is surprising, he felt not the least pain. His antipathy against medical gentlemen was so great, that, even in his last illness, he would not suffer any to attend him.

He was very partial to the dress and company of the fair sex, but never had the pleasure of tying the hymenial knot. When seventy years of age, his thirst for innocent and childish amusements was such, that he actually went to a dancing-school, where he regularly attended, and appeared highly gratified with his youthful associates.

About two years ago, a sister, who resides in London, was at the trouble of paying him a visit, and, during her short stay, he generously indeed allowed her milk and lodging, but for bread and other necessaries, she was obliged to provide. When he had any money to send to his banker at Newcastle, three of his most trusty servants were well mounted, and armed with pistols, his principal man riding in the middle with the cash, and the other two at proper distances from him, in his van and rear: in this defensive manner they marched along, the better to resist any attack that might be attempted by daring highwaymen.

But, setting aside his oddities, he was perfectly upright in his dealings, was a humane landlord, and his death will be long and sincerely regretted.

FEAST OF WIT; OR, SPORTSMAN's HALL.

A PRONOUN MISPLACED; OR, UNFORTUNATE INTERRUPTION OF GOOD HARMONY.

MR. and Mrs. Gubbins were seated on each side a comfortable fire. The farmer had well nigh exhausted the contents in the tube at his mouth, while Mrs. Gubbins held the last dust of the third pinch she had taken during the time her goodman enjoyed his pipe. They had, as their betters often do, insensibly descended from a subject of the first and most momentous concern, and fallen to that of their domestics. "Peggy, my dear," said Mrs. Gubbins, "is in a poor way; she looks thin and pale, particularly in the face; her eyes stand hollow in her head; and, upon the least exertion, she pants for breath: poor girl, I am concerned for her." The farmer appeared thoughtful. He tapped his pipe to shake out the ashes. "My dear," said he, "I have had it hinted to me, by several of the neighbours, that Peggy is with child." "Well!" replied Mrs. Gubbins, "I have had my suspicions myself; but as I have been as careful of the girl as though she had been my own daughter, never sent her out a-nights, and she has had no fellow hankering after her, I could give no credit to my signs. If she be with child, who can it be by?" "Why, my dear," said the farmer, looking a little silly, "they do say that it belongs to *we*." He had no sooner given utterance to this reciprocal pronoun, than Mrs. Gubbins assumed a look and attitude more easy to be imagined than described, and exclaimed—"*We! we!* the devil *we* your heart out. If you have had no more hand in it than I have, you old fool, that will not belong to—*We*.

A FELLOW was lately brought before a magistrate in Wales, on a charge of poaching. The moment the justice saw him, he exclaimed, in a violent passion—"I see the *villain in your face*." "I never thought," said the prisoner, very coolly, "that my face was a *looking-glass!*"

A BUTCHER's boy, carrying his tray on his shoulder, accidentally struck it against a lady's head, and discomposed her *wig*. "The *deuce* take the *tray*," cried the lady in a passion. "Madam," replied young *rump-steak*, very gravely, "the *deuce* cannot take the *tray*."

A VOLUNTEER CORPS in Mr. Windham's county, is commanded by an industrious and respectable *miller*, whose tactics are held in such estimation, that he is universally hailed by the title of Marshal *Sacks!*—(Saxe.)

CONSIDERING the charge of *bribery*

bribery against the borough of Ilchester, and the name of a late unsuccessful candidate, it appears that the voters have no reason to boast either of their *morals* or their *Manners.*

LINES found in one of the rooms of the inn at Elvanfoot, a stage on the mail coach road, half way between Carlisle and Glasgow—

I've reach'd this place, thanks to the Gods!
Thro' paths both rough and muddy;
A certain proof that making roads
Is here no public study.

Tho' with religion I'm not cramm'd,
Yet, as the Scripture says,
The people here will sure be damn'd
Unless they mend their *ways.*

ON Friday, the 2d instant, a *cooper*, of the name of Gibson, exhibited himself in a white sheet at St. Andrew's Church, Newcastle, for *slandering* a *female.* The poor fellow was the BUTT of the whole congregation.

A PROVINCIAL paper mentions, that John *Innocent* is likely to be soon found *guilty* of robbing his master's till.

A *Critique* on the performance of the last *Oratorio*, conferred on Mrs. Billington the dignity of a *Groom* of the *Stables*, by *wittily* observing, that "*she led on the horse* and the *rider* in a very grand style."

EPITAPH.—The following, in an old English Poet, is very applicable to the present times—

Here lie the bones of an old hag,
That needed not a *camphire bag*
To cool her youthful fires;
Nor magic charm, nor any stuff—
Her very look it was enough,
Or all the folks are liars.

A *Farmer's* son, in the country, a few days since, asked his father, —"What an *English man of war* was like?"—"Why," said the father, who had never seen one, "it is just like our *threshing machine!*"

A New Way to Pay Old Debts is at present in rehearsal by some young men of *ton.* *Who's the Dupe* is getting up in some confusion among their creditors.

THE spare, meagre figure of the late Mr. Hare, gave occasion to the following *bon mot* of Mr. George Selwyn. It is well known that Mr. Hare married a sister of Sir Abraham Hume, and it was a considerable time before the Baronet was reconciled to his sister's marriage. When, however, that event took place, Mr. Selwyn expressed his satisfaction to Mrs. Hare, on having heard that *Lazarus* had been received into *Abraham's bosom.*

A *Bond-street lounger* being asked what services he would perform when the invasion took place? replied, that he should stay at home to comfort and defend the Ladies. "Aye," cried a smart young Miss—"*defend yourself* under the *disguise* of a *petticoat.*"

AN Intendant of Montpelier, having lost his lady, was solicitous that the chief officer of the city should attend her funeral obsequies. This honour the Magistracy thought proper to refuse, because it was not customary, and might introduce a bad precedent. With a view, however, to conciliate the favour of a person whom it would not be their interest to offend, they politely added—"If, Sir, it had been *your own funeral*, we should have attended with the *greatest pleasure.*"

SPORTING

SPORTING INTELLIGENCE.

ON Monday, March 12, Mr. Ladbrooke, of Lexden, weighing more than eighteen stone, for a considerable wager, undertook to trot his little brown mare—only fourteen hands and an inch high—thirty miles in three hours, which was performed, with the greatest ease, in two hours twenty four minutes and ten seconds; and it is universally believed, that if the rider had not stopped on the road for refreshment, the mare would have accomplished her task in two hours and a quarter. The road selected for this performance was between Lexden and Kelvedon.

AT Northampton assizes, a special cause was tried between Humphrey Osbaldeston, of Thurmanby, in the county of York, Esq. against R. Carey Elwes, Esq. It was a question on the soundness of a horse, at the price of 130 guineas, brought by the plaintiff against the defendant. Several witnesses were examined for the plaintiff, and the jury withdrew to view the horse. The defendant's counsel opened the case, and called the first witness, the plaintiff's groom, who would not positively contradict the evidence of two or three witnesses, who proved the sale and warranty; on which the jury, after some few observations from Mr. Justice Rooke, found a verdict for the plaintiff, the price of the horse, 130 guineas, with damages.

A WAGER of 100 guineas, was laid between Mr. Kempis and Mr. Simeon, to decide whether the latter gentleman or Mr. Byerley was the best shot with a pair of duelling pistols. The parties met lately to decide the bet: the distance assigned was twelve paces, and the target the size of a man, the bull's eye being in the supposed place of the heart, or circle of six inches in diameter. Six shots each were fired; and though no aim was permitted to be taken, each gentleman lodged five balls in the bull's eye. The extreme distance of the random shots measured only ten inches. The wager is of course yet undecided.

AT a trial of skill among a party of the Usworth Legion, Robert Graydon, of Chester-le-street, shot thrice successively with a horse-pistol, at a mark one foot diameter, distance fifteen yards. The first ball struck the circle about an inch from the centre, the second—as near as the eye could measure it—entered the centre of the mark, and the third grazed upon the second ball: so that, supposing the object fired at to have been a moderate sized apple, each shot must have entered it.

LATELY a shooting match took place betwixt a party of six persons each, from Glasgow and Paisley, when, after shooting six rounds, or 72 balls, it was found that no less than

than 64 of these pierced a board of three feet diameter, and 53 of them through a sheet of paper fastened on the said board. The distance was 90 yards, and the parties shot off hand.

On Thursday, March 15, as Mr. Henry Harvey, of Catton, was shooting at Horsford, a spark fell into his powder-horn, which instantly exploded, set fire to his neck handkerchief, scorched one side of his face in a severe manner, and for some time deprived him of his senses.

Boxing.—A desperate battle took place on Monday, March 12, in a field near Chalk Farm. The pugilists were Gowerby and Sands. The battle was strongly contested. It continued one hour and three quarters, when victory was declared for the former.

On Friday afternoon, the 23d instant, a desperate battle was fought in Hyde Park, between George Bristow and George Cousins, artificial florists in the employ of Mr. Haines, of Golden-square. The battle had been proposed on the preceding day, in consequence of an altercation on an old grudge. The parties set to with the greatest fury, and fought for upwards of an hour, during which time many severe blows were exchanged. The battle terminated by a knock-down blow given by Bristow, when his antagonist fell with the back part of his head upon a stone, which cut him so dreadfully, that feeble hopes are entertained of his surviving it. He was carried off the ground by his friends, and conveyed to his house, No. 11, Great Pulteney-street, where surgical assistance was rendered him.

A famous pedestrian, named Gregory, has undertaken, for a bet of forty guineas, to walk from Hyde Park Corner to Windsor, and back, in nine hours. The celebrated Powell went the distance in seven hours, but he did not confine himself to a walk.

A foot race, on which several bets were depending, was decided on Tuesday the 28th ult on the Hartford-bridge Road, between two sawyers: the distance was one mile, which they ran in five minutes and a half; but it was so closely contested, they came in within half a yard of each other, when one of them made a spring, which decided the bet.

On Thursday morning, the 1st instant, John Welch, better known by the name of Crafty, undertook, for a guinea, to walk or run, from the Cross Pipes Inn, in Halifax, to Sowerby Church, a distance of better than four miles, the road very much up hill, and to return, in eighty minutes, which he accomplished in six minutes less than the given time.

On Saturday, the 3d instant, a trotting match, between the famous poney of Mr. C. Thompson, and a horse belonging to a gentleman of the turf, for a hundred guineas, was to have taken place, on the Uxbridge Road; but, to the great disappointment of an immense crowd of sporting gentlemen, the owner of the horse declined, and paid forfeit, in consequence of having been informed in the morning, that Mr. Thompson's poney had, on the preceding day, trotted sixteen miles within the hour.

Lately, a Mr. Floyd, for a wager of L.20, jumped over the gate going into Hyde Park from Oxford-street. After he had won the money—which he did with great ease—he gave it to be divided among the poor of St. Mary-le-bone.

Cockings.

COCKINGS.—The Long Main of Cocks, between the Hon. William Maule—Sunley, feeder—and Richard Oswald, Esq.—Small, feeder—consisting of twenty-eight main battles, for 20 guineas each, and 100 guineas the main, which began fighting at the Cock-pit Royal, Edinburgh, on Monday the 5th instant, was a drawn main, each having won fourteen battles.

ON Thursday the 15th, nine battles were fought at York, between H. Boynton, Esq. and R. Lasselles, Esq. for five guineas a battle and ten guineas the odd one, which was won by the latter, he having got five battles. And on Friday, the 16th, by the same gentlemen, five battles were fought for the same sums, and which were won by Mr. Boynton, he having got three battles.

ON Saturday the 25th ult. a hare, completely white, was started by the Lisburn Club hounds, in the neighbourhood of Castle Robin, and, after a chase of nearly an hour, was taken alive, and is now in the possession of a gentleman near Lisburn.

COLONEL M'DOWALL, of Logan, has made a fish-pond, at Ardwell-shore, near Portnessock, which is hewn out of a rock, into which the sea runs during the flood tide, and then ebbs again, still, however, leaving a considerable quantity of water, whereby the fish it contains are kept abundantly supplied in their proper element. There is a man who attends them regularly with food congenial to their nature, and they regularly come to him at a certain place, and receive from his hand shell and other fish. One of them is a cod-fish, which the man calls by the name of Tom. He is so familiar, that he will sometimes permit him to stroke his head with his hand, in the same manner as the tamest domestic animal will allow his master; but the least noise will cause a very rapid and abrupt departure. Tom has been upwards of two years in this pond.

ON the afternoon of Thursday, the 15th instant, a large mad dog, of the greyhound kind, suddenly made his appearance in Berwick upon Tweed. It scoured the streets with great swiftness, snatching at every thing that came in its way. Dogs of every kind have been interdicted appearing in public, by order of the mayor, as the number supposed to be bitten is very great. A son of Major Maclean's, ensign in the Berwick volunteers, was slightly bitten in the hand; but no serious consequences are apprehended. The dog eluded every attempt to destroy him, and returned home in the evening to Ladykirk, where he was immediately shot by order of the owner, one of whose maid servants, a favourite hunter, and several of his cattle, he had bit in the morning before his departure.

IF there is any gratification in eccentricity, the amateurs of the turf, in the neighbourhood of Leicester, had, on the 8th inst. a high treat. A grey mare, of galloping notoriety, was matched against a small poney, to run the length of the flat on the Leicester Course, the former carrying *twenty stone*, the latter *a feather*—which, after much *run Jockeyship*, was won by the latter.

ON Friday evening, the 23d instant, the servant of a lady in Sackville-street, Piccadilly, being intrusted to receive L.50 for his mistress, went into a public house, on his return home, where he saw some people playing at domino, and a te-totum, which was loaded with lead. He was enticed to play, when he lost the above sum with the sharpers.

POETRY.

POETRY.

THE HIGH COURT OF DIANA.

HUNTING SONG.

Written by Mr. Somerville, Author of "The Chase."

BEHOLD, my friend, the rosy finger'd morn,
With blushes on her face,
Peeps o'er yon azure hill;
Rich gems the trees enchase,
Pearls from each bush distil;
Arise! arise! and hail the light new born.

Hark! hark! the merry horn calls come away!
Quit, quit the downy bed;
Break from Amynta's arms;
Oh, let it ne'er be said,
That all, that all her charms,
Though she's as Venus fair, can tempt thy stay!

Perplex thy soul no more with cares below;
For what will pelf avail!
Thy courser paws the ground,
Each beagle cocks his tail,
They spend their mouths around,
While health and pleasure smiles on ev'ry brow.

Try, huntsman, all the brakes, spread all the plain:
Now, now she's gone away,
Strip, strip, with speed pursue:
The jocund God of day,
Who fain our sport would view,
See, see, he flogs his fiery steed in vain.

Pour down like a flood from the hills, brave boys:
On the wings of the wind
The merry beagles fly;
Dull sorrow lags behind;
Yet shall echoes reply,
Catch each flying sound, and double our joys,

Ye rocks, woods, and caves, our music repeat:
The bright spheres thus above,
A gay refulgent train,
Harmoniously move
O'er yon celestial plain,
Like us wheel along in concert so sweet.

Now puss threads the brakes, and heavily flies:
At the head of the pack
Old Pidler bears the bell;
Ev'ry foil he hunts back,
And aloud rings her knell,
Till forc'd into view she pants and she dies.

In life's dull round, thus we toil and we sweat:
Disease, grief, and pain,
An implacable crew,
While we double in vain,
Unrelenting pursue,
Till, quite hunted down, we yield with regret.

This moment is ours, come live while we may:
What's decreed by black fate,
Is not in our own power:
Since to-morrow's too late,
Take the present kind hour;
With wine cheer the night, as sports bless the day.

SONGS
FROM
THE PARAGRAPH.

AIR AND RECITATIVO—MR. FAWCETT.

RECITATIVO.

YESTERDAY the eclipse of the moon
Was brought up for examination in *Bow*-street.

AIR.

Here the *violins* a little:
Twee, twee, twittle!

RECITATIVO.

The *hard gale* on Tuesday night—
Wind instruments!—
Gave a crowded *rout* in Portman-square—

AIR.

Here the *drum!*
Trum, trum, trum!

RECITATIVO.

A fine plate of *strawberries* was served up—*Hautboys!*—
To an overdrove ox running down Fleet-street.

AIR.

Horns! Ta, ra!—Ta, ra, ta!

RECITATIVO.

The new *ghost* that appears in the *Bird*-cage Walk—
Flutes con *spirito*,
Will accompany the *flotilla* to England—
Flats in C.

AIR.

Bravo! better cannot be.

RECITATIVO.

Their Majesties will visit Covent Garden Theatre—
"Voices! Song!
"With the blessings of order in a land of liberty!
"Grand chorus!"

AIR.

Bravo! suits me to a T,
Better, better, cannot be.
Now let all proceed together—
Lovers' Vows, with—change of weather—
Lovers of sauces—native groundsel—
Sun eclips'd—by advice of counsel—
Fleet at Boulogne—heads in pillory—
British spirits—old distillery—
Bravo! bravo! that I'll swear to—
Oh! 'twill make a grand concerto—
Hold! the devil! what's the matter?
Keep your horns there somewhat flatter!
Aye, that suits me to a T.
To-night the full moon—
Take care you're in tune—
Gretna Green beauty—
Post-horse duty—
Wants a good place—
Pimples on the face—
In fine preservation—
The state of the nation—
Vermicelli—
Pains in the belly—
Union of hearts—
Gooseberry tarts—
Service of the Turk—
Maid of all work—
Lee—Hamburgh—Volunteers—
"Ship news—Theatres—House of Peers."
Latin—Satin—
Money—Honey—
Scholars—Dollars—
Sales by auction—
Teaching—bleaching—
Blacking—Cracking—
Chicken—Licking—
Bark decoction—
Bravo! bravo! that I'll swear to—
Oh! 'twill make a grand concerto!

SONG—MR. BRAHAM.

THE shadows of eve 'gan to steal o'er the plain;
To Eliza my heart I confess'd:—
Love sanction'd the moment—she smil'd on my pain—
On her lip a soft kiss I impress'd.
I saw her warm cheek like heav'n's canopy glow,
When Aurora empurples the morn:
She loves me! Oh, Heaven! let me never forego.
The faith on her lips I have sworn!

This bosom, tho' fervid with youth and with health,
In all else shall persuasion controul;
Bid me fly from the charms of ambition and wealth,
Or the joys of the bright sparkling bowl!

But

But, Eliza! dear maid! till in earth I'm
laid low,
In my heart shall her image be borne;
While she loves me, by Heav'n! I will
never forego
The faith on her lips I have sworn.

FOX-CHASE IN L——RSHIRE;

OR,

THE SPORTING BABOON *.

TUNE—*Vicar and Moses.*

HARK to that crash! They have
found!—gone away.
Hark forward! now wake up, old
Stroker!
A tight sportsman rides,
So strain thine old sides,
And each limb, till as stiff as a poker,
To-day.——Toll de roll lo.

Away springs old Stroker, and Jackoo,
like glue,
Sticks fast in his dashing green jacket;
No spur on his heel,
To make the horse feel,
And whip too 'fore George he'll ne'er
smack it,
To-day.——Toll de roll lo.

Tallyho! see the fox running over the
hill,
And the mettled hounds gallantly
racing.—
'Tis a well known thing,
Cats may look at a king;
And so great men I modestly may
sing,
To-day.——Toll de roll lo.

Away the lads burst upon cattle as
good
As ere were led out of a stable:
Their feats to recount,
I'll my Pegasus mount,
And follow as well as I'm able,
To-day.——Toll de roll lo.

"Damn that green jacket," successive
they cry;
"Damn him," they chorus together:
But vain is their spleen;
For the tight lad in green
Goes down the wind light as a feather,
To-day.——Toll de roll lo.

L—d S———n strains up, and for beef
on the rib
No Leicestershire bullock is rounder:
A wonderful weight,
At a wonderful rate,
He flies, like a forty-four pounder,
To-day.——Toll de roll lo.

But My Lord, and his horse, may be
modest to-day;
What matters their blood and their
breeding;
For vain is the struggle,
By fair play or juggle,
To touch the tight lad who is leading,
To-day.——Toll de roll lo.

Next C——l——y, from Cheshire, goes
thrashing along,
With rifling, and flogging, and digging;
His horse's cock'd tail,
Shows that all wont avail;
For, by Jove, there is no need of *jigging*,
To-day.——Toll de roll lo.

And B—m—ll, Lord bless us, how ventur'd he here,
Delighting our eyes and our noses:
He splashes through ditches,
In kerseymere breeches,
All steaming with otto of roses,
To-day.——Toll de roll lo.

BRIMBER CRACK.

[*The rest not come to hand.*]

EPIGRAM.

HERE lies Timothy's wife:
But grieve not for his distress;
For she was her husband's master,
And every other man's mistress!

* The Monkey at a Fox-Chase, is a well known story. Who rode against him is not so well known.

THE

THE BATTLE
OF
TOM BLAKE AND JACK HOLMES.

TUNE—*Old Sir Simon the King.*

A FIG for compassionate bowels!
Come all who are rugged and tough;
For a knight of the *whip* and the *rowels*,
Jack Holmes is to fight with Tom Tough.

The ring form'd, with vociferation—
The heroes stripp'd ready and right—
All round are in high expectation,
To see a most capital fight.

Now, boys, they've set to!—With what cunning
They shift—offer battle—step back!
Come, *go in!* I hate that there funning:
So, damn it, Jack hit him a crack.

Well said, my boy, that was a plumper;
Tom's down like a lump of old lead:
That Coachman, by Jove, is a thumper;
But Tom has the *pluck* and the *head*.

Tom licks him, I'll lay you a copper;
For Tom will fight on till he die:
There, my boy, that was a *chopper!*
But t' other has *bung'd up his eye.*

Now, hearties, the sport is beginning—
They're *game* as e'er trod upon ground—
There, under Jack's ear, the *blood spinning!*
By Jove, a most *beautiful* round!

Another good round!—and another!—
Another!—another!—*encore!*—
Another, still better!—another!
I ne'er see'd such fighting before.

Jack's *done!* and the sailor is victor:
Jack 's beat; but he wont say—"Give in."
He 'as prettily painted Tom's picture,
And gi'en him a well lather'd skin.

They're game cocks!—Aye, each is a wonder,
To take or to give a sound licking;
And *either* I'd back for a *hunder*,
To fight with Old Nick or the CHICKEN.

So, huzza for the science of boxing!
It keeps up our courage, you know;
And if the French here sound their tocsin,
We'll give them a *clean knock-down blow.*

BRIMBER CRACK.

WINTER.

THOUGH you nor gamble, wench, nor drink,
And scorn to play the sophist's tune,
You tell me you sincerely think
December just as sweet as June.

Darkness when debauchees desire,
The wisdom of their choice we know;
And pedants by a tavern fire,
May laugh at cold, and frost, and snow:

But were they wearied, shivering, wet,
Behind the plough-share, and, like me,
For coals and candles kept in debt,
The curse of Winter they would see.

And though your pious blank-verse Bard,
Thinks admiration such a duty,
When Boreas in my face blows hard,
I bid the Devil take his beauty.

Rejoice with him in rattling showers,
And tempest's terrible sublime—
But give me sunshine, grass, and flowers,
And Summer blushing in his prime!

And should a tertian, or the gout,
O'ercast your Christmas with a gloom,
When May-day puts disease to rout,
You'll know the worth of nature's bloom.

INDEX.

A.

AGILITY and Cruelty, 282. Anecdote, curious, 199.
Authorship, veterinary, 170.

B.

Bear-hunting described, by Baron Tess, 305.
Biography, sporting, specimen of, 3.
Billiard players, *fracas* of, 200.
Birds, migration of, 315.
Blood hounds, their particular properties, 333.
Boxing, between Jemmy from Town and Hopping Morgan, 5. Between Caleb Baldwin and O'Donnel, 6. Blue Breeches and Bung, 7. Hopping Ned and Donnovan, 121. Lancaster and Ploughman, 123. Cuff and Cowan, 123. Burke and the Game Chicken, 214. Tom Blake, *alias* Tom Tough, and Jack Holmes, 271.
Buck hounds, the King's, 167.

C.

Camelford, Lord, and his fighting dog, 43.
Canine performer at Drury Lane, observations on, 267.
Caravan, and the dog Carlo, account of, 148. Song from, 162.
Card playing, philosophical strictures on, 136.
Carlo, 295.
Carriages, disputed payment for, 133.
Cassada worm, or fly carrier, description of, 212.
Catastrophe, dreadful, 226.
Cats, wild, in England, 309.
Challenge, a schoolboy's, 297.
Character, striking outlines of, 138. Eccentric, 343.
Charles, Mr. death of, commonly called Count Bibb, 84.
Chase, the, curious parallel between, and the various pursuits of human life, 301. The royal described, 48*. Stag, in Kent, 296.
Chifney, Mr. and his book, 43. His proposed work of Genius Genuine, 109. Further account of, 231, 317.
Cinderella, account of, 204. Prologue to, 227.
Citizen, his pedigree, 42.
Counterfeit, the, a new Farce, 339.
Coursing, 169, 296. Coursing meetings, 50*, 108. Hatfield, 234.
Court martial, general, upon Lieut. and Adjutant Alex. Grant Carmichael, 9.
Crim. Con.—Shee *v.* Malcolm, 125. Davis *v.* Smith, 128.
Criticism, veterinary, 115.

Scapin in masquerade, 84.
Schoolmistress, the village, 211.
Shooting spiritualised, 69.
Soldier's Daughter, a comedy, account of, 263. Prologue and Epilogue to, 290, 291.
Soliloquy in Hamlet, parody on, 49. The mock patriot's, 50.
Spectacles, Irish, 124.
Spencer, Mr. death of, 218.
Sporting dictionary, Taplin's, 32. Remarks on, 88. Dangerous prescription in the, 205.
Sporting vanity, 180.
Sporting parson, an American, 87.
Sporting intelligence, 46, 92, 157, 221, 285, 346.
Sportsmen, monastic, &c. 152.
Stag hounds, 234.
Sweepstakes at Brocket Hall, 37.

T.

Three per Cents, a comedy, account of, 83.
Tiger and alligator, battle between, 359.
Tiger and dog at Calcutta, 56.
Trespass and assault, 134.
Twelfth-day, fable for, 182.
Twelfth-night, drawings on, 183.

V.

Voyage, curious extract from Dr. Walker's, 70.

W.

Wagers, pedestrian, 150, 282.
Wager, action for an assault on account of a, 124.
Walking barometers, &c. 198.
Walking match—Captain Robertson, 5.
Warfare, singular, in the island of Sumatra, 171.
Wife of Two Husbands, a comedy, account of, 78.
Wind, Raising the, account of, 81.
Winning horses, complete list of the, in Great Britain, in the year 1803, &c. 105, 197.
Winter, 352.
Wit of former days, 54.
Wonderful equestrian and war horse, 151.

DIRECTIONS TO THE BOOKBINDER.

Frontispiece to the Volume—CARLO—to face the engraved Title Page.
At Fault ..... *Page* 3
Sweepstakes, Brocket Hall, 1803 37
Citizen 47
Polecat in the Hen-roost 89
Digging the Fox 105
Horse on travel 152
The Death 167
Shooting 216
Precipitate 231
Farm Yard 281
Deer 337

THE

RACING CALENDAR.

EGHAM.

ON Tuesday, September 6th, the Magna Charta Stakes of 25gs each, for three yr old colts, 8st. 5lb. and fillies, 8st. 2lb.—the New Mile. (6 Subscribers.)

Ld Grosvenor's b. c. Baron Bull, by John Bull, out of Isabella — — 1
Mr. Coventry's ch. f. Laura 2
Mr. Sutton's b. f. by Driver 3
Even betting on Laura.

Mr. David's b. c. Carlisle, by Stride, four yrs old, 8st. 13lb. beat Mr. Branthwayte's b. c. Venture, three yrs old, 7st. 3lb. two miles, 50gs.
7 to 4 and 2 to 1 on Carlisle.

Fifty Pounds for all ages;—4-mile heats: the winner to be sold for 200gs, if demanded, &c.

Mr. Martin's ch. f. Enchantress, by Volunteer, 3 yrs old, 5st. 8lb. — 1 2 1
Mr. Hyde's b. h. Busbridge, 6 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. — 4 4 2
Mr. Durand's b. h. Jack Chance, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. (fell lame.) — 2 1 dr
Mr. David's b. c. Carlisle, 4 yrs old, 7st. 8lb. — 3 3 dr
Jack Chance the favourite.

On Wednesday, the 7th, a Sweepstakes of 25gs each, for two yr old colts, 8st. 5lb. and fillies, 8st. 2lb.—the last half of the New Mile. (11 subscribers.)

Ld Stawell's b. f. Ringtail, by Buzzard, (4lb. extra.) — 1
Mr. Durand's ch. c. by Guildford — — 2
Ld Stawell's b. c. by Trumpator — — 3
Mr. Ladbroke's b. c. by Volunteer — — 4
Mr. Lake's ch. f. by Volunteer 5
Ld Egremont's b. f. sister to Alchymist — — 6
Even betting on Ringtail, and 5 to 2 agst Mr. Durand's colt.

The Ladies' Plate of 50l. for three and four yr olds;—2-mile heats.

Mr. Abbey's ch. f. Margery, by John Bull, 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. — — 1 1
Col. Kingscote's ch. c. Wheatear, by Y. Woodpecker, 3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. — 2 2

On Thursday, the 8th, the Town Plate of 50l. for all ages; —2-mile heats. The winner to be sold for 300gs, if demanded, &c.

Mr. Forth's ch. h. Brighton, by Volunteer, 6 yrs old, 9st. 5lb. — 1 1
Mr. David's b. c. Carlisle, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. — 2 2

Hunters' Sweepstakes of 16gs each. (3 Subscribers.)

Mr. Forth's b. h. Revenge, by Tom Tit, walked over.

WARWICK.

ON Tuesday, September 6th, His Majesty's Plate of 100gs; —4-mile heats.

Mr. Ladbroke's Julia, by Whiskey, 10st. 4lb. 1 0 1
Mr. Smith's Dapple, 12st. 2lb. — — 2 0 2

Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for two yr olds, a feather; three yr olds, 7st. 7lb. four yr olds, 8st. 7lb. five yr olds, 9st. 3lb. six yr olds, 9st. 8lb. and aged, 9st. 10lb. —3lb. extra for winning, 5lb. if twice, and 7lb. if more. The winner to be sold for 150gs, if demanded, &c. 10gs of the Stake to the owner of the second horse; —1-mile heats. (10 Subscribers.)

Mr. Adams's b. g. Clifton, by Abba Thulle, 6 yrs old — — 3 1 1
Mr. Bayley's gr. h. Nautilus, 6 yrs old — 1 4 2
Mr. Lockley's br. g. Attainment, 5 yrs old 5 2 3
Mr. C. Day's ch. m. Tulip, 5 yrs old — 2 3 4
Mr. Jones's br. c. by Joy, 3 yrs old — 4 dr

Fifty Pounds;—4-mile heats.

Mr. Ladbroke's ch. m. Marianne, by Mufti, 5 yrs old, 8st, 8lb. — 1 1
Mr. Adams's Clifton, 6 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. — 3 2
Sir S. Glynn's Captain Absolute, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. 2 3

On Wednesday, the 7th, the Members' Plate of 50l.—2-mile heats.

Mr. Kellermann's ch. f. Mary, by Precipitate, 3 yrs old, 6st. 2lb. — — 1 1
Mr. Lockley's br. c. Herschell, 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb. — 4 2
Mr. Sadler's ch. c. by Master Harry, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. 3 3
Sir W. W. Wynn's b. h. by Alexander, 5 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. — — 2 4
Mr. Harrison's b. h. by Ratler, 5 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. 5 5

Hunters' Sweepstakes of 10gs each, 12st.—2-mile heats. (7 Subscribers.)

Mr. Tomes's ch. g. Collier, aged — 4 1 0 2 1
Mr. E. Tomes's ch. m. Lively, aged — 2 3 0 1 2
Mr. Welch's d. m. by Grasshopper, 6 yrs old — 1 2 3 3 dr
Mr. Hall's b. g. Rolla, 5 yrs old — 3 4 4 4
Mr. Roberts's bl. m. Gipsy, aged — 5 5 dr

Fifty Pounds;—4-mile heats.

Mr. Denham's bl. h. Pilgrim, by Restless, 6 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. — — 1 1
Mr. Kellermann's b. h. Pyrrhus, 5 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. 5 2
Sir W. W. Wynn's gr. g. Knutsford, 5 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. — — 4 3
Mr. Dyott's b. m. Eliza, 5 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. — 2 4

Mr.

Mr. Elwes's br. c. Galloper, 4 yrs old, 8st — 3 dr

RICHMOND, YORKSHIRE.

ON Tuesday, September 6th, a Sweepstakes of 10gs each, with 50l. added by the Corporation, for all ages;—3-mile heats. (5 Subscribers.)

Sir W. W. Wynn's b. c. Ashton, by Beningbrough, 4 yrs old, walked over.

Hunters' Sweepstakes of 5gs each, rode by Gentlemen;—2-mile heats. (11 Subscribers.)

Mr. Trotter's gr. h. Confessor, by Delpini, 13st. 4lb (Mr. F. Hartley) — 1 1
Mr. Smith's b. g. Spank-away, by Spanker, 13st. (Mr. J. Smith) — — 2 dr
5 to 1 on Confessor.

On Wednesday, the 7th, Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for three yr old colts, 8st. and fillies, 7st. 12lb. —once round. (6 Subscribers.)

Mr. Hutton's ch. c. Saxoni, by Delpini, out of Charmer 1
Ld Strathmore's b. c. by Pipator, out of Heroine — 2
Sir W. Gerard's b. c. by Star, dam by Pontac — 3
Even betting on the Pipator colt, and 2 to 1 agst Saxoni.

The Cup, a Subscription of 10gs each, for three yr olds, 6st. 3lb. four yr olds, 7st. 10lb. five yr olds, 8st. 6lb. six yr olds, 8st. 12lb. and aged, 9st. Fillies allowed 2lb.—four miles. (13 Subscribers.)

Mr. Hutton's ch. c. Saxoni, 3 yrs old — — 1
Ld Darlington's br. c. by Ormond, out of Driver's dam 2
Sir W. W. Wynn's b. c. Ashton, 4 yrs old — 3
Mr. Wilson's b. c. Dick, 3 yrs old — — 4
Mr. Walker's b. c. Ellemere, 3 yrs old — — 5
Mr. W. Hutchinson's b. f. Spitfire, 4 yrs old — 6
7 to 4 agst Ellemore, and 5 to 1 agst Saxoni.

His Majesty's Plate of 100gs for mares, five years old or under, carrying 10st.—four miles.

Sir T. Gascoigne's ch. f. by Buzzard, 4 yrs old — 1
Mr. Stevenson's b. m. Cotillion, 5 yrs old — 2
Mr. Topham's b. f. by Delpini, out of Lucy, 4 yrs old — 3
Even betting on the winner.

On Thursday, the 8th, the Members' Plate of 50l. for three yr olds that had not won the value of 50l. in Plate, Match, &c. this year, colts, 8st. fillies, 7st. 12lb.—2-mile heats.

Mr. St. Quintin's gr. c. Sky-blue, brother to Blue Devil, by Beningbrough — h 1
Mr. Hall's b. f. by Beningbrough, dam by Garland 2 2
2 to 1 on Sky-blue.

Hunters' Sweepstakes of 10gs each, 12st. the winner of a Hunters' Stake, &c. carrying 3lb. extra. Rode by Gentlemen;—2-mile heats. (7 Subscribers.)

Mr. Mellish's ch. g. by Abba Thulle, out of Expectation (the owner) — 1 1
Mr. Trotter's gr. h. Confessor, (Mr. Boynton) — 3 2
Mr. W. Hutchinson's b. h. Valiant (Mr. W. Wilson) 4 3
Sir W. Gerard's bl. g. Collier (Mr. F. Hartley) — 2 dr
6 to 4 on the winner.

NORTHAMPTON.

ON Monday, September 12th, a Sweepstakes of 5gs each, for hunters; five yr olds, 10st. 7lb. six yr olds, 10st. 12lb. and aged, 11st.—heats, twice round. (19 Subscribers.)

Mr. Benton's b. g. Little Robin Redbreast, by Diomed, aged 1 1
Mr. Lovell's b. m. Lady Lightfoot, 5 yrs old — 3 2
Mr. Bouverie's dun g. Dunbird, 6 yrs old — 2 3
Mr. Elwes's b. g. Dwarf, 6 yrs old — — 4 4

The 50l. Plates advertised for this and the following day, were not run for, for want or horses.

PONTEFRACT.

ON Tuesday, September 13th, Sweepstakes of 10gs each, with 30l. added;—four miles. (12 Subscribers.)

Ld Darlington's b. c. by Ormond, out of Driver's dam, 3 yrs old, 6st. 2lb. — 1
Sir T. Gascoigne's ch. f. by Buzzard, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. 2
Sir H. T. Vane's h. Bagsman, 5 yrs old, 8st. 5lb. — 3
Ld Fitzwilliam's Sparrowhawk, 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb. — 4
6 to 4 on the winner.

The Members' Plate of 50l.—3-mile heats.

Mr. Hodgson's ch. c. Stretch, by Stride, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb. — — 1 1
Mr. Ackers's f. Handmaid, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. — 2 2
Mr. Topham's f. by Delpini, 4 yrs old, 7st. 13lb. — 4 3
Mr. Wentworth's Joseph, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. — 5 4
Mr. St. Quintin's Sky-blue, 3 yrs old, 7st. 5lb. — 3 5

On Wednesday, the 14th, Sweepstakes of 30gs each, 10gs ft. for three yr olds, colts, 8st. 2lb. fillies, 7st. 13lb.—last mile and three quarters. (6 Subscribers.)

Mr. W. Lee's b. c. Strap, by Beningbrough, — 1
Sir W. Gerard's b. c. by Star, dam by Pontac, — 2
Sir R. Winn's f. Até, by Sir Peter — — 3
2 to 1 on the Star colt.

The Gold Cup, value 100gs, the surplus in specie, a Subscription of 10gs each, with 20l. added; —four miles. (13 Subscribers.)

Ld Darlington's b. h. Agonistes, by Sir Peter, 6 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. — — 1
Ld Darlington's b. c. by Ormond, 3 yrs old, 6st. 2lb. 2
Mr. W. Lee's b. c. Strap, 3 yrs old, 6st. 2lb. — 3
Mr. Wilson's c. Dick, by Buzzard, 6st. 2lb. (fell) — 4
The Ormond colt the favourite, and 6 to 4 agst Agonistes.

On Thursday, the 15th, Fifty Pounds for all ages; — 4-mile heats.

Sir H. T. Vane's h. Bagsman, by Traveller, 5 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. — — 1 1
Sir T. Gascoigne's ch. c. Twizzleher, 4 yrs old, 7st. 8lb. — — 3 2
Sir R. Winn's ch. c. Tankersley, 7st. 8lb. — 2 3
Even betting on Bagsman.

During the Races, a Main of Cocks was fought between Ld Mexborough and Sir R. Winn (Brooke and Kirkling, feeders) which was won by the latter, 5 a-head, who was also 6 a-head in the byes.

ABINGDON.

ABINGDON.

ON Tuesday, September 13th, the Members' Plate of 50l. for all ages;—4-mile heats.

Mr. Stratton's b. g. Banquo, by Fortunio, aged, 9st. — —	3	1	1
Mr. Frogley's gr. c. 3 yrs old, 6st. — —	4	3	2
Mr. Payn's Sally, 5 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. —	1	2	dr
Mr. David's Carlisle, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. —	2	4	dr

The Hunters' Stakes of 5gs each, for half-bred horses, 12st. each; rode by Gentlemen;—2-mile heats. (13 Subscribers.)

Mr. Blandy's b. g. Ranter, 6 yrs old — —	1	1
Mr. Stead's b. m. by Countryman — —	4	2
Mr. Payn's b. h. Creeper	2	3
Mr. St. Quintin's br. g. by Fortunio, aged —	3	4

On Wednesday, the 14th, a Sweepstakes of 5gs each, with the 50l. Plate added;—2-mile heats.

Mr. Abbey's Little John, by Calomel, 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb. —	6	1	3	1
Mr. Branthwayte's Venture, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb.	4	3	1	2
Mr. Pierce's Omnium, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb.	1	2	2	3
Mr. Prince's Heart of Oak, aged, 8st. 12lb.	2	4	dr	
Mr. Elderfield's b. c. 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. —	3	dis		
Mr. Frogley's gr. g. 5 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. —	5	dis		

LICHFIELD.

ON Tuesday, September 13th, the King's Plate of 100gs, for five yr olds, 8st. 7lb.—3-mile heats.

Mr. Cholmondeley's b. h. Cheshire Cheese, by Sir Peter — —	1	1
Mr. Lockley's br. g. Attainment — —	3	2
Mr. Dyott's b. m. Eliza —	2	3

Sweepstakes of 10gs each, with 50gs added, for all ages;—two miles. (15 Subscribers.)

Mr. Cholmondeley's Cheshire Cheese, 5 yrs old, 9st. —	1
Capt. Graham's b. c. Earl of Chester, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb.	2
Mr. Coventry's ch. c. Sir John, 4 yrs old, 8st. 2lb. (broke down) — — —	3
Mr. Dyott's b. g. by Fortunio, 5 yrs old, 9st. —	4
Ld Grosvenor's b. c. Tulipson, 3 yrs old, 6st. 11lb. —	5

On Wednesday, the 14th, 50l. for three and four yr olds;—2-mile heats.

Mr. Kellermann's ch. f. Mary, by Precipitate, 7st. 2lb.	1	1
Mr. Graham's b. c. Earl of Chester, 8st. 7lb. —	3	2
Mr. Brooke's b. c. Bay Moston, 8st. 4lb. —	2	3

On Thursday, the 15th, 50l. for all ages;—4 mile heats.

Mr. Kellermann's Mary, 3 yrs old, 6st. 2lb. —	1	1
Mr. Coventry's Lismahago, 4 yrs old, 8st. —	2	2
Mr. Denham's Pilgrim, 6 yrs old, 9st. 1lb. —	3	3

BEDFORD.

ON Wednesday, September 14th, the Woburn Stakes of 10gs each, with 20gs added from the Race-fund, for all ages; the winner to be sold for 150gs, if demanded, &c.—2-mile heats. (5 Subscribers.)

Mr.

Mr. Galwey's bl. c. Flageolet, by Trumpator, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. — — 1 1
Mr. Mortimer's br. f. Rosebud, 3 yrs old. 6st. 11lb. 2 dr

His Grace the Duke of Bedford's Plate of 50l. for three yr olds;—heats, once round.

Sir C. Bunbury's b. c. by Whiskey, 8st. — 2 1 1
Mr. Girdler's ch. f. Capella, 7st. 12lb. — 1 2 dr

On Thursday, the 15th, 50l. for all ages;—4-mile heats.

Mr. Galwey's Flageolet, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. — 1 1
Mr. J. Gutteridge's b. h. Dash, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. 2 2

LINCOLN.

ON Wednesday, September 14th, His Majesty's Plate of 100gs, for four and five yr old mares;—2-mile heats.

Sir C. Bunbury's b. m. Eleanor, by Whiskey, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. — 1 1
Mr. Wentworth's b. f. Primrose, 4 yrs old, 7st. 6lb. 2 2

On Thursday, the 15th, 50l. for all ages;—2-mile heats.

Mr. C. Bowman's b. f. Susan, by Overton, 3 yrs old, 6st. 3lb. — — 1 1
Mr. Sawdon's ch. h. Pontac, 5 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. — 2 dr

On Friday, the 16th, 70gs for all ages;—2-mile heats.

Mr. Bowman's Susan, 3 yrs old, 6st. 6lb. — 1 1
Sir C. Bunbury's Eleanor, 5 yrs old, 8st. 13lb. — 2 2
Mr. Long's gr. g. Homebrewed, 5 yrs old, 8st. 6lb. 3 ds

BECCLES, SUFFOLK.

ON Monday, September 19th, 50l. for four yr olds and upwards;—4-mile heats.

Sir C. Bunbury's br. c. Orlando, by Whiskey, 4 yrs old, 7st. 6lb. — 1 1
Major Wilson's brother to Vivaldi, 4 yrs old, 7st. 6lb. 2 2

On Tuesday, the 20th, the Town Plate of 50l. same weights and distance as on Monday.

Sir C. Bunbury's Orlando 1 1
Major Wilson's brother to Vivaldi — — 2 2
Mr. Utton's Molly Mog, aged, 8st. 11lb. — dis

SHREWSBURY.

ON Tuesday, September 20th, the Members' Plate of 50l. for horses that never won a Plate of that value;—4-mile heats.

Mr. Bayley's br. c. by Soldier, 4 yrs old — 2 3 1
Mr Glossip's br. m. Rival, (fell) — — 3 1 ds
Sir W. W. Wynn's Mountaineer, 4 yrs old (fell lame) — — 1 2 dr
Mr. Ainsworth's b. c. Damper — — 4 4 dr

On Wednesday, the 21st, 50l. for three and four yr olds;—heats, twice round.

Sir S. Glynn's ch. c. Capt. Absolute, by John Bull, 4 yrs. old — — 0 1 1
Ld Grosvenor's b. c. Tulipson, 3 yrs old — 0 2 2

Handicap Sweepstakes of 5gs each, with 50l. added;—heats, thrice round (no account sent us of the weights.)

Mr.

Mr. Adams's b. g. Clifton, 1 3 1
Mr. Bayley's gr. h. Nautilus — — 3 1 3
Sir W. W. Wynn's Knutsford — — 5 3 2
Mr. Smith's Citizen — 4 4 4
Mr. Edwards's b. g. King Edward — 2 dis

LEICESTER.

ON Wednesday, September 21st, 50l.—2-mile heats.

Mr. Coventry's ch. c. Lismahago, by Acacia, 4 yrs old — — 3 1 1
Ld Grey's ch. h. Edgar, 5 yrs old, (broke down) 1 2 2
Mr. Dyott's b. m. Eliza, 5 yrs old — — 2 3 dr

On Thursday, the 22d, 50l.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Coventry's Lismahago 1
Mr. Wildman's b. c. Buckingham — — ds
Mr. Harris's b. c. Laudanum ds

KINGSCOTE, GLOUCESTERSHIRE.

ON Wednesday, September 21st, Mr. Moreton's Florist, by Escape, 10st. 5lb. beat Mr. Coventry's Jenny Spinner, 10st.—the last mile, 25gs.

2 to 1 on Jenny Spinner.

A Sweepstakes of 10gs each, with 50l. added by the Club;—four miles. (9 Subscribers.)

Mr. Byndloss's Giles, by Trumpator, 5 yrs old, 11st. 9lb. 1
Mr. Ladbroke's Julia, 4 yrs old, 10st. 9lb. — — 2
Mr. Douglas's Parnassus, 6 yrs old, 11st. 12lb. — 3
Four other Subscribers, but did not name.

6 and 7 to 4 on Giles.

Sweepstakes of 10gs each;—two miles. (5 Subscribers.)

Major R. Pigot's Gary Owen, by Huby, 5 yrs old, 11st. 6lb. 1
Mr. Ladbroke's Julia, 10st. 12lb. 2

4 to 1 on Julia.

A Sweepstakes of 10gs each, for any horse, that never won before the 1st of June, 1803, carrying 11st. 7lb.—three miles. (7 Subscribers.)

Mr. Fuller's Clodhopper, by Precipitate — — 1
Major R. Pigot's Black Dick 2
Mr. Jones's Peggy Rose — 3

Peggy Rose the favourite.

Welter Stakes of 5gs each, for horses that never started or received forfeit before the day of naming (June 1st) carrying 13st.—2-mile heats. (33 Subscribers.)

Mr. Douglas's ch. g. Apollo, by Apollo, 6 yrs old 4 1 1
Mr. Herbert's Phantom, aged — — 1 4 2
Mr. Fuller's b. h. Pelican, 6 yrs old — — 3 2 3
Mr. Hodges's b. h. Frederick, by Ruler, aged 2 3 4
Mr. R. Paul's b. g. Colonel, by General, 5 yrs old 5 5 dr
Mr. G. Austin's b. m. Jenny Spinner, 6 yrs old 6 6 dr

2 to 1 agst Apollo, 5 to 2 agst Frederick, and 3 to 1 agst Phantom.

On Thursday, the 22d, Mr. T. Methuen's Fidget, beat Mr. P. Methuen's Miscreant, 5 yrs old, 12st. 3lb. each;—the last mile, 50gs.

A Gold Cup of 100gs value, and 80gs in specie, out of which the owner

owner of the second horse received 20gs;—three miles. (18 Subscribers.)

Mr. Douglas's ch. g. by Apollo, 6 yrs old, 12st. 8lb. — 1
Mr. Scrope's Pantomime, 4 yrs old, 10st. 11lb. — 2
Col. Kingscote's ch. c. Tango, 4 yrs old, 11st. — 3

5 to 4 agst Pantomime, and 3 to 1 agst Apollo.

Handicap Plate of 50l.—heats, the last mile.

Major Pigot's Black Dick, by Magpie, 6 yrs old, 11st. 9lb. — 4 1 1
Mr. Kellermann's Fusileer, 5 yrs old, 12st. 2lb. 1 3 3
Mr. Fuller's b. h. Pelican, 6 yrs old, 12st. — 3 2 2
Mr. Pigot's Hugo, 4 yrs old, 10st. 8lb. — 2 dr

Fusileer the favourite.

Handicap Plate of 50l.—once round, starting at the Red Post (rather more than two miles)

Major Pigot's Black Dick, 6 yrs old, 11st. 12lb. — 1
Mr. Douglas's Parnassus, 6 yrs old, 11st. 8lb. — 2
Mr. Kellermann's Pyrrhus, 5 yrs old, 11st. 8lb. — 3
Mr. Byndloss's Hackneyman, 6 yrs old, 11st. 11lb. — 4
Mr. Pigot's Hugo, 4 yrs old, 10st. 4lb. — — 5

2 to 1 agst Hackneyman, the same agst Pyrrhus, and 5 to 2 agst Black Dick.

On Friday, the 23d, Handicap Sweepstakes of 25gs each;—three miles. (3 Subscribers.)

Mr. Fuller's b. h. Clodhopper, by Precipitate, aged, 11st. 1
Mr. Jones's b. h. Collector, aged, 11st. 7lb. — — 2

Mr. Byndloss's Giles, by Trumpator, 11st. 9lb. beat Mr. Kellermann's Pyrrhus, 10st. 4lb.—two miles, 25gs.

6 and 7 to 4 on Giles.

Mr. Hodges's Frederick, by Ruler, 12st. 2lb. beat Mr. R. Paul's Colonel, 11st. 6lb.—three miles, 25gs.

4 and 5 to 1 on Frederick.

Handicap Plate of 50l.—2-mile heats.

Mr. Fuller's Clodhopper, by Precipitate, aged, 10st. 13lb. — — 7 1 1
Mr. Kellermann's Fusileer, 5 yrs old, 11st. — 1 2 3
Mr. Douglas's Parnassus, 6 yrs old, 11st. 8lb. — 2 3 2
Mr. Lindow's Apollo, 6 yrs old, 11st. 3lb. — 5 4 dr
Mr. Jones's Collector, aged (ran out) 11st. 3lb. — 3 5 ds
Mr. Scrope's Pantomime, 4 yrs old, 10st. 5lb. — 4 dr
Major Pigot's Gary Owen, 5 yrs old, 12st. 2lb. — 6 dr

11 to 5 agst Apollo, and 7 to 1 agst Clodhopper.

Mr. Douglas's Apollo, 11st. 4lb. recd ft. from Col. Kingscote's Tango, 10st. 2lb.—two miles, 25gs, h. ft.

DONCASTER.

ON Monday, September 26th, Mr. Sitwell's Pipylin, by Sir Peter, 9st. beat Mr. Mellish's Little Joey, 7st. 7lb.—last mile, 100gs.

His Majesty's Plate of 100gs, for four yr olds, 10st. 4lb. five yr olds, 11st. 6lb. six yr olds, 12st. and aged, 12st. 2lb.—four miles, was walked over for, by

Mr. Mellish's b. c. Stockton, by Gabriel, 4 yrs old.

Mr.

Mr. Bagshaw's ch. h. agst Mr. Holdsworth's gr. m. 9st. each;—four miles, 50gs.——walked over for by the latter.

North Welter Stakes of 20gs each, 13st. rode by Gentlemen;—2-mile heats. (5 Subscribers.)

Mr. Barlow's b. h. by Jupiter, dam by Drone — 1 1
Mr. Dyott's b. g. by Fortunio, 5 yrs old — — 2 dr

The Town Plate of 70l. for three yr olds, 6st. 6lb. four yr olds, 8st. five yr olds, 8st. 8lb. six yr olds and aged, 8st. 10lb. Mares allowed 3lb. and maiden horses, &c. 3lb.—2-mile heats.

Mr. Mellish's b. c. Little Joey, by Coriander, 3 yrs old 1 1
Mr. L. Savile's ch. h. Cinnamon, 6 yrs old — 2 2
Sir T. Gascoigne's ch. f. by Buzzard, 4 yrs old — 6 3
Ld Fitzwilliam's b. c. Sparrowhawk, 4 yrs old — 5 4
Mr. Smith's gr. h. Dapple, aged — — 7 5
Mr. Hodgson's ch. c. Stretch, 3 yrs old — — 4 6
Mr. Bowman's b. f. Susan, by Overton, 3 yrs old — 3 dr

On Tuesday, the 27th, the St. Leger Stakes of 25gs each, for three yr old colts, 8st. 2lb. and fillies, 8st.—two miles. (23 Subscribers.)

Ld Strathmore's b. c. by Pipator, out of Queen Mab — 1
Mr. Dawson's b. c. Macmanus, brother to Aniseed — 2
Ld Grey's b. c. by Sir Peter, out of Fanny — 3
Sir F. Standish's b. c. brother to Stamford — — 4
Mr. W. Lee's b. c. Strap — 5
Ld Darlington's br. c. Doncaster — — 6
D. of Hamilton's ch. c. by Walnut, out of Miss Pratt — 7
Ld Grosvenor's br. c. Cesario 8
5 to 2 agst the winner, 3 to 1 agst Ld Grey's colt, 5 to 1 agst brother to Stamford, 7 to 1 agst Macmanus, and 7 to 1 agst Doncaster.

Sweepstakes of 20gs each, for two yr olds.

Ld Darlington's ch. c. by St. George, out of Abigail, recd 10gs each from Ld Fitzwilliam's b. f. Maiden, by Sir Peter, and Mr. Lee's b. f. Nannette, by Screveton.

The Corporation Plate of 50l. for three yr olds, 6st. four yr olds, 7st. 7lb. five yr olds, 8st. 3lb. six yr olds and aged, 8st. 12lb. Maiden horses, &c. allowed 4lb.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Mellish's b. c. Little Joey, by Coriander, 3 yrs old — — — 1 1
Mr. Barlow's b. h. by Jupiter, 5 yrs old — — 4 2
Mr. Phillips's b. h. Meteor, aged — — — 5 3
Mr. Sitwell's br. h. Fieldfare, 5 yrs old — — 3 4
Mr. Garforth's b. c. by Traveller, 4 yrs old, — 2 dr
7 to 4 agst Little Joey.

On Wednesday, the 28th, the Gold Cup, value 100gs, free for all horses, &c. three yr olds, 6st. four yr olds, 7st. 7lb. five yr olds, 8st. 3lb. six yr olds, 8st. 11lb. and aged, 9st.—four miles.

Ld Strathmore's b. c. by Pipator, out of Queen Mab, 3 yrs old — — — 1
Mr. Garforth's b. c. by Traveller, 4 yrs old — 2
Mr. Mellish's b. c. Little Joey, 3 yrs old — — 3
Mr. Dawson's b. c. Macmanus, 3 yrs old — — 4
2 to 1 on the winner.

The second year of the renewed Doncaster Stakes of 10gs each, with 20gs added by the Corporation; for three yr olds, 6st. four yr olds, 7st. 7lb. five yr olds, 8st. 3lb. six yr olds, and aged, 8st. 10lb. the property of Subscribers;—four miles. (13 Subscribers.)

Mr. Garforth's gr. m. Marcia, by Coriander, 6 yrs old 1
Ld Fitzwilliam's b. c. Orville, 4 yrs old — — 2
Mr. Lee's b. c. Strap, 3 yrs old 3
Mr. Wentworth's b. f. Primrose, 4 yrs old — — 4
Mr. Brandling's b. h. Alonzo, 5 yrs old — — 5

Even betting and 5 to 4 agst Alonzo, 2 to 1 agst Marcia, and 7 to 2 agst Orville.

On Thursday, the 29th, Mr. W. Chippendale's ch. h. Pet, by Buzzard, aged, beat Mr. Blyth's b. m. Little Mole, four miles, 50gs.

Sweepstakes of 20gs each, with 20gs added by the Corporation, for three yr old fillies, carrying 8st.—two miles. (10 Subscribers.)

Sir J. Lawson's b. f. Dollalolla, by Buzzard, out of Huncamunca — — — 1
Sir T. Gascoigne's b. f. Theophania — — — 2
Mr. L. Savile's sister to Moss Rose — — — 3
Sir R. Winn's b. f. Até — — 4
Mr. Hewett's Miss Eliza Bull 5
Mr. R. Linton's b. f. by Star 6
Ld Fitzwilliam's br. f. Louisa 7

5 to 2 agst Dollalolla, and 3 to 1 agst the Star filly

Hunters' Sweepstakes of 10gs each, rode by Gentlemen, 12st.—four miles. (7 Subscribers.)

Mr. Dyott's b. g. by Fortunio, 5 yrs old (Mr. Hawkes) — 1
Mr. Mellish's b. g. Lancaster (the owner) — — 2
Major Milner's br. h. by Pipator (Mr. Bradshaw) — 3

One Hundred Pounds for three yr olds, 7st. 5lb. and four yr olds, 8st. 7lb. maiden colts allowed 2lb. and maiden fillies, 3lb.—2-mile heats.

Ld Fitzwilliam's b. c. Orville, by Beningbrough, 4 yrs old 1 1
Mr. Mellish's b. c. Stockton, 4 yrs old — — 4 2
Sir F. Standish's brother to Stamford, 3 yrs old — 3 3
Mr. Scrope's b. c. Ellemore, 3 yrs old — 2 dr

6 to 4 agst Stockton, 7 to 4 agst Ellemore, and 5 to 2 and 3 to 1 agst Orville.

CARMARTHEN.

ON Monday, July 11th, 50l. for three yr olds, 6st. 8lb. and four yr olds, 7st. 10lb. A winner of one Plate this year, carrying 4lb. of two or more, 7lb. extra;—2-mile heats.

Mr. Wrixon's ch. c. Jack of the Green, by Buzzard, 3 yrs old — — 1 1
Mr. J. Philipps's b. c. by Whiskey, out of his Marianne, 4 yrs old — — 2 2
Col. Kingscote's Tango, 4 yrs old — — 3 3

On Tuesday, the 12th, 50l. for horses of all ages, bred by Subscribers, inhabitants of the principality; three yr olds, 6st. 8lb. four yr olds, 7st. 10lb. five yr olds, 8st. 4lb. six yr olds, 8st. 10lb. and aged, 9st. A winner of one Plate this year to carry 4lb. of two or more, 7lb. extra.—2-mile heats.

Mr. J. Philipp's b. c. by Whiskey, out of his Marianne, 4 yrs old — — 1 1

Mr.

Mr. Jones's b. c. by Joy, 3 yrs old — — — 2 2
Col. Colby's b. m. by Falcon, 6 yrs old — — 3 3

On Wednesday, the 13th, the Stewards' Plate of 50l. for all ages; three yr olds, 6st. four yr olds, 7st. 7lb. five yr olds, 8st. 4lb. six yr olds, 8st. 12lb. and aged, 9st. A winner of one Plate this year, carrying 4lb. of two or more, 7lb. extra;—4-mile heats.

Mr. Jenner's gr. g. by Rattler, dam by Pilot, 6 yrs old — 5 1 2 0 1
Mr. Edwards's b. g. King Edward, aged (late Shum Sheer Jung) — 2 2 1 0 2
Mr. M. Philipps's Rolla, 6 yrs old (fell) 1 3 dis
Mr. J. Philipps's Whiskey 4 yrs old — 4 dr
Mr. Newcombe's Matron, (late Gazer) 6 yrs old — 3 dr
Mr. C. Day's Tulip, 5 yrs old (ran out) dis

WALSALL.

ON Wednesday, September 28th, 50l. for three and four yr olds, was not run for.

Mr. Kellermann's ch. f. Mary, 3 yrs old, and Capt. Graham's b. c. by Beningbrough, 4 yrs old, being the only horses entered, were allowed 10gs each, and their entrance-money.

On Thursday, the 29th, the Town Purse of 50l for all ages;—three 3-mile heats.

Mr. Brookes's b. c, Bay Moston, by Soldier, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. — 1 1
Mr. Kellermann's ch. f. Mary, 3 yrs old, 6st. 4lb. — 2 2
Capt. Graham's b. c. by Beningbrough, 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb. — — 5 3
Mr. Dyott's b. m. Eliza, 5 yrs old, 8st. 1lb. — 3 4
Mr. Ladbroke's ch. m. Marianne, 5 yrs old, 8st. 8lb. 4 5
Mr. Hawkes's b. h. Hop Planter, 5 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. — 6 ds

Mary the favourite.

NEWMARKET,

FIRST OCTOBER MEETING.

ON Monday, October 3d, Mr. F. Neale's ch. h. Bobtail, by Precipitate, 8st. 7lb. beat Ld Darlington's ch. h. Muly Moloch, 8st. 4lb.—two yr old Course, 100gs, h. ft.

7 to 4 on Muly Moloch.

Sweepstakes of 50gs each, 30 ft for two yr old colts, carrying 8st. 3lb. and fillies, 8st.—two yr old Course.

Mr. F. Neale's ch. c. Brainworm, by Buzzard — 1
Gen. Grosvenor's b. f. Two Shoes — — 2
Mr. Howorth's ch. c. Bos. 3
Mr. Fawkener's b. c. by Delpini, dam by Woodpecker pd ft

Even betting on Brainworm, and 6 to 4 agst Two Shoes.

The second year of a Subscription of 5gs each, for four yr olds, carrying 7st. 7lb. five yr olds, 8st. 6lb. six yr olds, 8st. 13lb. and aged, 9st. 2lb.—B. C. (24 Subscribers.)

D. of Grafton's b. m. Penelope, by Trumpator, 5 yrs old 1
Mr. Wilson's b. h. Surprize, 6 yrs old — — 2

Mr.

Mr. Watson's b. h. Lignum Vitæ, 6 yrs old (stirrup broke) 3
Mr. Howard's ch. c. Creeper, 4 yrs old — — 4
Mr. Elwes's br. c. Galloper, 4 yrs old — — 5
7 to 4 agst Lignum Vitæ, 4 to 1 agst Surprize, and 5 to 1 agst Penelope.

Mr. Watson's Lignum Vitæ, by Walnut, 8st. 6lb. recd ft from Sir H. T. Vane's Cockfighter, 8st. 7lb.—D. I. 500gs, h. ft.

Ld Sackville's Dick Andrews, by Joe Andrews, 8st. 7lb. recd 20gs from Mr. Wilson's Surprize, 7st.—across the Flat, 100gs, h. ft.

Mr. Watson's Gaoler, by Volunteer, 8st. 9lb. recd 70gs from Mr. Wilson's b. c. by Young Eclipse, 8st.—R. M. 200gs, h. ft.

On Tuesday, the 4th, Mr. Watson's Trombone, by Trumpator, 8st. 5lb. beat Mr. Wilson's Surprize, 8st. 7lb.—two yr old Course, 50gs.

6 to 5 on Surprize.

D. of Grafton's Pic Nic, by Mr. Teazle, 8st. 4lb. beat Mr. Howorth's Malta, 8st. 7lb.—two yr old Course, 50gs.

3 to 1 on Pic Nic.

(Second year). One-third of a Subscription of 25gs each, with 50l. added by the Jockey Club, for four yr old colts, carrying 8st. 7lb. and fillies, 8st. 4lb.—D. I. (16 Subscribers.)

Sir C. Bunbury's br. c. Orlando, by Whiskey — 1
Mr. Wilson's b. c. by Young Eclipse — — 2
Sir F. Standish's b. c. Duxbury 3
7 to 4 agst Young Eclipse, 2 to 1 agst Orlando, and 2 to 1 agst Duxbury.

Sweepstakes of 100gs each, h. ft for three yr old colts, carrying 8st. 7lb. fillies, 8st.—across the Flat.

D. of Grafton's b. f. Parasol, by Pot8o's, out of Prunella, recd ft from Sir F. Standish's ch. c. brother to Eagle; 40gs from Sir C. Bunbury's b. f. sister to Pamela; and 40gs from Mr. Howorth's br. f. by Skyscraper, out of Cælia.

On Wednesday, the 5th, Mr. Howorth's Bos, by Buzzard, 2 yrs old, 6st. beat the D. of Grafton's Carthaginian, brother to Chuckle, 3 yrs old, 9st.—two yr old Course, 25gs.

6 to 1 on Carthaginian.

Fifty Guineas, free for any horse, &c. four yr olds, carrying 7st. 4lb. five yr olds, 8st. 5lb. six yr olds, 8st. 11lb. and aged, 9st.—B. C.

Sir C. Bunbury's br. c. Orlando, by Whiskey, 4 yrs old — 1
Mr. Wardell's b. c. Harefoot, 4 yrs old — — 2
4 to 1 on Orlando

One-third of a Subscription of 25gs each, to which was added the Town Plate of 50l. for three yr old colts, 8st. 6lb. and fillies, 8st. 3lb.—D. I. (16 Subscribers.)

D. of Grafton's b. f. Parasol, by Pot8o's — — 1
Col. Leigh's gr. f. by Precipitate 2
Sir C. Bunbury's b. f. sister to Pamela — — 3
Mr. Watson's b. c. Dreadnought 4
Mr. Howorth's br. f. by Skyscraper, out of Cælia — 5
6 to 4 agst Parasol, 6 to 4 agst Dreadnought, and 5 to 1 agst Col. Leigh's filly.

Sir C. Bunbury's b. c. Tinsel, brother to Orlando, by Whiskey, 3 yrs

3 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. beat Mr. Howard's ch. c. Creeper, 4 yrs old, 8st. 9lb.—across the Flat, 50gs.

2 to 1 on Creeper.

Mr. Wilson's c. Merryman, by Buzzard, out of the dam of his Young Eclipse colt, 8st. 3lb. recd ft from Gen. Grosvenor's b. f. Two Shoes, 8st.—two yr old Course, 100gs, h. ft.

On Thursday, the 6th, Mr. Watson's Trombone, by Trumpator, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. beat the D. of Grafton's Pic Nic, 4 yrs old, 8st.—two yr old Course, 100gs.

6 to 4 on Trombone.

Mr. Howorth's Malta, by Buzzard, 5 yrs old, 9st. beat Mr. Wilson's Merryman, 2 yrs old, 7st.—two yr old Course, 25gs.

6 to 4 on Merryman.

Mr. Edwards's br. c. Bob Handy, by Overton, 3 yrs old, 7st. beat Mr. Wardell's Harefoot, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.—across the Flat, 50gs.

5 to 2 on Harefoot.

The King's Plate of 100gs, for four yr olds, 10st. 4lb. five yr olds, 11st. 6lb. six yr olds, 12st. and aged, 12st. 2lb.—R. C.

Sir Hedworth Williamson's b. c. Walton, by Sir Peter, 4 yrs old — —	1
Sir C. Bunbury's br. c. Orlando, 4 yrs old — —	2
Mr. O'Hara's ch. m. Allegranti, 6 yrs old — —	3

5 to 4 on Orlando, 2 to 1 against Walton, and 6 to 1 against Allegranti.

Mr. Watson's b. h. Lignum Vitæ, by Walnut, 8st. 5lb. recd ft from Mr. Howorth's ch. h. Popinjay, 8st.—across the Flat, 200gs, h. ft.

Mr. Watson's b. c. Dreadnought, by Buzzard, 8st. 4lb. recd ft from Sir C. Bunbury's b. f. sister to Pamela, 8st.—two yr old Course, 100gs, h. ft.

NORTHALLERTON.

ON Thursday, October 13th, no Race for the Sweepstakes of 10gs each, with 20gs added, for all ages—only two horses being named.

On Friday, the 14th, the Members' Plate of 50l. for colts, &c. that had not won a Prize of greater value; three yr olds, 7st. 5lb. four yr olds, 8st. 5lb. Fillies allowed 2lb. The winner of one Plate, &c. this year, carrying 3lb. of two, 5lb. extra.—3-mile heats.

Mr. Lumley Savile's br. f. by Sir Peter, out of Attraction, 3 yrs old —	4	1	1
Ld. Fitzwilliam's br. f. Louisa, 3 yrs old —	1	5	5
Mr. Garforth's b. c. by Traveller, 4 yrs old	2	4	2
Mr. Topham's b. f. by Delpini, 4 yrs old —	5	2	4
Mr. Knapton's ch. f. by Beningbrough, 3 yrs old	3	3	3

On Saturday, the 15th, 50l. for all ages; three yr olds, 6st. 7lb. four yr olds, 7st. 11lb. five yr olds, 8st. 9lb. six yr olds, 8st. 12lb. and aged, 9st. Mares allowed 2lb. A winner of 50l. since the 1st of March, carrying 3lb. of two fifties, 5lb. extra.—4-mile heats.

Mr. Barlow's b. h. Thornville Royal, by Jupiter, 5 yrs old — —	1	2	1
Mr. Knapton's ch. f. 3 yrs old (fell) —	3	1	ds
Mr. Atkinson's b. m. 5 yrs old — —	2	dis	

PENRITH.

ON Thursday, October 13th, 50l. for three yr olds, 7st. 7lb. and four yr olds, 8st. 5lb. The winner of 50l. this year carrying 3lb. of two fifties, or 100l. 5lb. extra.—2-mile heats.

Ld Belhaven's b. f. by Beningbrough, 3 yrs old	1	1
Sir H. Williamson's b. c. Transit, 3 yrs old —	3	2
Mr. Croft's b. c. Liquorice, 4 yrs old —	2	3
Mr. Bell's Miss Peter	4	4

On Saturday, the 15th, the Town Plate of 50l. for three yr olds, 7st. four yr olds, 7st. 12lb. five yr olds, 8st. 8lb. six yr olds, and aged, 9st. Winners of one fifty this year, 3lb. of two, or a Match, &c. of 100l. value, 5lb. extra.—3-mile heats.

Mr. W. Hutchinson's b. f. Spitfire, 4 yrs old —	1	1
Mr. Croft's Liquorice, 4 yrs old — —	2	2
Sir H. Williamson's gr. c. Starling, 3 yrs old —	3	3
Mr. Stephenson's Cotillion, 5 yrs old — —	5	4
Mr. Bell's Miss Peter —	4	5
D. of Hamilton's b. c. by Walnut — — —	dis	
Mr. Boaz's ch. c. (fell) —	dis	

NEWMARKET,

SECOND OCTOBER MEETING.

ON Monday, October 17th Mr. J. Edwards's b. c. Bob Handy, by Overton, three yrs old, 9st. 7lb. beat Mr. F. Buckle's ch. f. Jew's Eye, by Meteor, out of Nimble, 2 yrs old, 8st.—two yr old Course, 50gs. h. ft.

5 to 2 on Bob Handy.

Mr. Howorth's ch. h. Malta, by Buzzard, 9st. 5lb. beat Mr. Watson's f. by Beningbrough, out of Gaoler's dam, 8st.—two yr old Course, 50gs.

5 to 2 and 3 to 1 on Malta.

Sweepstakes of 50gs each.—two yr old Course.

Mr. Watson's ch. h. Trombone, by Trumpator, 5 yrs old, 10st. 2lb. — — —	1
Mr. Ladbroke's ch. c. Volontiers, 2 yrs old, 6st. 2lb. —	2
Mr. Wilson's b. c. Merryman, 2 yrs old, 6st. 9lb. —	3
Mr. Howard's ch. c. Creeper, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb. —	4

5 to 4 agst Trombone, 3 to 1 agst Volontiers, 4 to 1 agst Merryman, and 5 to 1 agst Creeper.

Sweepstakes of 150gs each, 50 ft.—R. M.

Mr. Ladbroke's ch. m. Georgiana, by John Bull, 7st. 13lb.	1
Mr. Watson's br. h. Gaoler, 8st. 8lb. — — —	2
Mr. Howorth's ch. h. Popinjay, 8st. 7lb. — —	pd

5 to 4 on Georgiana.

Ld Sackville's ch. c. by Pot-8o's, 8st. 3lb. beat Mr. Watson's b. c. Dreadnought, 7st. 6lb.—R. M. 100gs.

5 to 2 on Ld Sackville's colt.

One-third of a Subscription of 25gs each, with 50l. added by the the Jockey Club, for five yr olds, carrying 8st. 5lb. six yr olds, 8st. 11lb. and aged, 9st.—B. C. (16 Subscribers.)

D. of Grafton's b. m. Penelope, by Trumpator, 5 yrs old	1
Sir C. Bunbury's b. m. Eleanor, 5 yrs old — —	2
Mr. Howorth's ch. h. Malta, 5 yrs old — —	3

6 to 4 on Eleanor, and 7 to 4 agst Penelope.

Mr.

Mr. Wardell's b. c. Harefoot, by Beningbrough, 7st. 7lb. beat Mr. Forth's ch. h. Brighton, 8st. 7lb.—D. I. 100gs.
5 to 4 on Brighton.

Mr. Watson's Gaoler, by Volunteer, received 100gs compromise from Sir J. Shelley's Aniseed, 8st. 2lb. each;—R. M. 300gs, h. ft.

On Tuesday, the 18th, Mr. Panton's b. f. Allegretta, by Trumpator, beat Gen. Grosvenor's f. Two Shoes, 8st. 2lb. each; —two yr old Course, 100gs, h. ft.
7 to 2 on Two Shoes.

Fifty Pounds for two yr old colts, carrying 8st. 2lb. fillies, 8st.—two yr old Course.

Mr. Wilson's b. c. Merryman, by Buzzard — 1
Ld Grosvenor's b. c. Frank, by John Bull, out of Leveret 2
Ld Clermont's br. c. by Mr. Teazle — 3
5 and 6 to 4 on Merryman, and 2 to 1 agst Ld Clermont.

The first Class of the October Oatland Stakes of 30gs each.—B. M.

D. of Grafton's b. c. Pic Nic, by Mr. Teazle, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. — — 1
Mr. Wilson's b. h. Surprize, 6 yrs old, 8st. 9lb. — 2
Mr. Howorth's ch. h. Malta, 5 yrs old, 7st. 8lb. — 3
Mr. Galwey's Flageolet, 4 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. — 4
Mr. F. Neale's ch. h. Bobtail, aged, 9st. 2lb. — 5
Mr. Howard's ch. c. Creeper, 4 yrs old, 6st. 13lb. — 6
Ld Grosvenor's b. c. Montalto, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. — 7
6 to 4 agst Bobtail, 4 to 1 agst Surprize, 4 to 1 agst Flageolet, and 5 to 1 agst Pic Nic.

Gen. Grosvenor's ch. f. Humming Bird, by Pot8o's, dam by Mambrino, received forfeit from Sir C. Bunbury's ch. f. sister to Orlando, both two yrs old, 8st. 9lb, each;—two yr old Course, 100gs, h. ft.

Mr. F. Neale's ch. c. Brainworm, agst Mr. Whaley's b. c. Lightning, by Pegasus, both two yrs old, 8st. 1lb. each;—two yr old Course, 50gs. Off by consent.

Wednesday, the 19th, being appointed for a General Fast, there were no Races.

On Thursday, the 20th, the second Class of the October Oatland Stakes of 30gs each;—R. M.

Ld Sackville's b. h. Whirligig, by Whiskey, 5 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. — — 1
Sir C. Bunbury's br. c. Orlando, 4 yrs old, 8st. 3lb. — 2
Sir F. Standish's b. h. Eagle, aged, 9st. 7lb. — 3
Ld Grosvenor's ch. h. Northampton, 4 yrs old, 7st. 7lb. 4
Mr. Delmè Radcliffe's b. g. Rebel, aged, 8st. 13lb. — 5
Mr. Coventry's ch. f. Laura, 3 yrs old, 6st. 10lb. — 6
6 and 7 to 4 agst Whirligig, 3 to 1 agst Eagle, 5 and 6 to 1 agst Rebel, 7 to 1 agst Orlando, 8 to 1 agst Northampton, and 10 to 1 agst Laura.

The following (having declared forfeit within the time prescribed) and six Subscribers who did not name, paid only 10gs each, which were divided between the owners of the winning horses of the two Classes:

Ld G. H. Cavendish's ch. h. Trombone, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. Mr. Ladroke's ch. m. Georgiana, 6 yrs old, 8st. 11lb. Mr. Watson's br. h. Gaoler, 5 yrs old,

8st. 9lb. Mr. Howorth's ch. h. Flambeau, 5 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. and Ld F. G. Osborne's b. c. Gulliver, 4 yrs old, 7st. 6lb.

The Town Plate of 50l. for three yr olds, 7st. 4lb. four yr olds, 8st. 4lb. five yr olds. 8st. 11lb. six yr olds, 9st. 1lb. and aged, 9st. 4lb.—two middle miles of B. C. with this condition, that the winner was to be sold for 50gs, if demanded, &c.

Mr. Howard's ch. c. Creeper, by Dragon, 4 yrs old — 1
Sir C. Bunbury's b. f. Pamela, 3 yrs old — — 2
7 to 4 on Creeper.

A Subscription Plate of 50l. for three yr olds, 7st. 10lb. and four yr olds, 8st. 10lb.—across the Flat.

D. of Grafton's b. f. Parasol, by Pot8o's, 3 yrs old — 1
Sir C. Bunbury's br. c. Orlando, 4 yrs old — 2
6 to 4 on Parasol.

Mr. Wilson's Surprize, by Buzzard 8st. received forfeit from Mr. Howorth's Popinjay, 8st. 8lb.—across the Flat, 200gs, h. ft.

On Friday, the 21st, a Subscription Plate of 50l. for two yr olds, 7st. 4lb. and three yr olds, 9st. 4lb. Fillies allowed 2lb.—two yr old Course; with this condition, that the winner was to be sold for 200gs, if demanded, &c.

Ld Grosvenor's b. c. Montalto, by John Bull, 3 yrs old — 1
D. of Grafton's b. f. Duckling, 3 yrs old — — 2
Mr. Abbey's b. g. Little John, by Calomel, 3 yrs old — 3
Sir C. Bunbury's b. f. Pamela, 3 yrs old — — 4
Mr. Ladbroke's ch. c. Volontiers, 2 yrs old; Ld F. G. Osborne's b. c. Frank, 2 yrs old; Mr. J. Stevens's b. f. Rosetta, 3 yrs old; Mr. Howorth's ch. c. Bos, 2 yrs old; and Mr. Golding's gr. f. by Pot8o's, out of Brighton Belle, 3 yrs old, also started, but the Judge could only place the first four.

6 to 4 agst Duckling, 11 to 5 agst Volontiers, and 5 to 1 agst Montalto.

Mr. Wilson's b. c. Merryman, by Buzzard, 6st. beat Mr. Edwards's b. c. Bob Handy, 7st. 4lb. —two yr old Course, 25gs.
Even betting.

Mr. Howorth's ch. h. Flambeau, 8st. 7lb. received 35gs from Mr. Watson's b. c. Dreadnought, 7st. 7lb.—R. M. 50gs.

CALEDONIAN HUNT,

HELD AT KELSO.

ON Monday, October 17th, the King's Plate of 100gs, 12st.

Mr. Garforth's gr. m. Marcia, walked over.

On Tuesday, the 18th, 50l. for all ages.

Ld Belhaven's Brandon, by Beningbrough, walked over
Mr. Garforth's Marcia, drawn.

On Wednesday, the 19th, 50l. for hunters, 12st.

Mr. Baillie's gr. m. by Cornet, walked over.

On Friday, the 21st, 50l. for all ages.

Ld Belhaven's Brandon, walked over
Mr. Garforth's Marcia, drawn.

OSWESTRY.

OSWESTRY.

ON Monday September 26th, a Silver Cup, value 50l. given by Sir Watkin W. Wynn, Bart. for regular hunters, rode by Gentlemen; five yr olds, 11st. 4lb. six yr olds, 12st. and aged, 12st. 4lb. Mares allowed 4lb.—2-mile heats.

Mr. Groom's ch. m. Ultimate, aged — — — 1 1
Mr. C. W. Wynn's d. g. Sir Christopher Hatton, aged 2 2
Mr. Cholmondeley's b. g. Hark-away, 6 yrs old — 3 3

Between the heats for the above, a Sweepstakes of 15gs each, for three, four, and five yr olds;—one mile. (8 Subscribers.)

Mr. C. Cholmondeley's b. h. Cheshire Cheese, by Sir Peter, 5 yrs old, 9st. 2lb. — 1
Sir W. W. Wynn's gr. g. Knutsford, 5 yrs old, 8st. 4lb. — 2

On Tuesday, the 27th, a Silver Cup, value 50l. given by Owen Ornsby, Esq. free for any horse, &c. that had been regularly hunted last year, weight for age, and qualifications;—2-mile heats.

Sir W. W. Wynn's b. h. by Alexander, 5 yrs old, 11st. 13lb. — — 2 1
Mr. C. Cholmondeley's Cheshire Cheese, 5 yrs old, 12st. 12lb. (fell lame) — 1 dr

Fifty Pounds, for three and four yr olds;—2-mile heats.

Sir S. Glynn's ch. c. Captain Absolute, by John Bull, 4 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. — 1 1
Mr. Lockley's b. c. Herschel, 3 yrs old, 7st. 2lb. — 2 2
Sir W. W. Wynn's b. c. Ashton, 4 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. 3 3
Mr. Glossop's bl. f. Rival, 3 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. — 4 4

On Wednesday, the 28th, 50l. for all ages;—4-mile heats.

Mr. Day's b. g. Florist, by Escape, 5 yrs old 2 3 1 1
Sir W. W. Wynn's Ashton, 4 yrs old, 7st. 10lb. 4 1 2 2
Mr. Lockley's b. c. Herschel, 3 yrs old, 5st. 9lb. — 3 2 3
Mr. Glossop's Rival, 3 yrs old, 5st. 11lb. (bolted) — — 1 dis

Sweepstakes of 5gs each, with 20gs added from the Fund, for four yr olds, 10st. 7lb. five yr olds, 11st. 5lb. six yr olds, 11st. 12lb. and aged; 12st.—4-mile heats; with this condition, that the winner was to be sold for 50gs, if demanded, &c. (13 Subscribers.)

Mr. Adams's b. g. Clifton, by Abba Thulle, 6 yrs old — — 6 1 1
Capt. Dymock's Attainment, 5 yrs old — 0 4 2
Mr. Bayley's gr. g. Nautilus, 6 yrs old — 0 2 3
Mr. Wynn's b. g. King Edward, aged — 4 3 6
Mr. C. Cholmondeley's b. g. Supervisor, 6 yrs old 5 6 4
Sir W. W. Wynn's Knutsford, 5 yrs old — 3 5 7
Sir E. Lloyd's b. g. Baynton, aged — — 7 7 5

MORPETH.

ON Tuesday, October 25th, a Subscription Plate of 50l. for all ages;—2-mile heats.

D. of Hamilton's b. c. by Walnut, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. — — 2 1 1
Mr. Robinson's b. f. 4 yrs old, 7st. 9lb. — 1 2 3
Mr. Kirby's f. Orange Girl, 3 yrs old, 6st. 7lb. — 5 3 2

Mr.

Mr. Boaz's ch. c. 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. — — 4 5 4
Mr. Storey's b. c. Necho, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. 3 4 dr

On Wednesday, the 26th, 50l. for three and four yr olds;—3-mile heats.

Mr. Hutchinson's f. Spitfire, by Pipator, 4 yrs old, 7st. 12lb. — — 1 1
Ld Belhaven's Brandon, 4 yrs old, 8st. 1lb. — 2 dr

On Thursday, the 27th, 50l. for all ages; 4-mile heats.

Mr. Hutchinson's b. f. Spitfire, 4 yrs old — 1 1
D. of Hamilton's b. c. (ran out) — — dis
Mr. B. Mitford's b. h. Mouse, aged — — dis

Mr. Bell's f. Miss Peter, beat Mr. S. Coke's br. m. Wasp;—two miles, 40gs.

NEWMARKET,

THIRD OCTOBER, OR HOUGHTON MEETING.

ON Monday, October 31st, Mr. Howorth's ch. c. Bos, by Buzzard, 2 yrs old, 5st. 7lb. beat Mr. Wyndham's b. f. Pamela, 3 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.—first Qr. of Ab. M. 25gs.
5 to 4 on Bos.

Ld Grosvenor's b. c. Northampton, by John Bull, beat Mr. Howorth's ch. h. Flambeau, 8st. 3lb.—D. M. 100gs.
3 to 1 on Flambeau.

Ld Sackville's ch. c. by Pot8o's, 4 yrs old, beat Mr. Wilson's b. c. Merryman, 2 yrs old, 6st.—two yr old Course, 25gs.
11 to 10 on Ld Sackville's colt.

D. of Grafton's b. m. Penelope, by Trumpator, 8st. 7lb. beat Ld Sackville's b. h. Whirligig, 8st. 1lb.—B. C. 100gs.
11 to 8 on Whirligig.

Mr. F. Neale's ch. h. Bobtail, by Precipitate, 8st. 4lb. recd 50gs from Mr. Watson's Lignum Vitæ, 8st.—R. M. 200gs, h. ft.

D. of Grafton's b. f. Parasol, by Pot8o's, 8st. 5lb. recd 35gs from Ld Stawell's b. f. Elizabeth, 8st.—D. I. 100gs, h. ft.

Mr. Watson's Trombone, by Trumpator, 8st. 7lb. recd 80gs from Mr. Howorth's Flambeau, 7st. 7½lb.—Ab. Mile, 200gs, h. ft.

On Tuesday, November 1st, Ld Grosvenor's b. c. Montalto, by John Bull, 3 yrs old, 8st. 1lb. beat the D. of Grafton's bl. c. Flageolet, 4 yrs old, 8st. 7lb.—two yr old Course, 50gs.
2 to 1 on Flageolet.

Mr. Watson's ch. h. Trombone, 8st. 12l. beat Mr. Howorth's b. f. Miss Bailey, sister to Sophia, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb.—two yr old Course, 100gs.
5 to 4 on Trombone.

Mr. Ladbroke's ch. c. Volontiers, by Volunteer, 8st. beat Ld F. G. Osborne's b. c. Frank, 7st. 5lb.—two yr old Course, 25gs.
2 to 1 on Frank.

Mr. F. Neale's Bobtail, 8st. 4lb. beat Mr. Wilson's b. h. Surprize, 8st.—Ab. Mile, 25gs.
6 to 5 on Bobtail.

Mr.

Mr. Wilson's b. c. Merryman, by Buzzard, 8st. 5lb. beat Ld F. G. Osborne's b. c. Frank, 7st. 5lb. both two yrs old;—two yr old Course, 50gs.

9 to 2 on Merryman.

Fifty Pounds for two yr olds, carrying a feather; three yr olds, 7st. 5lb. four yr olds, 8st. 9lb. five yr olds, 9st. 3lb. six yr olds, 9st. 7lb. and aged, 9st. 10lb.—last three miles of B. C. with this condition, that the winner, with his engagements, was to be sold for 300gs, if demanded, &c.

D. of Grafton's b. f. Duckling, by Grouse, 3 yrs old — 1
Mr. Forth's ch. h. Brighton, 6 yrs old — — 2
Mr. Delmè Radcliffe's gr. f. by Precipitate, 3 yrs old — 3
Ld Stawell's b. f. Elizabeth, 3 yrs old — — 4
Mr. Howorth's b. c. Strap, 3 yrs old — — 5
Mr. R. Williams's ch. h. Canterbury, aged — — 6
Gen. Grosvenor's ch. f. Humming Bird, 2 yrs old — 7
Mr. Abbey's b. g. Little John, 3 yrs old — — 8

5 to 2 agst Elizabeth, 5 to 2 agst the gr. filly, 5 to 1 agst Duckling, and 5 to 1 agst Strap.

On Wednesday, the 2d, Gen. Grosvenor's f. Two Shoes, by Asparagus, 8st. 7lb. beat Mr. Galwey's Tiney, 7st. 11lb.—two yr old Course, 50gs, 30 ft.

7 to 4 on Tiney.

Sweepstakes of 20gs each;—D. M.

Mr. Howorth's ch. h. Flambeau, by Skyscraper or Grouse, 6st. 13lb. — — —
Mr. Wilson's b. h. Surprize, 8st. 7lb. — — — 2
Mr. Ladbroke's ch. m. Georgiana, 8st. 7lb. — 3
Mr. Delmè Radcliffe's b. g. Rebel, 8st. 1lb. — 4

7 to 4 agst Georgiana, 3 to 1 agst Rebel, 3 to 1 agst Surprize, and 4 to 1 agst Flambeau.

Mr. Ladbroke's ch. c. Volontiers, 7st. 11½lb. beat Mr. Howorth's ch. c. Bos, 7st. 2lb.—first half of Ab. Mile, 25gs.

2 to 1 on Volontiers.

Sweepstakes of 20gs each;—D. M.

Ld Grosvenor's b. c. Montalto, by John Bull, 3 yrs old, 6st. 5lb. — — 1
Mr. Wilson's Surprize, 6 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. — — 2
Ld F. G. Osborne's b. c. Gulliver, 4 yrs old, 7st. 4lb. — 3
Mr. Watson's ch. h. Trombone, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. — 4
Mr. Howorth's Miss Bailey, 3 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. — pd

7 to 4 on Trombone, 3 to 1 agst Surprize, 4 to 1 agst Montalto, and 5 to 1 agst Gulliver.

A Handicap Plate of 50l. for three yr olds and upwards;—across the Flat.

Mr. F. Neale's ch. h. Bobtail, by Precipitate, aged, 9st. 1
Mr. Howorth's ch. h. Flambeau, 5 yrs old, 6st. 12lb. — 2
Ld Grosvenor's b. c. Northampton, 4 yrs old, 7st. 3lb. 3
Sir C. Bunbury's b. m. Eleanor, 5 yrs old, 8st. 12lb. — 4
Mr. Ladbroke's ch. m. Georgiana, 6 yrs old, 8st. 10lb. 5

3 to 1 agst Northampton, 7 to 4 agst Flambeau, and 8 to 1 agst Bobtail.

Mr.

Mr. Howorth's b. f. Alderney, by Fidget, 8st. 5lb. beat General Grosvenor's ch. f. Humming Bird, 7st.—first half of R. M. 25gs.

2 to 1 on Alderney.

Mr. Howorth's Miss Bailey, by Buzzard, 6st. 7lb. beat Mr. Wilson's Surprize, 8st. 9lb.—two yr old Course, 25gs.

2 to 1 on Surprize.

INTELLIGENCE EXTRA.

NEWMARKET,

CRAVEN MEETING, 1804.

MONDAY.—Sir F. Standish's Duxbury, 8st. 3lb. agst Mr. Wilson's Young Eclipse, 8st. —B. C. 500gs, h. ft.

Sir H. T. Vane's Discussor, agst Mr. Norton's Flocton, 8st. 3lb. each;—Ab. M. 50gs.

Mr. Watson's Dreadnought, 8st. 7lb. agst Ld Grosvenor's Tulipson, 8st.—R. M. 100gs, h. ft.

Mr. Watson's Dreadnought, 8st. 10lb. agst the D. of Grafton's Carthaginian, 8st.—two yr old Course, 100gs, h. ft.

FIRST SPRING MEETING.

MONDAY.—Sweepstakes of 100gs each;—D. I.

Ld Sackville's Dick Andrews, 9st. 4lb,
Mr. F. Neale's Bobtail, 8st. 10lb.
Mr. Wilson's Surprize, 7st. 13lb.
Mr. Mellish's Little Joey, 7st. 4lb.
Mr. Howorth's Strap, 6st. 11lb.

Mr. Coventry's Lismahago, 9st. 3lb. agst Mr. Branthwayt's Haretoot, 9st.—B. C. 500gs. h. ft.

Mr. Mellish's Eagle, 8st. 9lb. agst the D. of Grafton's Penelope, 7st. 8lb.—across the Flat, 200gs, h. ft.

WEDNESDAY.—Mr. Wilson's Merryman, 8st. 5lb. agst Mr. Mellish's c. by Pegasus, out of Plaistow's dam, 8st.—two yr old Course, 100gs.

NO DAY MENTIONED.—Mr. Wilson's c. by Waxy, dam by Highflyer, agst Mr. Ladbroke's c. by Guildford, out of Volontiers' dam, 8st. each;—first half of Ab. Mile, 100gs, h. ft.

SECOND SPRING MEETING.

MONDAY.—Sweepstakes of 100gs each;—across the Flat.

Ld Stawell's Sir David, by Trumpator, 8st. 8lb.
Mr. Wyndham's c. by Waxy, out of a sister to Magic, 8st.
Mr. Mellish's c. by Pegasus, out of Plaistow's dam, 8st.

Mr. H. Williamson's Walton, 8st. 7lb. agst Mr Mellish's Little Joey, 7st. 11lb.—B. C. 200gs, h. ft.

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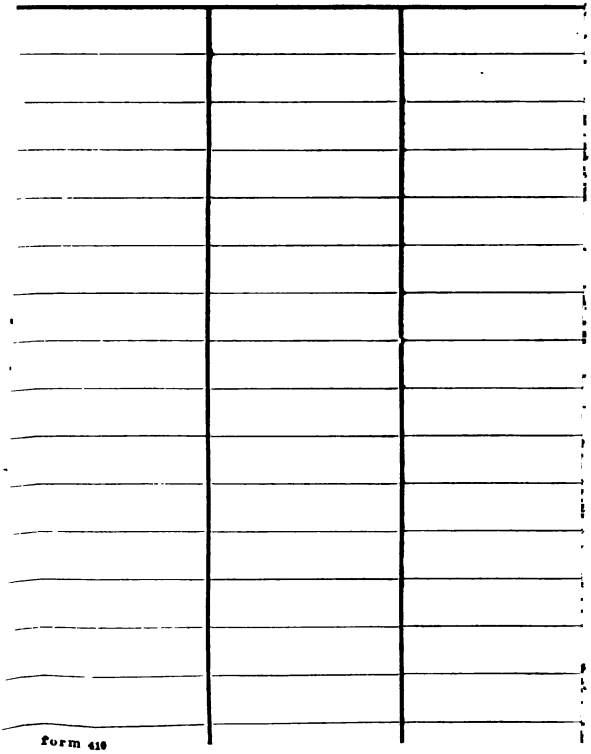
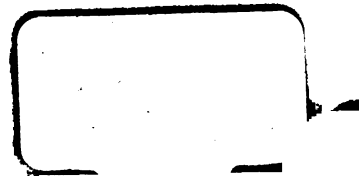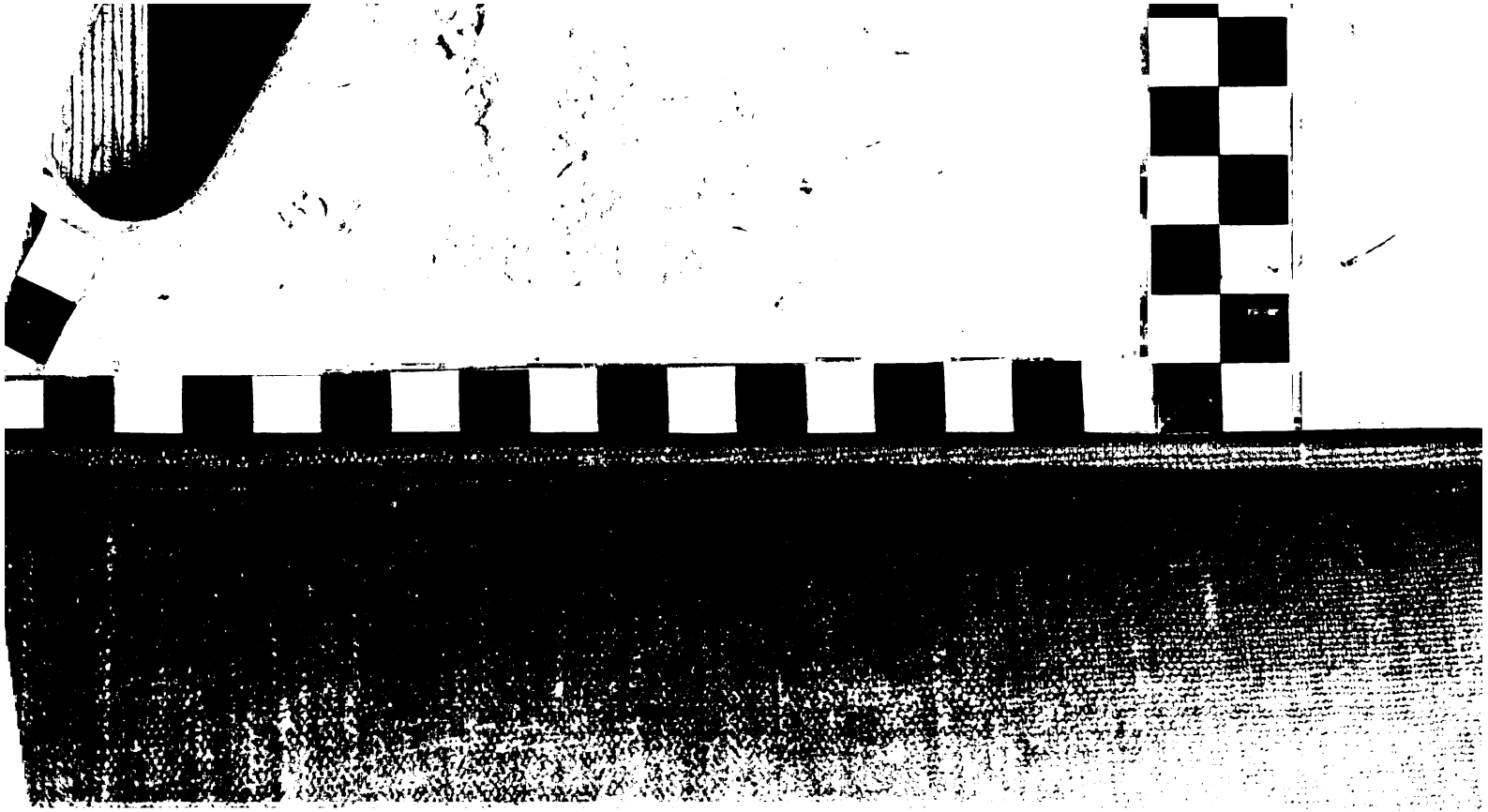
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